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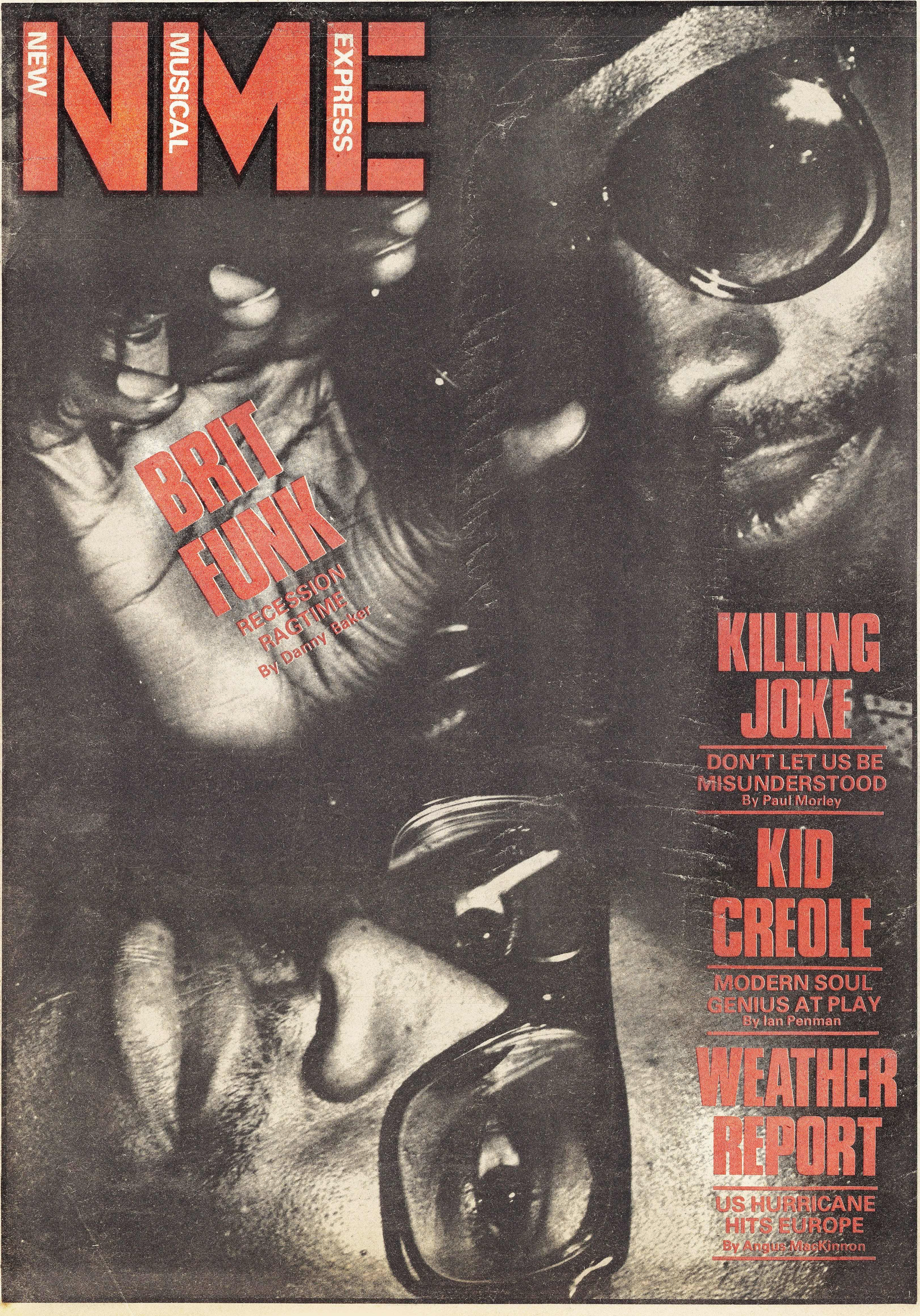
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS — NME



BRIT FUNK

RECESSION RAGTIME

By Danny Baker

KILLING JOKE

DON'T LET US BE MISUNDERSTOOD

By Paul Morley

KID CREOLE

MODERN SOUL GENIUS AT PLAY

By Ian Penman

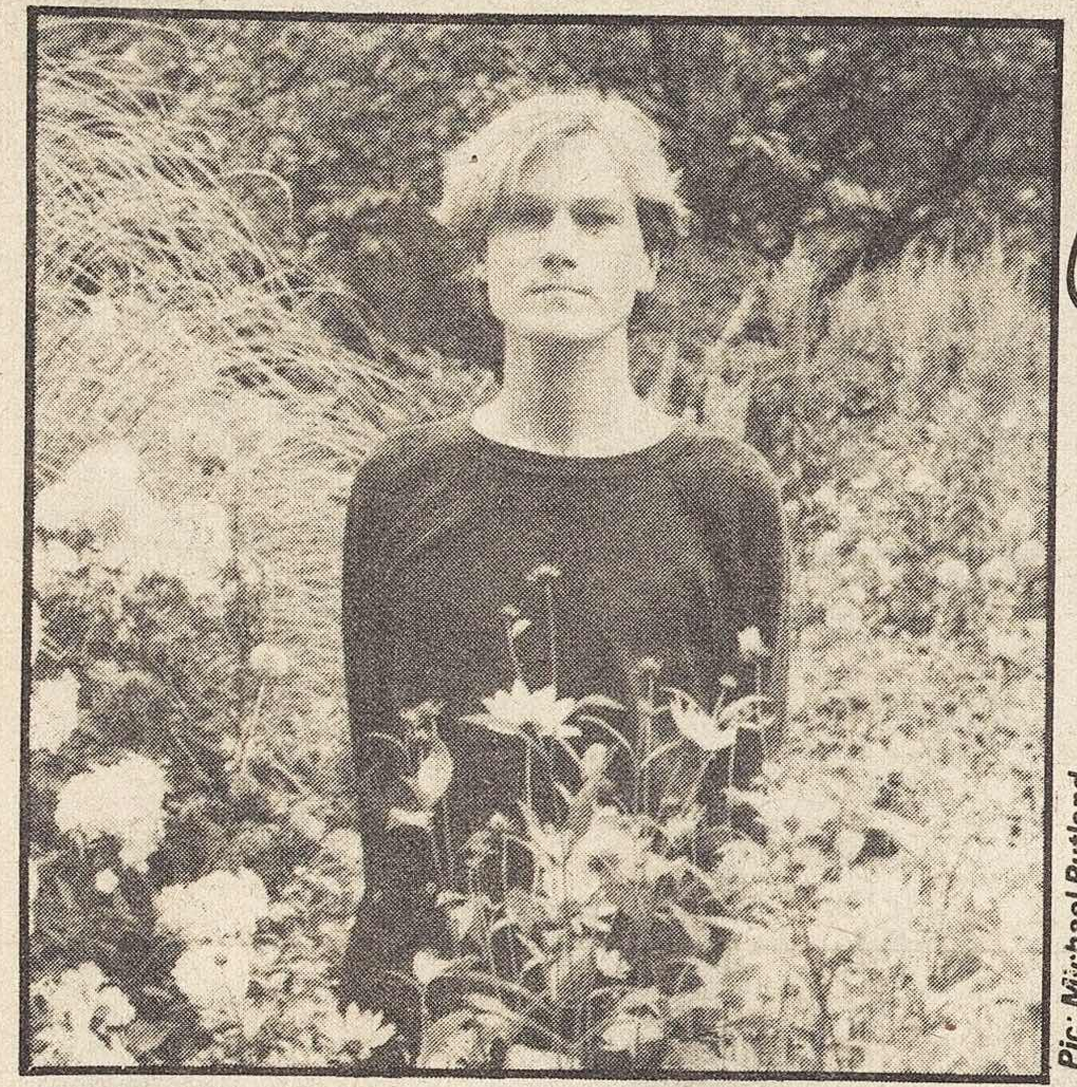
WEATHER REPORT

US HURRICANE HITS EUROPE

By Angus MacKinnon

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
November 15th, 1980



The Secret Life Of Plants, part two. Undaunted by Stevie Wonder's failure to communicate much about our ferny friends to the rest of us, John Foxx, 'Miles Away' in this week's singles charts, attempts to win their confidence.

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist	Weeks in	Highest
1	(1)	Woman In Love	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	6	1
2	(27)	The Tide Is High	Blondie (Chrysalis)	2	2
3	(5)	Special Brew	Bad Manners (Magnet)	4	3
4	(7)	Dog Eat Dog	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	3	4
5	(2)	What You're Proposing	Status Quo (Vertigo)	5	2
6	(9)	Fashion	David Bowie (RCA)	2	6
7	(3)	When You Ask About Love	Matchbox (Magnet)	6	3
8	(4)	Enola Gay	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	5	4
9	(17)	Suddenly	Olivia Newton-John/Cliff Richard (Jet)	3	9
10	(10)	If You're Lookin' For A Way Out	Odyssey (RCA)	7	6
11	(14)	One Man Woman	Sheena Easton (EMI)	3	11
12	(28)	Never Knew Love Like This Before	Stephanie Mills (20th Century)	3	12
13	(—)	Starting Over	John Lennon/Yoko Ono (WEA/Geffen)	1	13
14	(—)	I Could Be So Good For You	Dennis Waterman (EMI)	1	14
15	(11)	All Out Of Love	Air Supply (Arista)	5	11
16	(—)	Same Old Scene	Roxy Music (Polydor)	1	16
17	(—)	Passion	Rod Stewart (Riva)	1	17
18	(6)	D.I.S.C.O.	Ottowan (Carrere)	8	2
19	(—)	Ace Of Spades	Motorhead (Bronze)	1	19
20	(22)	Earth Dies Screaming/Dream A Lie	UB40 (Graduate)	2	20
21	(12)	Gotta Pull Myself Together	Nolans (Epic)	6	12
22	(8)	Baggy Trousers	Madness (Stiff)	9	2
23	(23)	Loving You	Jacksons (Motown)	4	23
24	(15)	Don't Stand So Close To Me	Police (A&M)	8	1
25	(20)	Loving Just For Fun	Kelly Marie (Calibre)	2	20
26	(16)	Army Dreamers	Kate Bush (EMI)	5	16
27	(13)	Love X Love	George Benson (Warner Bros)	7	7
28	(30)	Celebration	Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	2	28
29	(—)	Super Trouper	Abba (Epic)	1	29
30	(—)	Miles Away	John Foxx (Virgin)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

I Like What You're Doing To Me — Young And Co (Excalibur).
Midnight Cowboy — Soundtrack (United Artists).
Lonely Together — Barry Manilow (Arista).
Inherit The Wind — Wilton Felder (MCA).
The Night, The Wine & The Roses — Liquid Gold (Polo).
Give Me An Inch — Hazel O'Connor (A&M).

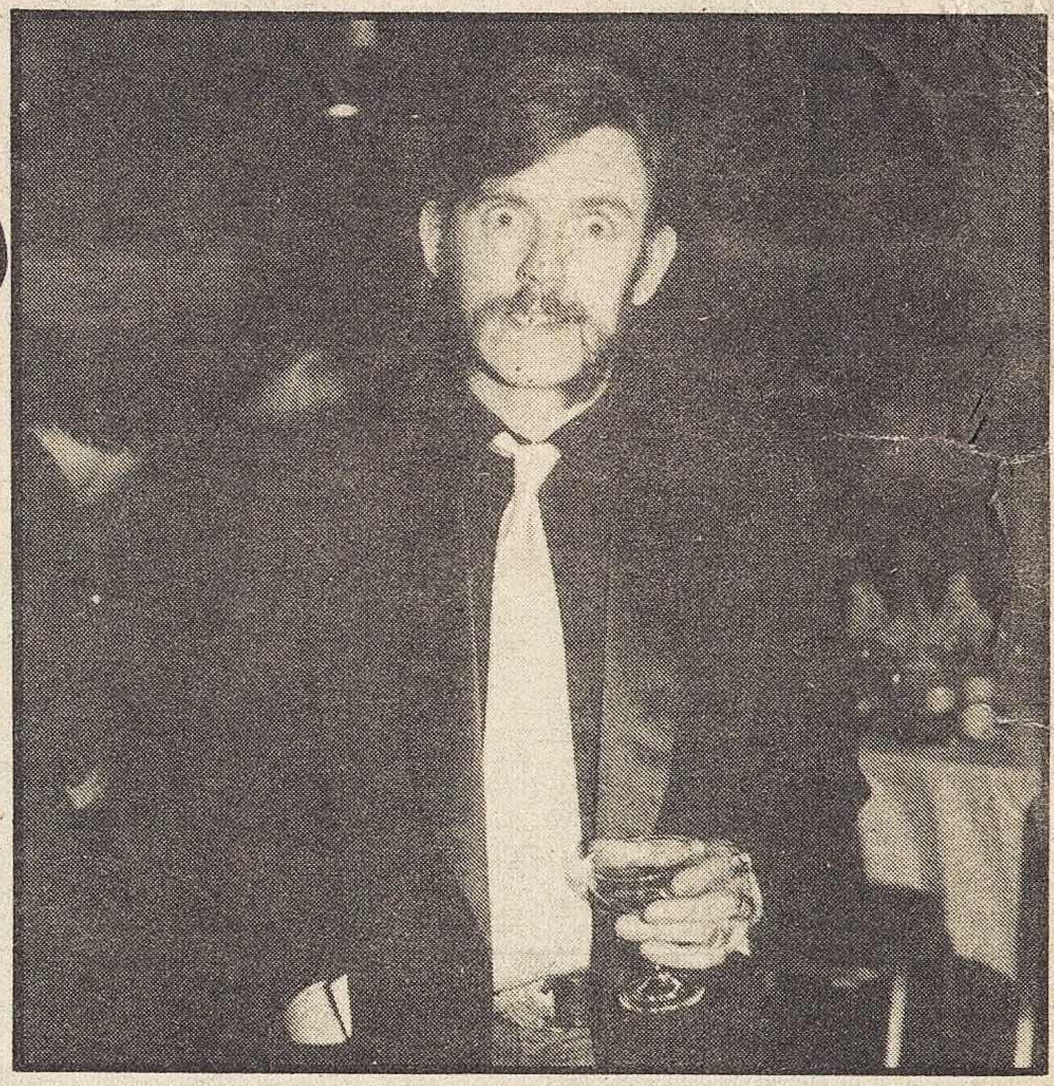
US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(4)	Lady	Kenny Rogers
2	(2)	Another One Bites The Dust	Queen
3	(1)	Woman In Love	Barbra Streisand
4	(5)	The Wanderer	Donna Summer
5	(3)	He's So Shy	Pointer Sisters
6	(7)	I'm Coming Out	Diana Ross
7	(10)	Master Blaster (Jammin')	Stevie Wonder
8	(8)	Never Knew Love Like This Before	Stephanie Mills
9	(6)	Upside Down	Diana Ross
10	(11)	Dreaming	Cliff Richard
11	(17)	More Than I Can Say	Leo Sayer
12	(13)	Lovely One	The Jacksons
13	(14)	You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling	Daryl Hall & John Oates
14	(16)	Whip It	Devo
15	(9)	Jesse	Carly Simon
16	(20)	Hit Me With Your Best Shot	Pat Benatar
17	(27)	(Just Like) Starting Over	John Lennon
18	(15)	Dreamer	Supertramp
19	(28)	Love On The Rocks	Neil Diamond
20	(26)	Never Be The Same	Christopher Cross
21	(21)	She So Cold	Rolling Stones
22	(23)	Let Me Be Your Angel	Stacy Lattisaw
23	(24)	That Girl Could Sing	Jackson Browne
24	(37)	Hungry Heart	Bruce Springsteen
25	(25)	Out Here On My Own	Irene Cara
26	(29)	Without Your Love	Roger Daltrey
27	(30)	I'm Happy That Love Has Found You	Jimmy Hall
28	(12)	Real Love	The Doobie Brothers
29	(22)	On The Road Again	Willie Nelson
30	(39)	Theme From The Dukes Of Hazzard	Waylon

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(2)	The River	Bruce Springsteen
2	(1)	Guilty	Barbra Streisand
3	(4)	Greatest Hits	Kenny Rogers
4	(3)	One Step Closer	Doobie Brothers
5	(—)	Hotter Than July	Stevie Wonder
6	(6)	The Game	Queen
7	(5)	Crimes Of Passion	Pat Benatar
8	(8)	Paris	Supertramp
9	(9)	Back In Black	AC/DC
10	(11)	Triumph	The Jacksons
11	(14)	The Wanderer	Donna Summer
12	(12)	Alive	Kenny Loggins
13	(7)	Diana	Diana Ross
14	(10)	Xanadu	Original Soundtrack
15	(13)	Hold Out	Jackson Browne
16	(17)	Christopher Cross	Christopher Cross
17	(25)	Zenyatta Mondatta	The Police
18	(16)	Panorama	The Cars
19	(21)	Anne Murray's Greatest Hits	Anne Murray
20	(18)	Give Me The Night	George Benson
21	(15)	Urban Cowboy	Original Soundtrack
22	(22)	Scary Monsters	David Bowie
23	(24)	TP	Teddy Pendergrass
24	(20)	Honeysuckle Rose	Original Soundtrack
25	(27)	Freedom Of Choice	Devo
26	(19)	Emotional Rescue	The Rolling Stones
27	(23)	One Trick Pony	Paul Simon
28	(44)	Greatest Hits Vol Two	Linda Ronstadt
29	(26)	Audio-Visions	Kansas
30	(36	Celebrate	Kool & The Gang

US Charts: Courtesy 'CASHBOX'



The abominable Lemmy Motorhead seals the fate of the skinny tie. Kippers are back! If your records were all over the shop this week you too could afford a brand new pair of outsize ears.

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist	Weeks in	Highest
1	(10)	Hotter Than July	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	2	1
2	(2)	Guilty	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	5	2
3	(1)	Zenyatta Mondatta	Police (A&M)	8	1
4	(7)	Gold	The Three Degrees (Ariola/K. Tel)	7	7
5	(—)	Ace Of Spades	Motorhead (Bronze)	1	5
6	(3)	Organisation	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Din Disc)	2	3
7	(8)	Faces	Earth, Wind & Fire (CBS)	3	8
8	(6)	The River	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	3	4
9	(—)	Live In The Heart Of The City	Whitesnake (United Artist)	1	9
10	(—)	Levitation	Hawkwind (Bronze)	1	10
11	(9)	Manilow Magic	Barry Manilow (Arista)	16	5
12	(4)	Just Supposin'	Status Quo (Vertigo)	3	3
13	(15)	Scary Monsters	David Bowie (RCA)	8	1
14	(18)	Making Movies	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	3	14
15	(11)	Never Forever	Kate Bush (EMI)	9	1
16	(12)	Triumph	Jacksons (Epic)	5	12
17	(5)	The Love Album	Various (K-Tel)	7	5
18	(—)	Not The 9 O'Clock News	Various (BBC)	1	18
19	(14)	Absolutely	Madness (Stiff)	7	2
20	(16)	Remain In Light	Talking Heads (Sire)	2	16
21	(21)	Give Me The Night	George Benson (Warner Bros)	17	1
22	(—)	Signing Off	UB40 (Graduate)	9	1
22	(—)	Making Waves	The Nolans (Epic)	1	22
24	(—)	Midnight Dynomos	Matchbox (Magnet)	5	14
25	(20)	Very Best Of Elton John	Elton John (K-Tel)	2	20
26	(13)	Contractual Obligation Album	Monty Python (Charisma)	4	7
27	(26)	Paris	Supertramp (A&M)	6	7
28	(19)	Breaking Glass	Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	12	4
29	(30)	Mounting Excitement	Various (K-Tel)	7	3
29	(—)	More Specials	Specials	4	8

BUBBLING UNDER

QE2 — Mike Oldfield (Virgin).
Stage Struck — Rory Gallagher (Chrysalis).
Country Legends — Various (Ronco).
Killing Joke — Killing Joke (Malicious Damage).
Kings Of The Wild Frontier — Adam & The Ants (CBS).
Babylon — Various (Chrysalis).

INDIES 33s

1 **In A Flat Field** — Bauhaus (4AD)
2 **Backstage Pass** — Various (Red Rhino)
3 **Chappaquiddick Bridge** — Poison Girls (Crass)
4 **Second City Static** — Various (Static)
5 **Miniatures** — Various (Pipe)
6 **Closer** — Joy Division (Factory)
7 **Pin Drop** — Passage (Object)
8 **Are You Glad To Be In America** — James Blood Ulmer (Rough Trade)
9 **Signing Off** — UB40 (Graduate)
10 **Unknown Pleasures** — Joy Division (Factory)

REGGAE

1 **Just Don't Care** — Love And Unity (Studio 16)
2 **Sunday Morning** — Greg Isaacs (Solomon)
3 **My Woman** — Barrington Levy (Joe Gibbs)
4 **Imitation Love** — Mellow Rose (Studio 16)
5 **Ballerina** — Weldon Troy (Texan)
6 **Garby Days** — Black Uhuru (Soul Trap)
7 **Ring Craft** — Argh and Stone (Crazy Joe)
8 **Rosabelle** — Sugar Minott (Gorgon)
9 **Hustlin'** — Tony Tuff (Scorcher)
10 **Rock It Up** — Al Campbell (Prophets/Studio B)

Chart by: Joe Gibbs, 29 Lewisham Way, New Cross, London S.E.14.

5 YEARS AGO

1 **D.I.V.O.R.C.E.** — Billy Connolly (Polydor)
2 **Space Oddity** — David Bowie (RCA)
3 **Love Hurts** — Jim Capaldi (Island)
4 **Love Is The Drug** — Roxy Music (Island)
5 **Imagine** — John Lennon (Apple)
6 **You Sexy Thing** — Hot Chocolate (Rak)
7 **Rhinestone Cowboy** — Glen Campbell (Capitol)
8 **Blue Guitar** — Justin Haywood & John Lodge (Threshold)
9 **Hold Back The Night** — Tramps (Buddah)
10 **New York Groove** — Hello (Bell)

Week ending November 18, 1975

10 YEARS AGO

1 **Woodstock** — Matthews Southern Comfort (UNI)
2 **War** — Edwin Starr (Tamla Motown)
3 **Indian Reservation** — Don Fardon (Young Blood)
4 **Patches** — Clarence Carter (Atlantic)
5 **Voodoo Chile** — Jimi Hendrix (Track)
6 **San Bernadino** — Christie (CBS)
7 **The Witch** — Rattles (Decca)
8 **Ruby Tuesday** — Melanie (Buddah)
9 **Me And My Life** — Tremeloes (CBS)
10 **Julie Do Ya Love Me** — White Plains (Dream)

Week ending November 11, 1970

INDIES 45s

1 **Telegram Sam** — Bauhaus (4AD)
2 **Man In The Glass** — Dangerous Girls (Human)
3 **Requiem 12in** — Killing Joke (Malicious Damage)
4 **Shake Rake** — Zeitgeist (Enchaine)
5 **The Bunker** — Bollock Brothers (MacDonald & Lydon)
6 **7 Minutes To Midnight** — Wah! Heat (Inevitable)
7 **Politics** — Girls At Our Best (Rough Trade)
8 **Earth Dies Screaming 12in** — UB40 (Graduate)
9 **Atmosphere** — Joy Division (Factory)
10 **Feeding Of The 5000 12in** — Crass (Crass)

Charts by: Saul at Bonaparte, 284 Pentonville Road, London N.1.

DISCO

1 **I Like What You're Doing To Me** — Young and Co (Excalibre)
2 **Thighs High** — Tom Browne (Arista)
3 **Inherit The Wind** — Wilton Felder (MCA)
4 **I Need Your Lovin** — Teena Marie (Motown)
5 **It Feels Like The Right Time** — Shakatak (Polydor)
6 **More Bounce To The Ounce** — Zapp (Warner Bros)
7 **I'm Coming Out** — Diana Ross (Motown)
8 **Parisian Girl** — Incognito (Ensign)
9 **Can't Fake The Feelin'** — Geraldine Hunt (Champagne)
10 **Bourgie Bourgie** — Gladys Knight & The Pips (CBS)

Chart by: HMV Record Shop, Oxford Street, London W.1.

15 YEARS AGO

1 **Get Off My Cloud** — Rolling Stones (Decca)
2 **1-2-3** — Len Barry (Brunswick)
3 **The Carnival Is Over** — The Seekers (Columbia)
4 **My Generation** — The Who (Brunswick)
5 **Yesterday Man** — Chris Andrews (Decca)
6 **It's My Life** — Animals (Columbia)
7 **Here It Comes Again** — Fortunes (Decca)
8 **Tears** — Ken Dodd (Columbia)
9 **A Lover's Concerto** — Toys (Stateside)
10 **Yesterday** — Matt Monro (Parlophone)

Week ending November 19, 1965

20 YEARS AGO

1 **It's Now Or Never** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
2 **As Long As He Needs Me** — Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
3 **Dreamin'** — Johnny Burnette (London)
4 **Only The Lonely** — Roy Orbison (London)
5 **My Heart Has A Mind Of Its Own** — Connie Francis (MGM)
6 **Rocking Goose** — Johnny & The Hurricanes (London)
7 **Save The Last Dance For Me** — Drifters (London)
8 **Goodness Gracious Me** — Peter Sellers & Sophia Loren (Parlophone)
9 **Man Of Mystery** — Shadows (Columbia)
10 **My Love For You** — Johnny Mathis (Fontana)

Week ending November 18, 1960

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
NME
FUNKY VERY MUCH...

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON **THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE**

DEXY'S DIVIDE

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS have not, contrary to reports elsewhere, broken up — but they have been split down the middle with more than half of the line-up walking out.

The four defectors are drummer Andy 'Stoker' Grocott, bassist Pete Williams and saxophonists Jeff Blythe (tenor) and Steve Spooner (alto), who left following disagreements over future plans. These four are likely to stay together as the nucleus of a new band.

The Dexy's moniker, however, is to remain the property of the three surviving original members — vocalist Kevin Rowland, guitarist Al Archer and trombonist Big Jimmy Patterson — who are currently auditioning replacements. A new drummer and alto player are believed to have been recruited already.

The precise circumstances surrounding the split are somewhat unclear, however, due to the group's avowed policy of non-co-operation with the rock press, whom Kevin Rowland feels have never properly represented the band.

. . . but Rowland takes his soul vision on

A spokesperson for EMI, the band's record label, confirmed on Monday that Rowland had nothing to say on the split at the moment. A fuller explanation is expected in a few weeks' time when the next of the band's 'essays' is scheduled to appear in the papers.

The split means that the next Dexy's project — an "Open Heart Review", which was to have been performed at selected theatres this month — has now been put back to February, when the line-up of the new band should be finalised.

Meanwhile, a new single, the band's fourth, is due to be released by EMI next Monday. It is a new version of 'Keep It,' a track on the 'Searching For The Young Soul Rebels' album released in July. The song is backed with the band's version of the old soul standard 'One Way Love', previously recorded by The Drifters and Cliff Bennett's Rebel Rousers. Both tracks were recorded by Dexy's before the current parting of the ways.

How the split will affect the musical directions the two factions take remains to be seen, although the trio retaining the name Dexy's Midnight Runners would seem to offer the more interesting prospects. In Rowland and Archer, the creative core of the band is still intact. It is Rowland who is generally acknowledged as the mastermind behind the band's "new soul vision" and it was he and guitarist Archer who had the initial idea for a band influenced by the likes of Geno Washington, Otis Redding and Sam and Dave while they were together in Birmingham punk combo The Killjoys at the tail end of 1977.

One man whose position is left cloudy by the split is recently-recruited keyboard player Mick Talbot, once of South London mod band The Merton Parkas.

It was only last month that he replaced Pete Saunders, himself a band member of only a few months' standing. It is unknown whether he will stay with the Rowland-Archer-Patterson band or defect along with Grocott, Williams, Spooner and Blythe.

The 'gang' split up the 'complete Stax collection' — and then split up. Pic: David Corio.

Report by ADRIAN THRILLS

XTC, TONES — PRE-XMAS DATES

Enigmatic Undertones

THE UNDERTONES have lined up a series of dates next month, which they're calling their 'See No More Tour' — and according to their spokesman, the significance of this enigmatic title will be revealed in a week or two. Their act will include a batch of new material, and they'll be previewing ten songs which will appear on their next album, to be recorded after Christmas.

They play Lancaster University (December 8), Glasgow Tiffany's (9), Nottingham Rock City (11), Hull City Hall (12), Southampton Gaumont (14) and London Hammersmith Palais (15 and 16). Then, after two or three gigs in Eire, they wind up at Belfast Ulster Hall on December 22 and 23. Ticket prices vary from one venue to another, but the overall maximum is £3.

XTC HAVE NOW confirmed details of their pre-Christmas UK tour, taking in 13 dates around the country. They played a six-venue mini-tour earlier in the autumn, mainly as a warm-up for their current American jaunt, and now comes their main attack on the British circuit.

Dates are York University (December 6), Blackpool Tiffany's (7), Edinburgh Tiffany's (8), Liverpool Rotters (9), Bradford St George's Hall (10), Swindon Oasis Leisure Centre (13), Bristol Locarno (14), Southampton Gaumont (15), Birmingham Top Rank (16), Manchester Apollo (19), Nottingham Rock City (20), Cardiff Top Rank (21) and London Hammersmith Palais (22). One or two other gigs may be slotted in.

The band have a new single out on November 28, but not via their usual Virgin outlet — instead it's on RSO Records, as it's the track they recorded for Robert Stigwood's movie *Times Square*.

THE SHOCK OF THE NEW ... MUSICAL EXPRESS

When is a newspaper not a newspaper? When it's a rock paper — but we're changing that this week.

We here at the world's most restless rock weekly have remodelled your NME because we've kept our head for the last four years while everybody around us has been losing theirs — and we want to get in on the act.

At the back you'll find DATA CONTROL, the unique ten-page hard info guide to who's doing what, when and where.

Upfront there's hard news, interviews and all the assorted fun 'n' frowns you'd expect from the only REAL rock paper.

Keep taking our tabloid— you know it makes sense.

DATA CONTROL

Tour News 41 ● Gig Guide 43
Record News 47 ● Garageland 48
Imports 49 ● Information City 50

EXCLUSIVE

Jam album preview

— RECORD NEWS P.47

Devoto sports '80s 'recession' crop.

Magazine to tour
Motels check in
New Dury gigs
Ultravox concerts

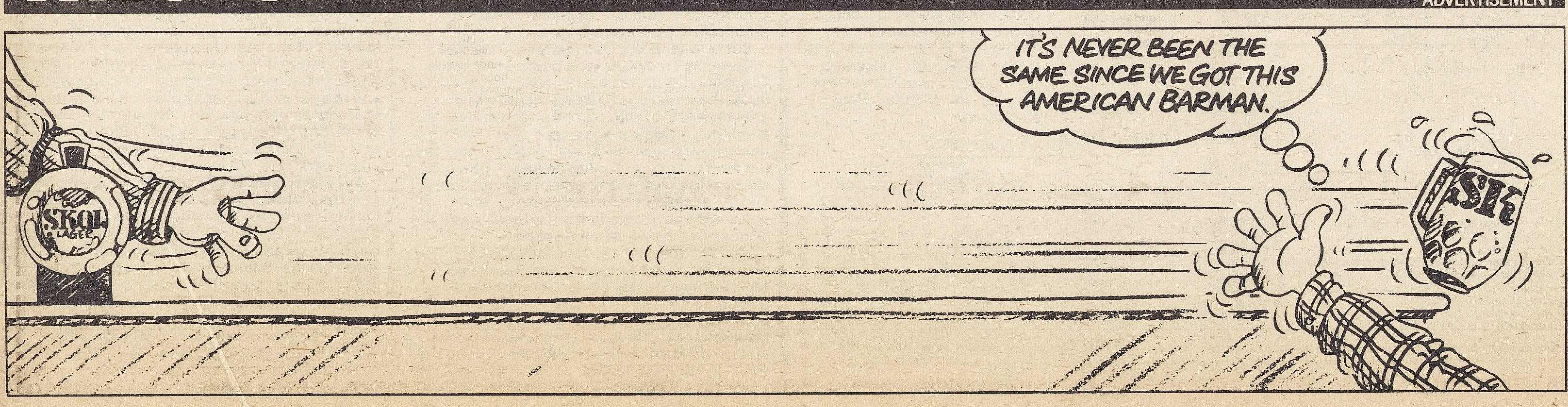
— TOUR NEWS P.41

Owen gig postponed

ROCKPILE cancelled their scheduled benefit concert for Johnny Owen at Swansea Top Rank on November 4, after the news came through that the Welsh boxer had died that morning in Los Angeles. They felt it was inappropriate to go ahead under the circumstances, though they are now arranging another show for a later date, when all existing tickets will be valid. Meanwhile, proceeds from ticket sales have been forwarded to the Johnny Owen appeal fund.

THE SKOLARS

ADVERTISEMENT



BPI TIGHTEN UP HYPE CODE

EXCLUSIVE DETAILS

By ANDREW TYLER

THE BRITISH Phonographic Industry has circulated to all its members — the record companies — new rules aimed at limiting chart fixing. If approved, the new strictures will take over from the thoroughly ineffective old code of conduct.

A copy of the new rules inadvertently fell into the hands of *NME* this week. We can report that they are some degrees tougher than the old prescription. But they still fail to embody two of the main recommendations by the committee of enquiry set up by the BPI to investigate the televised hype allegations made on *World In Action* in June.

● The most significant new law relates to the compilers of the charts. At the moment this is the British Market Research Bureau, although Gallup have lately shown interest in taking over the contract.

From now on, whoever gets the job will be required to "engage field investigators" to look into suspected malpractise. Any BPI member will be entitled to unleash these enquiry agents but they will first have to lodge £100 deposit, (returnable at the end of the enquiry if it proves to have had "substance").

● On the question of inducements, the new code says "no preferential service" is to be given to chart return shops and stipulates that free gifts must be limited to six albums, singles, or cassettes of the specific titles being pushed. Other freebees are not to be exceed a retail value of £20 per week or £50 per month.

The old code never got down to these kinds of specifics. It referred, instead, to "reasonable quantities" of free albums and singles that could be pressed on retailers.

● If another hype scandal breaks, the BPI will get non-industry stalwarts to test the water.

This decision relates to criticism of the fact that the investigating committee — headed up by record retailer Harry Tipple — was formed entirely of industry faithfuls and included BPI director general John Deacon. A new committee will be formed, says the circular, consisting of five members selected by the chairman from a panel of 20 eminent persons whose names will be published for the general public to see."

The irony here is that Tipple's report is rumoured to be tough — "one hell of a document" is Tipple's own description. The real fudging has come from the BPI council which, until last week, withheld the 50 page report from its own members. (The membership has now been invited to view the document — strictly within the confines of BPI headquarters).

DESPITE ASSURANCES to Tipple that all his recommendations would be embodied in the new code of conduct, two have been omitted.

● The first is his urging that no more bonuses be paid for gaining chart entries. Tipple said that such payments encouraged reps to buy and browbeat thier way into the lists.

The new code moves only part-way towards this thinking. It simply limits chart bonuses to 20 per cent of the rep's gross income.

● Another recommendation dear to Tipple's bosom has also been 'overlooked'. This was his call for stricter control of record stock from warehouse to rep. He wanted accounting all the way down the line so that stocks weren't abused. The new code avoids the issue entirely.

AS FOR the proposed new penalties, they are much the same as old. Whether or not they will likewise fall into disuse is up for discussion.

One small-fry BPI member has already expressed doubt to us this week that the expulsion sanction would ever be used against any of the 'Big Six' — if indeed it *could* be used.

The EMI's and CBS's each pay in the order of £25,000 as an annual subscription. For the BPI to forfeit such a sum would almost inevitably lead to its collapse.

An alternative would be to hit large-scale offenders with an excruciatingly painful fine. And it's thought that at least one member will urge this on the chart committee at the first opportunity.

☐ BPI chairman-elect Chris Wright this week revealed that the blank tape levy is nearer a reality. "Discussions with the Department of Trade and Industry are at an advanced stage," he told *Music Week*. "We're expecting action quickly."

"IT'S A PRIVATE comedy," grinned Malcolm McLaren, neatly concluding the case for both his defence and potential prosecution with a characteristically impudent quote.

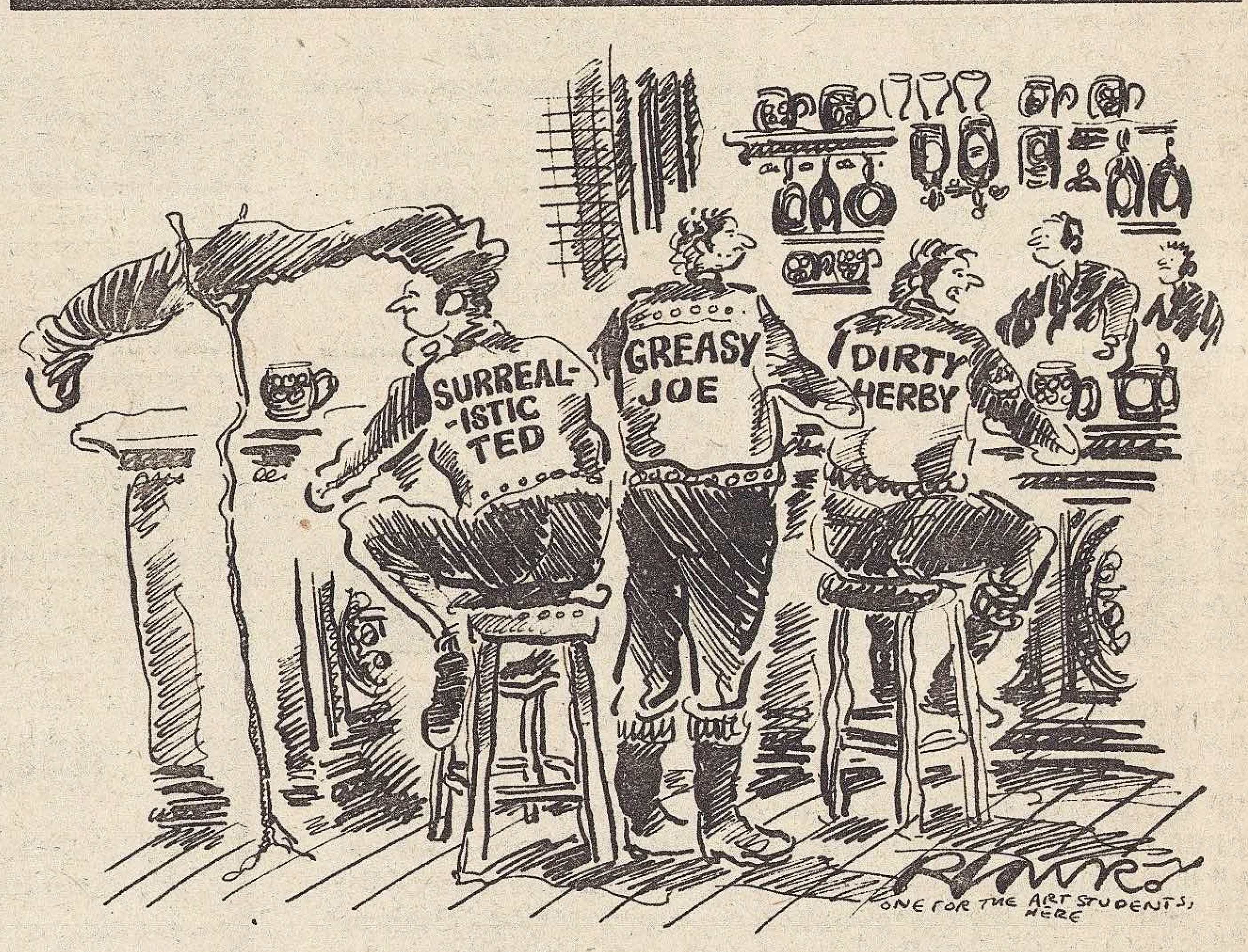
He manifestly fashions himself for press copy, and this season's outfit is Bow Wow Wow, a study in cod — not chicken — sexuality and orchestrated irony.

McLaren's scheming is as transparent and ethically mercenary as the furore which has already burst around what the *News of the World* terms "punk porn" — and what the "ex-Sex Pistols manager" told them was "young people in sexual situations".

The one level McLaren works on that the gutter press doesn't is that of *humour* — and of course it's far from being a 'private' comedy. When McLaren laughs at people it's very much in public — like *Rock 'n' Roll Swindle* was laughing at everyone involved (including the audience) bar himself — how *much* of this shit will you swallow? Young people in *Magic Christian* situations . . .

THUS TO STAGE ONE of the launching of the Idea, the

LOWRY



SPLITS

THE LIGHTNING RAIDERS have undergone a major personnel upheaval, with former drummer George Butler (ex-Alex Harvey and the Kilburns) coming back into the line-up, and two newcomers joining the band for the first time — singer Gass Wild (ex-Johnny Thunders and the original Pretenders) and rhythm guitarist Bruce Irvine (ex-Tyla Gang). Currently recording their debut album for Conspiracy Records, they have a single called 'Criminal World' coming out later this month.

THE PHARAOHS — the Lancaster band whose line-up was recently depleted when Adam Williams (bass) and James Mackie (keyboards and horns) left to join The Selecter, as reported by *NME* four weeks ago — are continuing to function. They are honouring all their live commitments.

ON THE AIR, the band fronted by Simon Townshend (lead vocals and guitar) will continue to operate as a trio following the departure of guitarist Dave Bowles, who's left to pursue a solo career.

First the Nashville. Then the Clarendon. But...

GLC DENY GIG PURGE

By PAUL DU NOYER

COMPARED with his or her counterpart in Llangollen or Lyme Regis, the London gig-goer is still spoiled for choice where live music is concerned. Yet the range of options is narrowing. Venues are disappearing. The past year has seen the Nashville, Electric Ballroom and Red Cow go under. Now the Clarendon and — for Sundays at least — the Greyhound look set to follow.

The Fulham Greyhound, home to music for 12 years now, has just had its Sunday licence stopped by the Greater London Council — who claim breaches of agreed noise levels — and it's a widespread complaint that the GLC is bearing down heavily on places supplying live entertainment for young people in the capital.

An even greater blow was the ending of rock nights at Hammersmith's Clarendon — a venue with a reputation for the hippest bills in town. Again, it's the GLC who've been blamed, this time for enforcing fire regulations that drastically curtail attendances.

But how far is the GLC really responsible?

Certainly Tracy Lea, who books acts for the Greyhound, believes the council policy on noise limits is a harsh one. Despite measures to soundproof the building and so sooth local residents, officials made a spot-check and decreed, in the words of one of them, that "the bar staff's ears were being polluted" (though the bar staff themselves weren't complaining). Finally, at a magistrate's suggestion, a compromise was worked out whereby only the Sunday licence would be revoked.

The ban does not apply, in fact, to solo artists, so Tracy Lea can console herself with forthcoming Sunday attractions like Roger Ruskin Spear — with his team of robots, including an eight-headed Mrs Thatcher. All the same, she says, the GLC's attitude to rock is less than sympathetic. On their intervention at the Greyhound she asks: "Haven't they got anything better to do? It would be nice if they found people some decent accommodation instead of spending their time closing down venues for young people."

The GLC deny any anti-rock campaign. At the Music Machine in Camden, for instance, they report no bother so far — and they're not anticipating any. As for the Venue in Victoria (another place rumoured to be in line for spot-checks) their spokesperson tells of frequent dealings with the GLC over a wide range of matters. "But they're quite reasonable to deal with. You couldn't say anything nasty about them, really — they do have the public's interest at heart.

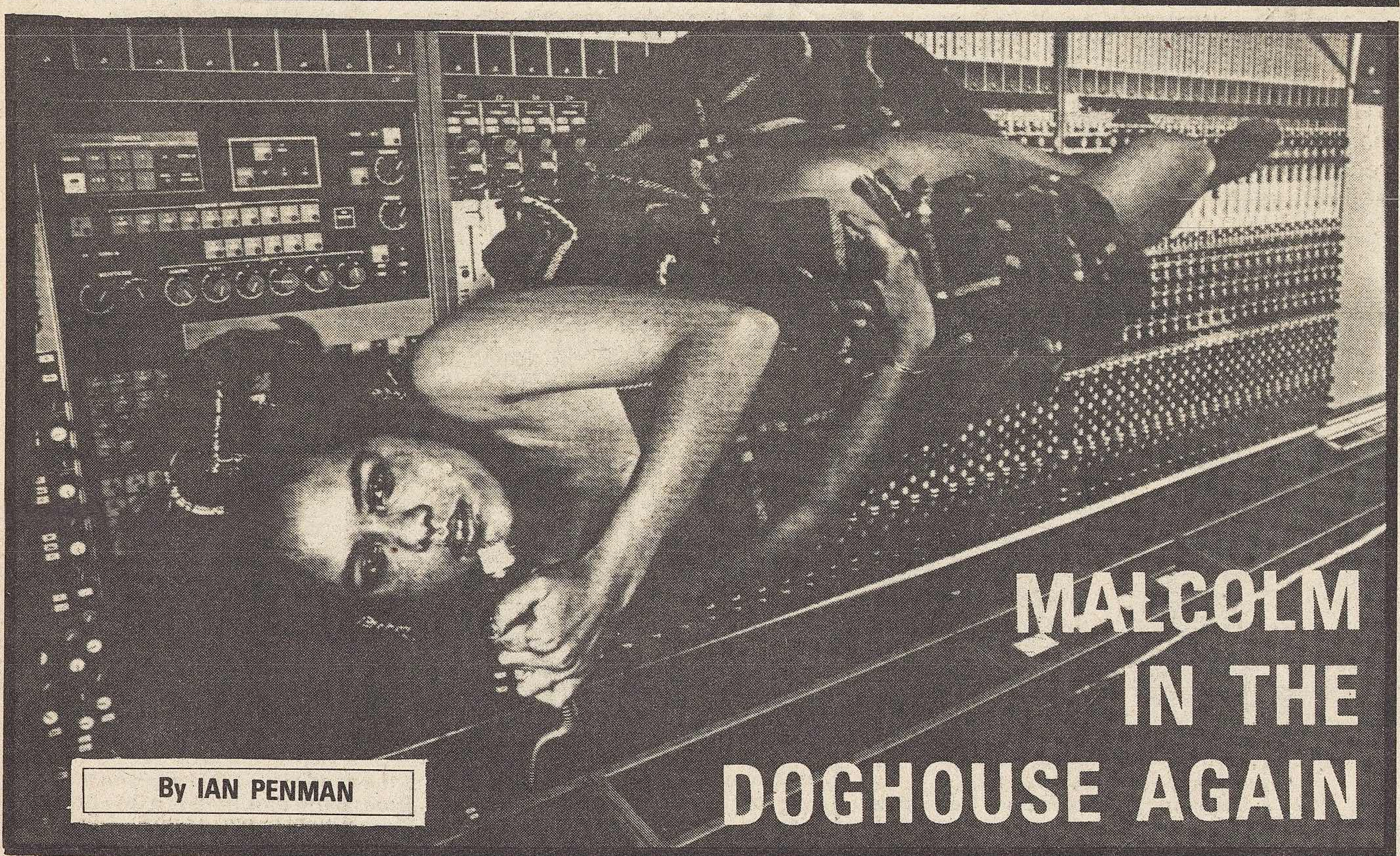
"I'll put it this way: the GLC don't make it easy for venues in London, but a lot depends on the attitude of the local residents."

THE CASE of the Clarendon, and of its untimely demise as a rock venue, is more involved — and it turns out the GLC have played very little part.

Les Palmer is the man behind the Clarendon's rise to prominence as a venue. An experienced and respected figure on the British black music scene for many years, his eight-month tenure promoting both reggae and innovatory rock acts at the venue came to an abrupt end two weeks ago.

As Palmer sees it, the roots of the Clarendon affair lie in the fate which befell another leading London haunt, the Nashville, which like the Clarendon is owned by Fullers brewery. The Nashville recently lost its appeal against a closure order, following a long history of pressure from the authorities on questions like crowding, under-age drinking and security provisions.

The embarrassing loss of a once-lucrative outlet like the Nashville, Palmer suspects, panicked Fullers into worrying about a



MALCOLM IN THE DOGHOUSE AGAIN

By IAN PENMAN

Annabella consoles herself

Booze-ups and blow-ups — how the Bow Wow Wow row looks now

selling of the Commodity. Friday at EMI and a converted recording studio fills like a summertime swimming pool with a humid selection of guests, a smog of 'in-house' chat — a private ceremony.

On one table adjacent to some of the sandwich spread is a window display style presentation box containing a load of Bow Wow Wow's latest 'single' — an eight-song cassette retailing at £1.99. The 'subversive' ideology perpetrated by Bow Wow Wow's chirpy first — 'C30 C60 C90 GO' — is being taken to its logical conclusions.

The BBC2 *Arena* documentary film crew (the one "caught up" in the "punk porn storm") arrive, headed by director Robin Denselow. Contrary to reports in Fleet Street, the Bow Wow Wow/McLaren film was never scheduled to go out in January — Denselow says that no one has any idea when it will go out. Presumably sooner than later — if at all — if the crest of the storm is to be caught? Apparently not, an assistant informs me — Denselow is off the next day to Thailand for a month's holiday, which means a temporary postponement.

When everyone is just about satiated with food and drink, the stars of the private situation(ist) comedy arrive: the four very fresh-faced young BWWs and a conservatively dressed McLaren, who is called upon to make an introductory speech by nervous EMI representative Rob Warr. It is brief but to the point, or rather, predictable three points: political ("the last adventure before Thatcher drives us all over the cliff"), outrageous ("it's a celebration of under-age sex")and pioneering (the cassette form will make the megastore "dinosaurs" redundant, it's something "your Pakistani tobacconist will be able to sell under the counter").

The EMI person who handles Bow Wow Wow's radio affairs is (did I hear someone say "ironically"?) responsible for one other of the company's acts — Ms Sheena Easton, a product he refers to as "virgin pop". Quite the other side of the sales pitch, quite another exploited sexuality.

"Malcolm loves EMI", the radio consultant tells Robin Denselow after — *after* — his short *Arena* interview, "and EMI loves Malcolm".

Of course, no matter what is said about him, McLaren will ultimately benefit — and he knows it. As he replied to one of my vainly furtive questions: "I've got to be the bad boy — can't be the good boy now, can I?" He has a damnably winning grin.

THE IRONY of it all is that Bow Wow Wow are a very interesting proposition, all round. Everything, in fact, that McLaren either thinks they are or wants them to be (see *NME* interview 9.8.80) — and more, seeing as how they are musically as well as visually and 'politically' exciting. The single taken off the single (so to speak) for DJs to plug pairs the risque/risky 'Louis Quatorze' (sex and guns) with one of the most irresistible pop songs for ages — a runaway and charmingly sensual version of 'Fools Rush In', which is bound to be the one getting TV and airplay. I can hear it on Radio 2 even now.

The remaining six (seven, counting an extended instrumental prologue to one song) songs are 'Sexy Eiffel Towers', 'Giant Sized Baby Thing', 'Radio G String', 'Gold He Said', 'Uomo-Sex-Al Apache' and 'I Want My Baby On Mars'. All songs are credited to McLaren-Ashman-Barbarossa-Gorman — i.e., everyone in the group except "controversial" 14 or 15-year-old singer Annabella.

The music is surprisingly accomplished (Gorman on bass and Ashman on guitar are very jazzy, drummer Barbarossa plays that light new 'tribal' style) and the lyrics obviously McLaren's — sophisticated, tongue-in-cheek teen sex skits with the requisite references to launderettes, cassettes and piracy. They sound extremely refreshing after the last two years' worth of 'pop' songs about everything (mystery, glamorous technology, imaginary entropy) *but* the facts of life.

THUS BRIEFLY to Stage Two of our lift-off — the public launching of Bow Wow Wow. Saturday night in Hammersmith at the Starlight Roller Disco was to have been the setting for two 30-minute sets.

The group seem incredibly nervous as they begin to soundcheck; they've stopped virtually before they've started — although even in that brief instant the sound was quite, well, *startling*, very un-rocky.

It transpires that a boiler has burst somewhere and leaked all over the hall's power supply. The stage is literally 'live' — lacking the necessary relationship between voltage and earth.

It is quite likely that should Bow Wow Wow play, they may not finish the first set alive. A stunt even Malcolm can resist.

Bow Wow Wow's proposed next gig is at Paul Raymond's Revue Bar — one of Soho's more 'respectable' strip joints. Young people in sexist situations?

McLaren's found something to shake everyone up again. Comments will roll . . . and Bow Wow Wow *are* going to be very popular.

It is up to McLaren to curb his urge toward greater and louder controversy, which could altogether eclipse the potential of Bow Wow Wow. Because the irony of irony, as someone once said, is that one becomes weary of it if one is offered it everywhere and all the time.

repetition at the Clarendon. Although Palmer's regular rock promotions (featuring acts such as UB40, DAF, Delta 5 and Cabaret Voltaire) had attracted crowds there of up to 700, the Clarendon's GLC-imposed limit was only 250, and had been for several years — even though, at the outset of their partnership, Palmer was assured by the management that large crowds were acceptable under GLC rules. (Indeed, crowds limited to 250 would simply have been too small for Palmer to operate with.)

Suddenly — very suddenly — the Clarendon "remembered" its 250 limit, informed Les Palmer of it for the first time, and insisted it be adhered to straight away.

Apart from being economically non-viable in the long term, the immediate problem which this posed for Palmer was the gigs he'd already lined up — notably Killing Joke (in 36 hours' time) and Fad Gadget, both expected to be big crowd pullers. Hundreds of tickets had already been sold, necessitating hasty cancellations and refunds.

Palmer says he is "still very shaken by the affair. I have never been involved in cancellations like this before now. I don't wish to be seen as so untogether as a promoter. These things can harm you."

In fact, the Clarendon has now applied to the GLC for an increase in its capacity, subject to certain structural alterations. Ironically, the building may eventually be demolished anyway, under a redevelopment scheme.

Still, as one door closes another one opens. More optimistic news comes with the re-introduction of rock music at the 100 Club in Oxford Street. Although in some ways the symbolic home of punk (having staged early gigs by the Pistols, Damned, Banshees, etc. in '76) recent years have seen the venue retreat to its staple diet of jazz and occasional reggae. Last week, Wah! Heat initiated the return of new wave, intended as a regular feature. So why the policy switch?

"Ah well, that's a long story that I don't want to go into," said the man at the 100 Club. "We had a lot of trouble back then and things got rather out of control . . ."

As for the current set-up, the spokesman stressed, "It's being very professionally put together."

And over at the Hope...

BLANKET FEST NOT SO WET

By MAX BELL

DESPITE ITS apparently slow start (reported in Thrills last week), the Hope & Anchor's 'Blanket Coverage' charity festival has been a financial success.

The fortnight's activities are expected to raise £5000 worth ot blankets, flasks, slippers, etc for the old folk of Islington.

Hope & Anchor landlord John Eichler tells Thrills that the decision to maintain a low-key ticket policy worked. "It's true that we decided not to publicise the bands too much — I think in The Skids' case I made an error and we should have sold out — but we didn't want to disappoint fans who would send in money or travel long distances only to get turned away on the door.

"The fact that The Specials gig you referred to wasn't packed to the gunnels is because we have a legal capacity of 100 people. On occasion we may exceed that number but for this festival we can't.

"Someone used to seeing the cellar packed out may have assumed it was undersubscribed."

In fact Eichler is extremely pleased with the way the festival has gone despite the enforced withdrawal of Tom Robinson, John Cooper Clarke and The Damned. Soft Boys, 999 and The Inmates deputised at short notice and refunds were available to disgruntled customers.

And for the really gruntled punter, there was even the chance to win such rock and roll memorabilia as Chas Smash's first suit, a pair of Jerry Dammers' old boots (which nobody wants) and various 2-Tone gold and platinum discs. Chrysalis also recorded the Specials and Selecter gigs for an Xmas Dance Party disc.

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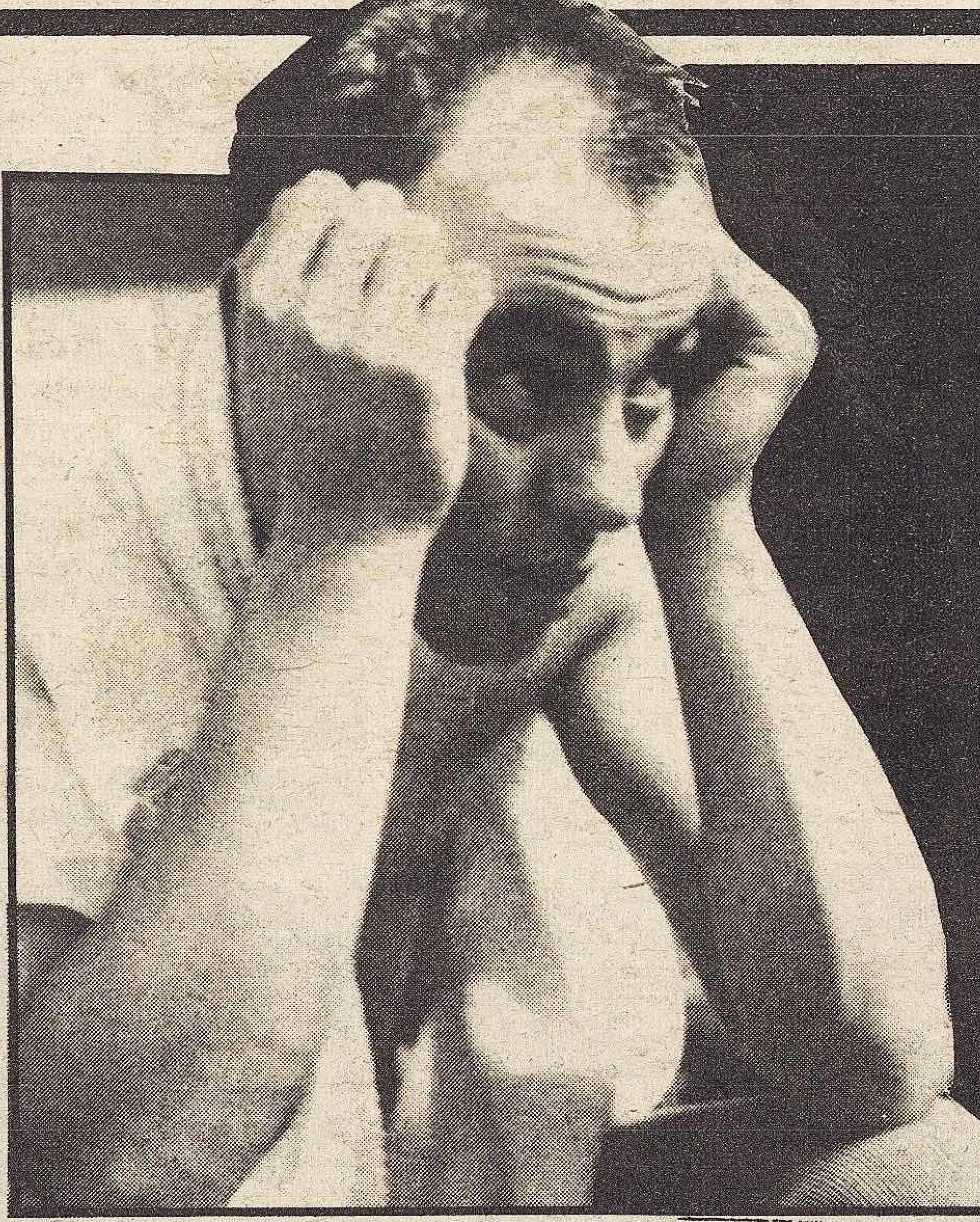


Pic: Pennie Smith

LAUGHING BOY

Barry Andrews has been out of salts since he left the merry ranks of XTC, but 'Jolly' Robert Fripp has soon put a stop to that

Pic: John Lynch

By NICK KENT

BARRY ANDREWS just has to be the most ingeniously reckless keyboard player around.

His furious organ work originally surfaced on the first two XTC albums, and after brief session work with Robert Fripp and Iggy Pop plus a solo EP ('Town And Country') and single ('Rossmore Road') for Virgin, Andrews now has two bands to work with.

He's 25% of Robert Fripp's League of Gentlemen, and he's also putting the finishing touches to his own outfit, the evocatively-named Restaurant For Dogs.

The Dogs were originally a Swindon three-piece (David Morse and Kevin Wilkinson on bass and drums respectively) until the arrival a couple of weeks back of Canadian guitarist Bruce McRae. Andrews has yet to unveil R.F.D. publicly, but that will be put to rights later this month when the band support The League of Gentlemen this month on a typical small venue set-up.

But what actually caused Andrews' departure from XTC in the first place? Though Barry attempts a half-hearted shrug when confronted with the subject, there's obviously no love lost between himself and guitarist Andy Partridge.

"The crunch came when 'Go 2' was being recorded and I'd written —and had recorded — five of my songs. When three were dropped — 'Us Being Us' and 'Sargasso Bar' amongst them — I realised that what I was aiming for was being opposed by Partridge, whose ego is not given to sharing. Andy is somewhat headstrong, I should say." He mimics an angst-ridden Swindonian lilt, "I'm an artist, damn you. . ."

A close ally of the group gives a more objective view. "Barry was very popular with the XTC audience and his keyboard work certainly gave the band much of its initial power. What made it work for both Barry and Andy was that both were quite competitive players, both were concerned about their contributions without there being any spare fat.

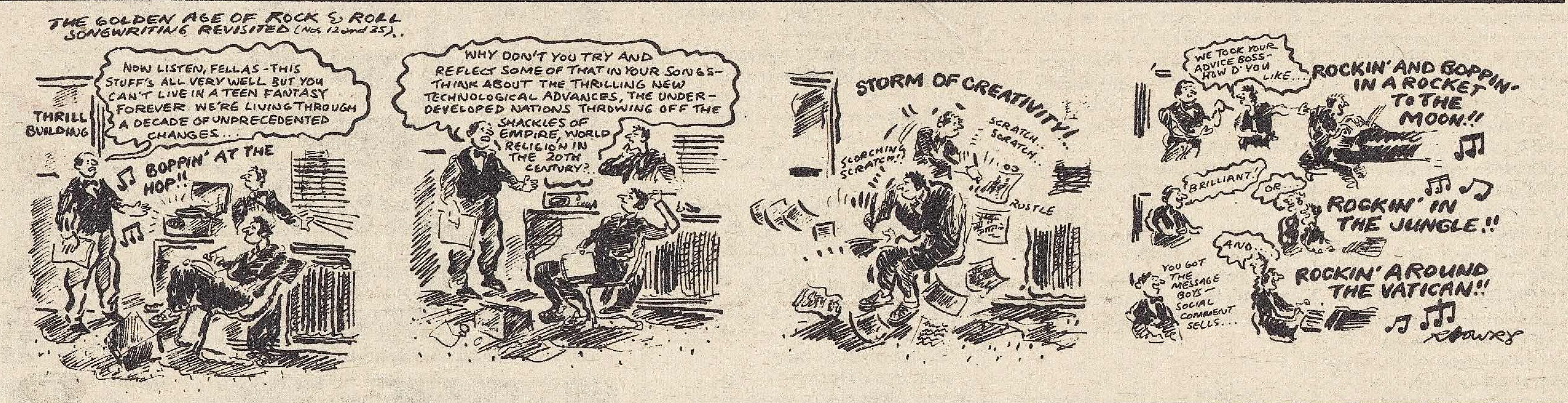
"A very real conflict in style developed, though. When Barry played his song 'Supertough' from 'Go 2', it just felt out of synch. When the band played that song on the final tour Barry took part in, it was like the song provided some inconclusive interval."

Barry himself takes up the story since then. "When I left XTC, I released the 'Town And Country' EP, which failed miserably. Then I just decided to play the sessionman for awhile. I'd left XTC with no grand master-plan. I simply wanted to play with as many diverse set-ups as possible, and see if 'being a sessionman' could be successful as well as a reasonable way of making a living."

Andrews auditioned for The Pretenders to no avail and rehearsals with Peter Gabriel similarly came to nothing. It was when he was hired for Iggy Pop's 'Soldier' album that things got interesting. Those two weeks in Monmouthshire were "quite an experience" for all concerned — ending with producer James Williamson getting the sack.

"David Bowie's presence that particular night really caused the breakdown," recalls Andrews. "It's

NOT ONLY ROCK & ROLL — LOWRY



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like Bowie is the leader of this gang while Iggy is the wild kid, always pushing the limits, daring others to get that bit crazier."

Whatever, Andrews saw enough to swiftly cancel out his option to tour with Iggy.

A FEW MINOR-LEAGUE liaisons later, Fripp and Andrews got re-acquainted.

"The League of Gentlemen came about in a typically Fripp-ish way. I'd recorded 'Rossmore Road' at Pathway and was generally at a loose end when Fripp summoned me. He'd found bassist Sara Lee and drummer Johnny TooBad whilst checking out some other group he'd been advised to see, regarding the rhythm section. It was all very haphazard, but rewarding nonetheless."

Low-profile tours of the States and Britain have since ensued, whilst the songs — precision-tooled, tautly-deployed instrumentals with bizarre names and running lengths never surpassing the 2½-minute mark — have been translated to vinyl via Arnie's Shack (a 24-track studio in Wimbourne).

"Fripp is very very aware of the fact that it's a purely instrumental band, which is why the numbers are so short. The coda is set up, then Fripp and I involve ourselves in this musical dialogue. We're not into jamming, or laying back into the groove." He laughs self-effacingly.

Six months ago, all Barry Andrews wanted was to "play with as many different people as possible". Now he is a vital cog in a communal enterprise that Robert Fripp views as "the most important and satisfying band I've ever been a part of", whilst furrowing his own turf with his own band.

Virgin Records won't comment on whether Barry Andrews is still one of their recording artistes, but it doesn't appear to phase him too much. He'll survive — albeit modestly — whilst quietly changing the sphere of operations he's plumped himself in. Barry Andrews: file under 'musician of vision; post pop-star'.

NME FACT!

If you wear disposable panties, you are more likely to read NME than any other music paper.

BODYSNATCHERS HIDE THE SKAS

By MAX BELL

SO FAREWELL THEN, Bodysnatchers. You played your last gig together at the Music Machine at the end of October and have now decided to divide two ways as a result of your "personal and musical differences". Which means . . .

Founding member and recruiting 'Snatcher Nicky will continue to work with vocalist Rhoda whilst Stella, Miranda, S.J., Pennie and Judy are rehearsing and auditioning for a singer and bassist at Barry Sullivan's Studio 9.

When Rhoda, Nicky and Stella came to *NME* HQ last week to explain the split, it was apparent that the group had reached a stage where it was no longer possible for them to maintain the concerted enthusiasm that made earlier shows so spontaneously entertaining. The inevitable parting was occasioned more by an inability to agree on lyrical directions than by the drop in Bodysnatchers sales.

Although 'Rock Steady' (the first song they ever played) was a respectable hit, the infinitely more original 'Easy Life' / 'Too Experienced' tailed off in the slump that affected 2-Tone's more recent acquisitions. This ended their contract with the label via Chrysalis, as Rhoda explained.

"The first single was a bit naff and the second one was OK. But we could never have made an album with the material we had. The other bands on 2-Tone had something to back up their success, but we had nothing of our own to show — no set, no pattern. We started off as complete beginners.

"I still liked that line-up though. Now me and Nick are looking for a bit more flexibility — maybe a sax player who can sing. The criterion is that they're all intelligent."

Nicky maintains that despite an originally 'healthy' level of personal clashes, the group reached a stage where there was no common level of understanding — and her ideas went under the bridge.

"Initially I wanted an all-girl group that would clean up with strong lyrics relevant to today. It would have been successful but I couldn't carry it with the others. Things were a bit dodgy after Jane (the original drummer) left and then the other five decided to go together. The split was a relief really."

"Pip, pip, pip. Hello? Musicians Only? Box 341 please..." Nicky and Rhoda throw an informal audition. Peter Anderson makes them nervous.

Nick and Rhoda plan to have their new band working by next spring. There aren't any definite plans for the format save a desire to utilise the "bits and pieces of the reggae and soul we like, keeping the offbeat, which is nice from a bass player's point of view."

It won't be all girls this time but it will be dance music, as neither of them is keen on "grey mac, northern dirge *Play For Today*-type groups."

The other five ex-Bodysnatchers are closer to a finished group. Speaking on their behalf, Stella agreed that internal disagreements made it impossible to carry any important group ideas, but also says that "the band was alright for the time, we couldn't have done it any other way. It's easy to blame it on circumstances with hindsight."

Despite interest, some members were none too happy with the prospect of signing an album deal committing them to several years' product: "The same companies are still interested and the idea of 2-Tone hasn't been vetoed. Jerry Dammers still says that we should make another single, but there's nothing definite. I think we did have quite a lot of material for an album, although obviously everyone didn't like it."

While Rhoda is always outspoken ("I didn't say the break-up was friendly"), both parties have agreed that there will be no clash over future material. Either group can perform any of the old songs and most if not all the covers will be dropped.

Some people will maintain that the bandwagon ran out for The Bodysnatchers — but it's truer to say that they had the sense to quit while they were ahead.

The Robert Oppenheimer of beat music

By BOB EDMANDS

After 13 years, Dave Davies has finally followed up 'Death Of A Clown'. What's all the hurry, Dave?

"Yeah — and Ray was the Albert Einstein . . ." Pic: David Corio.

DAVE DAVIES of The Kinks is a "genius guitarist" according to a handout from RCA Records who've just released his first solo album. Does he agree with their assessment?

"I don't know about genius," he says, "I think that's slightly overstated — but maybe I'm modest and maybe that's an understatement."

Davies is sitting in the RCA press office in London. It's just across the road from the central YMCA, which must be handy for all the staff RCA are shedding in the recession.

As for Dave Davies, he has no fears about the future. His solo album is selling well in the States and The Kinks' live set on Arista is in the charts there. Also, Davies is just back from a good lunch where brandy was one of the courses and anyway, after 15 years in the business, he's used to snide journalists.

I tell him I remember seeing him and The Kinks perform their first single 'You Really Got Me' on *Top Of The Pops* back in 1965.

"Oh really," he says. "Well, you must be older than me then, because I don't remember it."

'You Really Got Me' was written by Dave's brother Ray, but was chiefly notable for its bludgeoning guitar riff played by Dave, who was 16 at the time. In fact, some people think Dave Davies was the man who invented heavy metal — the Robert Oppenheimer of beat music.

"It wasn't called heavy metal when I invented it," says Dave. "The way I got that guitar sound was with a little amp that I didn't like. You'd turn the tone control up and it just sounded the same, so one day I got very frustrated and attacked it with a razor blade. Cut the front of it to ribbons.

"I was thinking that'll teach you, but after that it worked better. It was farting and crackling, and I thought that's great, so I immediately took a feed out of that amp and plugged it into a bigger amp. It made an almighty row. The mains noise was as loud as the sound.

"When we did package tours in the '60s, guitarists from other groups wondered what I was doing with that little amp at the back of the stage."

The Kinks got half a dozen British hits with that guitar sound using virtually the same 'Louie Louie' riff on each one. But after that brother Ray got better with lyrics and melodies and they went on to create memorable pop songs like 'Waterloo Sunset' and 'Autumn Almanac', celebrating aspects of the British experience.

But things got out of hand at the end of the '60s when The Kinks moved labels from Pye to RCA. While bands like Led Zeppelin made their fortunes with the Heavy Riff, The Kinks opted instead for a series of ponderous concept albums like 'Preservation' and 'Soap Opera', and the hits stopped happening.

"I wouldn't say we lost our way," says Dave Davies, "But sometimes you have to lose yourself to find yourself. I always felt The Kinks were really a basic rock and roll band and I thought some of the concept albums were going away from what we were supposed to be doing, though they were very valid and interesting diversions for us musically."

Did he feel overshadowed by Ray because of his songwriting?

"During the concept albums, I was very much in the shadow, but it gave me a chance to think about what I was doing and practice a bit more."

THINGS GOT SO BAD for The Kinks in the '70s that Dave admits audiences would just turn up to see how pissed the band were and hear how badly they played. But a switch to Arista in recent years brought a return to the original Kinks approach — witty songs with a hard rock sound and definitely no concept albums.

Since then, they've had their first American chart albums after nine years of flops. The first to make it was 'Low Buget', whose backing tracks were recorded in 10 days — in contrast to earlier albums which took upwards of a year. The current live album has a similarly fresh feel to it.

Dave Davies, the rock and roll primitive upstaged by a clever brother, feels vindicated by the renewed success The Kinks have had with their return to basics. Onstage, too, The Kinks display more energy and commitment than they've shown in years. Were they influenced by punk rock?

"I think it's more a reaction to the sort of audiences we used to get in the early '70s. I remember playing the Fillmore West in 1973, when everyone in the audience was completely stoned. If they could applaud, they would, but you know . . ."

Dave's solo album aims to reflect some of the exuberance of The Kinks' stage act. He had a couple of solo hit singles 13 years ago, but being a self-proclaimed "lazy bastard", he hadn't taken on any similar projects since then. The album is heavily guitar based. A lot of riffs and solos, basically American stadium rock with little of the literacy associated with Ray Davies.

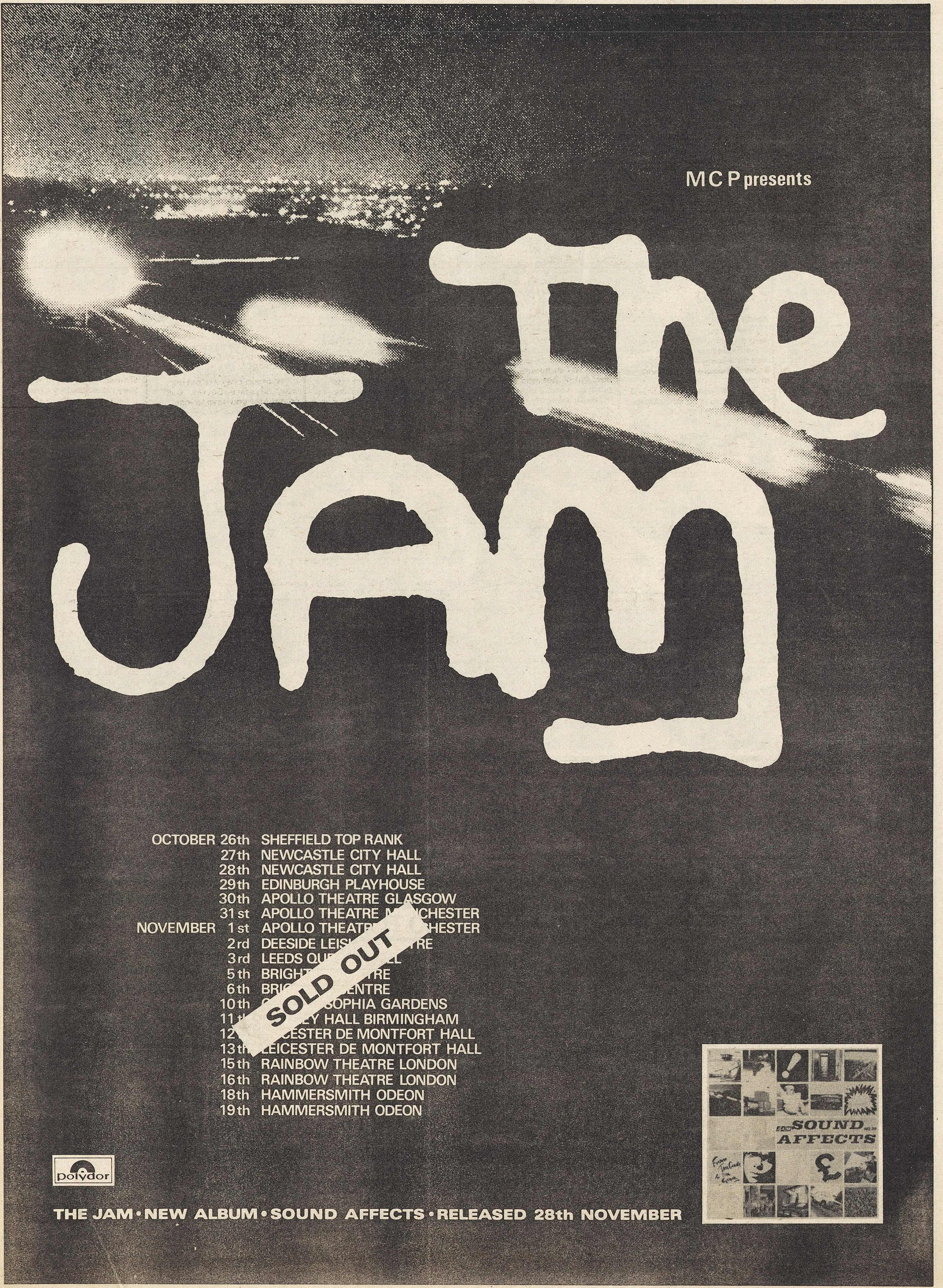
Still, Dave intended to create something that sounded spontaneous. He started with the riffs and waited for the words to suggest themselves.

Summing up the difference between him and his brother, he says: "Ray is a genius as far as a lyricist is concerned, but I've always felt I've been the balls part of the band."

Know what you mean, Dave.

THE LONE GROOVER

BENYON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Just good American friends! Gary Cooper (right) steps up to collect his 15th Oscar from radical movie director Wim Wenders, for his role in 'Invasion Of The Giant Raygun'.

HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD

The television column the stars don't read!

DANGEROUS VISIONS

By Monty Smith (centre)

HERE'S RONNY . . .! All the world loves a ham and there's no doubt that President-elect Ronald Reagan fits the bill.

From the extravagant gestures made with his hock-size hands to the inscrutable attentions of his piggy eyes, the man's a Grade-A ham, a berserk B-movie actor who can make you wince every time he opens his mouth. It's rumoured he's hung on a hook in between speeches. That's showbiz.

And that — showbiz — is exactly what the American Presidential campaign was all about. Which is why the election itself made such compulsive viewing. It was unstoppable.

The two leading players — 'Dutch' Reagan (maybe so nicknamed because he doesn't speak English too good) and peanut-farmer Jimmy Carter — were beautifully cast to type. Thirty-eight per cent of America thought Carter was incompetent and 39% thought Reagan was warlike, which doesn't prove much except that nearly 40% of the population knew exactly who and what was at stake. I guess they were the 40% who didn't bother to vote.

"Why not an actor?" asked one Republican placard. "We've had a clown for four years." I preferred the cartoon in the *Guardian:* "I had this terrible dream last night — that Reagan or Carter won."

But forget partisan politics — this is showbiz. As was proved during ***The Debate*** (ITV courtesy of NBC) in which the two men, both profoundly inept *political* performers, squared off in mesmerising fashion.

Sober-suited in a spare, formal setting — all you could see were two church-like lecterns, blue carpet and white curtains — they made about as much sense as a couple of maudlin drunks as they feebly parried questions from a congregation of US hacks. The only time either of them sounded remotely convincing was when they recited robot-like, their carefully rehearsed final words; off the cuff they were hopeless.

Carter could lay his hand on his heart and say that he'd kept his '76 pledge — he'd never lied to the American people. (Memo to JC: not lying is not the same as telling the truth, Jim.) Reagan busted his gut to come over all folksy and moderate (Oscar! Oscar!), believing with all *his* heart that America should work to preserve world peace. Like they did in Vietnam, eh Ron?

The fact that these two men — one of whom was about to become the most powerful figurehead in the Western world — allowed themselves to be the subject of such close scrutiny made ***The Debate*** the most chilling television of the year.

There was Carter, looking more than ever like Mike Yarwood, a Grecian 2000 case, a perpetual frown above glazed and frightened eyes. And it's difficult to take seriously a would-be world leader who sounds funnier than Harold Wilson. There was Reagan, the folds of wrinkled skin enveloping his throat, the chin tightly drawn as if auditioning for a death-mask, the giant ears that would've given Clark Gable a fight for a screen place, all topped incongruously by a greasy Tony Curtis quiff.

The American TV colour system worked well here — we use the more efficient German system — the thin, washed-out tones suggesting a man about to snuff it. (Conversely, Carter looked supremely fit physically, but mentally irredeemable.) That would be something, wouldn't it? If Reagan dropped dead during his inauguration? The ham in him must yearn for something similarly spectacular.

Image, remember, is everything in American politics. That's why ***The Debate*** took place in the first place. Carter was sure Reagan would come across as senile; Reagan was sure Carter would come across as an idiot. In that sense they did, as they believed, both win. Clips from the 1960 Kennedy-Nixon debate were shown on ***Decision 80*** (BBC courtesy of CBS) and although that election was extremely close, the TV audience plumped overwhelmingly for JFK because Nixon was ugly and sweaty.

It was breathtaking to see again JFK's youthful dynamism but I still felt sorry for Nixon. He was so ugly he'd've fitted a treat into Sgt Bilko's platoon of no-hopers — and a sweaty *chin,* for Chrissakes. But enough carping about US politics — at least they voted a man in.

LYING AND CHEATING isn't confined to politics. It's a prerequisite, of course, but that's true of many other occupations. Like, for instance, football.

There've been some great examples recently. I'll never forget the moment on ***Match Of The Day*** a few Sundays back when Clive Allen of Crystal Palace struck a magnificent shot into the Coventry City net. It thundered back from the stanchion as the Palace players celebrated a goal. Everybody in the ground knew it was a goal, except the referee. So when the ball quite fortuitously landed at the feet of a Coventry defender, the player realised he could complete a con — he began to dribble the ball out of his area and the ref waved play on.

That Coventry player deliberately cheated and got away with it.

As did Manchester City's Dennis Tueart a fortnight ago on ***Midweek Sports Special.*** He'd already been booked before he palmed a centre into the Notts County net and claimed a goal. He should've been sent off for deliberate handling but was allowed to stay. He went on to score four goals.

Fascinating to see people caught in the act of cheating — or even to see people committing glaring howlers as in the case of the miserable Leeds goalkeeper Lukic on Saturday's ***Big Match*** against Arsenal — which is why football often makes as compelling television as politics.

British televised politics at the moment is unnaturally preoccupied with The Big One (well, it takes your mind off Thatcher's monetarist policies). I'm not so much concerned with the proliferation of nuclear armaments — what the hell can I do about it? — as with the proliferation of programmes about nuclear armaments. ***Not The Nine O'Clock News*** (BBC courtesy of some very bright people) has the right attitude: the question is, do you want to grow two green heads and have your skin burnt off or don't you?

I was going to mention in passing that Ludovic Kennedy is even more ludicrous than usual on ***Did You See?*** (BBC courtesy of *Radio Times* dropping their *Review* column), but reviewing a television programme devoted to reviews of television programmes seems to me to be the height of uselessness. A bit like voting in the US election, really — whichever way it went, the return of Henry Kissinger was always on the cards. Welcome back, Dr Strangelove.

ON THE BOX

This week on telly by MONTY SMITH

Clint goes hippy on Monday

Thursday November 13
The Glamour Girls (ITV), reputedly a comedy series, is followed by **Miss World 1980 (ITV)**, which brings to mind a quote from Terry Southern's *The Magic Christian:* "I pity the poor bastards whose lives are so empty that they're reduced to watching this muck." Or something like that. And thanks to that muck there's no **Minder** this week.

FILM: **Teacher's Pet (Directed by George Seaton 1958).** Too long at two hours, but some fun to be gained from the odd casting: Doris Day as a teacher of journalism, Clark Gable as her suitor? **(BBC 2)**

Friday November 14
Some Cambridge Footlights graduates try their luck with **Friday Night, Saturday Morning (BBC 2)**, with music by Heebee Geebees. **Sounds Different (BBC 2)**, an apparently serious attempt to get to grips with, er, 'experimental' music, may well turn out to be a complete disaster; or not. Muriel Spark's **The Black Madonna (BBC 2)** should be worth a look, even though it's adapted by Russell Harty.

FILM: **The Blackboard Jungle (Richard Brooks 1955).** Brooks always was a constipated old liberal, but there's enough curiosity value here to stay up for. Glenn Ford as the harassed teacher, Sidney Poitier the black (typecasting!) smouldering rebel, Vic Morrow living from ham to mouth as the archetypal youngish deliquent. Sombody slightly less young sang 'Rock Around The Clock' over the credits. **(BBC 1).**

Saturday November 15
FILM: **Emperor Of The North (Robert Aldrich 1973).** Odd script by the under-used Christopher Knopf, an undeniably aggrandised story of hobos in the Depression era, but with its excellent cast (Lee Marvin, Ernest Borgnine and Keith Carradine) and unflinching direction, far more successful in creating mythic characters than something like Robert Redford's Jeremiah Johnson. **(BBC 1).**

FILM: **Catlow (Sam Wannamaker 1971).** American Western filmed in Spain attempting to emulate nihilistic violence of Italian jobs. Yul Brynner never cracks a smile, understandably. (ITV)

Sunday November 16
A right barrel of laughs for the Sabbath: **Credo (ITV)** looks at the gay clergy (it says here), **The Money Programme (BBC 2)** studies the effect on the razor market of women shaving (honest, that's what it says here), and if that's not enough there's Joe Stalin starring in **The Red Tsar (ITV).**

FILM: **Night Moves (Arthur Penn 1975).** One of those films that it's worth stealing a video for. Gene Hackman — the most versatile of American actors — has never been better (except maybe in *The French Connection, Scarecrow, Bonnie And Clyde, The Conversation,* etc.) and Penn's direction is vice tight. Alan Sharp's complex detective story is given that rare edge — resonance. **(BBC 2)**

Monday November 17
FILM: Topaz (Alfred Hitchcock 1969). Hitchcock's my weakness, he'll always be The Master for me, so I'm going to watch this even though I remember it as a clumsy mishmash about the devious politickings during the 1962 Cuban missile crisis. I've only seen it twice, so I might learn something this time. **(ITV)**

FILM: **Breezy (Clint Eastwood 1973).** I suspect that Clint would like to put this one down to experience, a soppy soaper starring William Holden as the dirty old man 'liberated' by hippy gal Kay Lenz. **(BBC 1)**

Tuesday November 18
Judy Lever's documentary **Kelly Woz 'Ere (ITV)** follows the faltering steps of a 17-year-old runaway. Some odd revelations are promised.

Wednesday November 19
Rowan Atkinson guests on the self-indulgent **Innes Book Of Records (BBC 2)** and harsh reality intrudes with the third of the harrowing **Strangeways** series **(BBC 1).**

Residents Giveaway!

EVER WANTED to kick your fave band around a little? Well, if it's The Residents — that unique four-piece of debatable genesis — now's your chance.

To coincide with the release of 'The Residents' Commercial Album', *NME* (in collaboration with PRE Records) is giving away **22 custom-designed bloodshot eyeball footballs!**

All we're after is *your* suggestions as to whom the quadruplets who pose as The Residents might really be. The most outrageous line-up grabs the goodies.

So apart from an eyeball, what can one also hope to receive for the most imaginative line-up?

Along with his or her eyeball, the outright winner will receive to boot (sorry) the **complete Residents kit** of top hat, white tie and tails **and a life-size eyeball head** to round off the ensemble.

Furthermore, this poor unfortunate — sorry, lucky — winner will also take delivery of a **complete collection** of all Charisma Records' PRE label releases to date (LPs and singles) and a Residents T-shirt.

Second prize: an eyeball football, T-shirt, 'Commercial Album', and the entire PRE label catalogue.

The 20 runners-up will also be able to kick their own personal eyeball around, wear T-shirts, and spin 'Commercial' albums.

To: NME/PRE Residents Competition, 55 Ewer Street, London SE99 6YP
My Dream Line-Up Of The Residents comprises:
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(2) ....
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(4) ....
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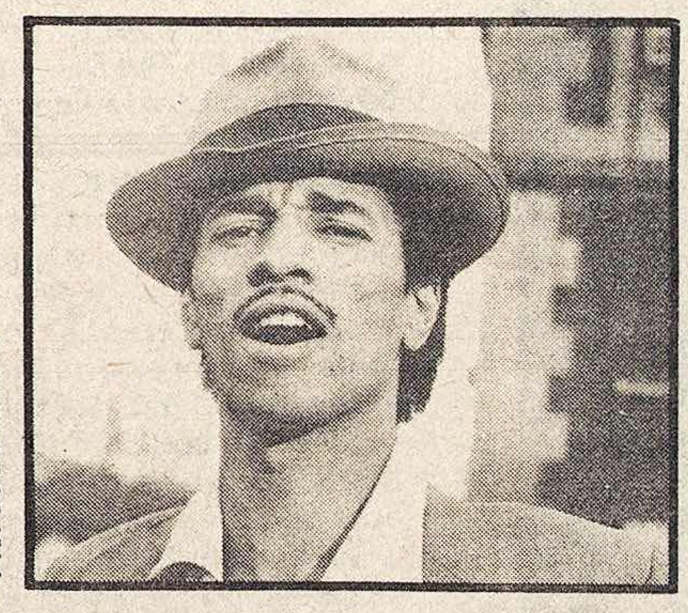
This competition is open to all readers resident in the UK, Eire, Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines, the printers of NME, members of The Residents, and the staff of Charisma/PRE Records. The Editor's decision is final and results will be published in a future issue of NME.
Closing date: December 1st.

TROPIC DANCER

Just imagine a world of palm trees, love letters, cocktails and melancholia, a world where song-writing is still a craft. People still fall in love and people still dance.
Place inside that world August Darnell, the man behind Dr Buzzard's Original Savannah Band and Kid Creole and The Coconuts.
Place alongside him, Ian Penman.


Pic: Joe Stevens

"To try to write love is to confront the ***muck*** *of language: that region of hysteria where language is both* ***too much*** *and* ***too little,*** *excessive (by the limitless expansion of the ego, by emotive submersion) and impoverished (by the codes of which love diminishes and levels it)."*
Roland Barthes.

A MAN stands alone in a baggy white suit, a black masquerade visor over his eyes. He is concealing a broken heart and a loudhailer . . .

Just imagine: you have the opportunity to write one of those all-time sexiest and most heartbroken of songs. First step: you get involved with someone who drives you crazy with desire — ensnares you, mesmerises you, has you at arm's length and in the palm of their hand. Then something happens: that inevitable separation. You're classically awry — but where's the gain (or the end) in being *uselessly* melancholy?

Write *that* song about it, summing up both your despair and the wonder of the love and sex that caused it in the first place.

You have to choose your words carefully, carnally; you have to find a crucial metaphor. It has to be *just so* — to sound like you're completely drunk on love and near suicidal through the absence of your loved one. You recline on a couch and clutch your heart. The evening seems impossible: so many hours to go and no chance of the loved one appearing . . .

The song has to read like a love letter, from miles away. You map it out, the scenario is precarious. You get dressed up to kill, take enough numbing drugs and stand alone at the peak of your metaphorical island. You whisper — the loudhailer turns it to a plea for all the world to hear . . .

"Off the coast of me lies you;
In a waterfall of solitude.
I must find a one-way passage through,
To the very heart and private part of you."

Just imagine: the song of my dreams.

The August Darnell world — as manifested in a lot of Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band and all of Kid Creole and The Coconuts — is a looking glass world, a somewhere far away peopled by metaphors. But you don't need a map to find this island, because its mythology is built around that very real, most easily found (and lost) of places — love. Sexual love, romantic love, high life love, hedonistic love, hardship love — whatever, wherever or whoever . . .

There's a whole new lyrical country here just waiting to be discovered. It is cavalier, cinemascope and carnal. It's a subliminal carnival, a bit of a circus, a sip of a cocktail: amorous, clandestine, physical, light-headed and heavy-lidded. The dance of love — do you know the opening steps? You awful flirt!

"High heels / Straplessly red / Seedless grapes / Cozied in the bed / Peg leg pants / Tossed aside / Scarlet smears across the bathroom tile / No, you needn't explain: / First comes the thunder, then the rain."

Just look: there's the author. An infinitely cool and not un-shifty looking character. A character somewhere between Alice's mysterious little late White Rabbit and a black market spiv, between Cab Calloway and Graham Greene, between Glen Miller and the De Niro of *New York, New York.* Observe the cool. Study the deportment: the stall, the sly romantic glance up from his drink. Takes out a pocket watch from his waistcoat, on a too-long golden chain. His second hand's playing for time. . .

FOR A contemporary popular music scene — "rock's rich tapestry," call it what you will — all too often devoid of true troubadours and the conveyed bliss of sexual love, Mr August Darnell is a person we scarcely seem to deserve, an unusually conscientious and industrious writer, composer, arranger, producer, player, singer, stage manager, character, bon vivant. As his sartorial projection might lead you to believe, he belongs to a different age. An age when songwriting was a *craft* — your profession, your pride, and often a crafty progression from the very heart and poison pen parts of your day-to-day life.

August Darnell makes *use* of words. He savours them, seduces their meanings, makes them his own. The pimp! (Just my little metaphorical joke.) In the course of both Dr Buzzards Original Savannah Band and Kid Creole, Darnell has slyly, slowly been redesigning the content and tenor of the subject matter (the one that matters) of which so many songs are fashioned. Saying it, crooning, orienting it, jiving it, driving it, steering it like a captain in his ship.

He has been most recently renowned for a widespread association with a number of acts resident in the New York Ze/Antilles label: James White and The Blacks, Cristina, The Aural Exciters, Don Armando's 2nd Avenue Rhumba Band and of course Kid Creole and The Coconuts. If you're a keen modern soul fan you may also have happened upon his involvement with an outfit named Machine (more on them later) and maybe even a project known as Gichy Dan's "Beechwood No. 9" (too obscure even for me).

But our maestro's story goes back a few years to the group (or legend) known as Dr Buzzard's Original Savannah Band, which he co-ran and all too seldom co-runs with a man named Stony Browder Jr, an even more elusive gentleman than August. The Savannah Band are best known or remembered for a mini hit on both sides of the Atlantic in 1976 — 'Cherchez La Femme', taken off the group's first RCA album (same name as the name). Two more albums have since appeared — 1978's 'D.B.O.S.B. Meets King Penett' (RCA) and the recent 'James Monroe H.S. Presents D.B.O.S.B. Goes To Washington' (Elektra) — the latter being their classiest and craziest yet.

It would always have been easy to peg the Savannah Band as mere ritzy revivalists — a frivolous private joke, albeit a painstakingly self-referential one — *a la* Pointer Sisters or Manhattan Transfer. The beat goes a lot further and deeper. Just listen: the lush text of their performance is deceptively, danceably light on the ear. If you dip and dig around you'll find a clearer complexity — those scores sound *very learned!* The hook to each song is usually deep in a choppy rhythmic current — a shuffling samba. Very insistent, very dreamy. Less speed and more taste than that more popping popular amyl (night rate) disco beat. Lined and fleeced with a multiplicity of signs from a predominantly 40s Swing Era code book: seedy jazz, seething calypso, reedy rhumba, rude rhythm'n'blues. The horn section and vocal harmony arrangements are many sided and exquisitely twisted, counter-counter-pointed. What poise! What a *slinky* noise.

Dr Buzzard's Savannah Band always have been about *arrangement* (so difficult to get hold of good arrangers these days, my dear) but it still all sounds informally natural.

Music and lyrics travel all over the place. Benny Goodman horns highlight a Scott Fitzgerald scenario of tiffs, Tia Maria and tension . . . Brass band surrounds a fairground tryst . . . Itchy crickets chorus of percussion brings a come-down hell to life.

"You did the mambo, the cha-cha, bolero, the rhumba. . ./You did the tango, the conga, the disco, the samba. . ."

The music is full of jokes, references, interruptions, homage: recreation recycled into contemporaneity. It *isn't* just waxwork. Stony Browder is usually credited for musical arrangements, Darnell for lyrics, but like everything else in Savannah land the accepted borderlines are smudged. While we're here, the rest of the Band besides Browder (guitar, piano) and Darnell (bass) are Ms. Corby Daye (main vocalist), Micky Sevilla (drums, percussion) and 'Sugar Coated' Andy Hernandez (vibes, marimba) — also a mainstay of the Coconut enterprise.

Dr Buzzard's Savannah Band is a perfect marriage of music and words — it wouldn't be the same if either partner wasn't just *so* compatible, as sophisticated as the other. Both Browder and Darnell translate into various languages, idioms, styles. They really are good — I think Darnell is perhaps without par amongst contemporary lyricists. Early Ferry gets somehwere near to the territory (but *he* lost his sense of humour).

Darnell knows it's not simply a question of saying what was or wasn't done to one party or the other (at one party or another) in the name of love — and how it was done; but of constructing, in and around the particular sexual mis-en-scene, all the bitty thoughts that recapitulated it, the obsessions that accompanied it, the decorations that surrounded it, the images, desires, modulations, and quality of the pleasure that animated it.

His lyrics *really* begin to get sharp on the second Savannah Band album. Going beyond the fixed range of expressions we expect from our songs and singers, Darnell's lovers and losers go off into dreams, into rages, into hospital, into too many clubs and even off their heads. The stories echo Damon Runyan one moment, the Brothers Grimm the next. . .

"Of all the dames I fancied / She's the only one I loved. / And when she left the pavement turned to mud. / I sought refuge in a dim saloon, / But I would have drowned in booze, / If it weren't for the troubadour."

Chorus: *"Restless lovers everywhere / Dry your eyes, pull up a chair / Spill the cup and cup the ear / For the organ grinder's tale. . ."*

The pictures switch from an exaggerated ball — *"When Crosby starts to croon / The jitterbuggies cruise the room / Their fingers poke the air / Man-o-man-o-man-o-man, they look just like that Fred Astaire! / "Swing it with me, my Mattie Mario" / No, no, no, no, no, no, I'm saving this fling for Mister Love."* — to obscure outbreaks of gang hatred — *"Soraya, bring big gun / And let's have some bloody fun / Nignats do the Rats in — / Kunta and grimel don't mix / Like creme et cocoa."*

Various characters and symbols — some figurative, some actual — make a recurrent entrance into the play of Savannah Band language, as the mad covers to all their albums testify. Wouldn't you just love to visit The New Syringe Club? Mambo Eddie's Beatnix School? And finish off at The New York At Dawn Show? During the course of the evening you might learn that both Stony Browder and August Darnell attended the James Monroe High School, that the Tommy Mottola of 'Cherchez La Femme' really was their manager, and couldn't fail to be convinced that the Savannah Band really are Champions of the Romantic.

Darnell is also a champion of the untold story, the surreptitious and strictly confidential. But unlike so many "songwriters" who are respected for their "honesty" about "relationships" — who write songs which convey nothing but venom and connivance — Darnell never loses his humour or humanity. He can fall from ecstasy to squalor in one coded coda. No one is producing better mnemonics for nightlife — even Chic got left behind a while back.

"Tired smiles / Censored romance / Premature sighs — / Now it all makes sense. / Trolleycar / Take me along / To some distant shore far from Babylon. / For their air here reeks of lies; / And even the robins sound warlike. / Nocturnal interludes / Like so many tsetse flies / Nocturnal interludes / Damaging merchandise / Make-me-believe-it solitude."

ZE RECORDS New York Office is housed on one floor of a big building which also contains the Carnegie Hall Recital rooms. You can get stuck in the same lift as Harvey Keitel did in a movie called *Fingers.* Except that now they've got a lift-man.

I sat down opposite August Darnell in the traditional false comfort of a record company 'hospitality' room. I should have specified a bar in advance.

Also in the room are a couple of Coconuts (Andy Hernandez — who asks me more questions that I ask anyone — and 'Mister Piano' Peter Scott, the youngest member of the ensemble, who says virtually nothing throughout) and a varying number of people from both the band entourage and Ze.

Darnell is wearing a moderately baggy, immaculately tailored creamy white suit, and everything else seems to match, natch. He twirls a tiny pink parasol (decoration pinched off a birthday cake) between thumb and forefinger, and answers all queries in a very businesslike but charming manner.

How long has this been going on?

"Kid Creole's been in existence since February of 1980."

How did it all begin?

"I would say it started as a recording project, primarily. It was something I had to do for Chapell Music. I was a Chapell Music writer in '79 and I had to write a certain number of tunes per month. What happened was I wrote these tunes that all fitted into a sort of Carribean mould and I later put them all together, compiled them, and that became Kid Creole and The Coconuts, became the album. It was a studio project first, and then I just figured I'd put a live band together to do it for the masses and reach them before the record did."

Is the Savannah Band still alive?

"Oh yes. The Savannah Band is still around. We play together occasionally, usually once a year."

What label is the Savannah Band with now?

"We're with Elektra. Yeah, we've got two more albums to deliver for Elektra before the contract is up."

How did the switch from RCA to Elektra come about?

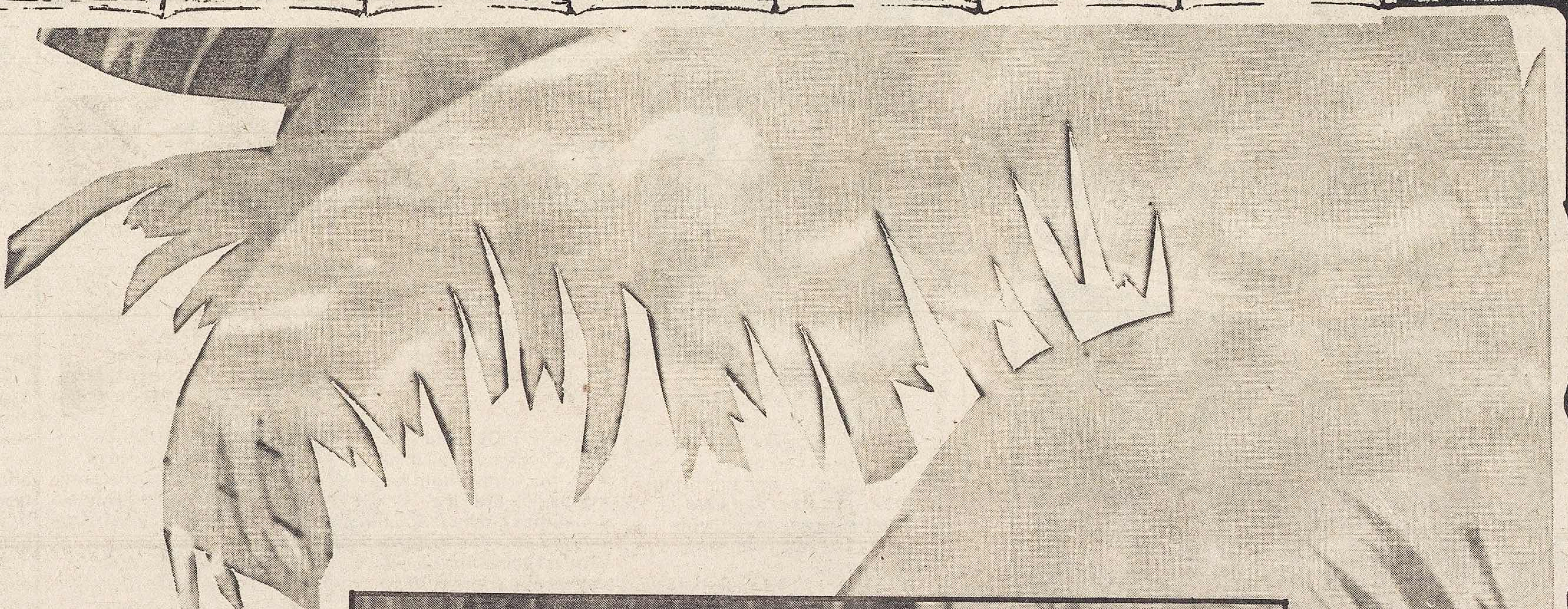
"The switch came about because the mood up at RCA became very strained after the second album. They didn't understand it. They wanted us to deliver something similar to the first album and we evolved to a . . . stranger plane. I don't know if it was higher or lower — it was different. When the evolution came about they were very turned off, because they were asking for 'Cherchez La Femme' Part Two and we as songwriters couldn't allow ourselves to do that. We just gave of ourselves as songwriters — what came naturally. And what came naturally was the second album, and to many of the RCA executives it was very obscure and non-commercial.

"Also, the fact that it cost 350,000 dollars to make, and that we're not the easiest people to get along with caused RCA to drop the contract. It was what we wanted anyway."

How did the Savannah Band come about in the first place?

"Oh God, that goes back to swaddling clothes! The Savannah Band is Stony Browder's brainchild — he's the leader of the

OF



Savannah Band and it was his dream to put something together that had a contemporary drive but borrowed from musical strains of the past — from the '40s, the big bands, the things that weaned Stony, so to speak, musically. So it was only natural for him to have the image of band members dressed up in '40s style clothes — fitted pants, box back jackets, two tone shoes — but doing contemporary music. And contemporary music in 1976 just naturally fitted into what they called disco. If it was in any other year we would have been called rhythm and blues, and if it was really interpreted properly they would have called it a *new rock'n'roll.* But whatever it was, it was contemporary and at the same time it was old-fashioned, so it was an interesting amalgamation — that *worked.*

"It was something Stony had in his mind I'd say as early as 1971. He didn't get a chance to do it . . . as many of us, our dreams come long before the actual materialisation. He didn't get a chance to put it together till late '75."

How long have you known Stony?

"All my life — we grew up together."

A lot of the Savannah Band — and Kid Creole — stuff seems to contain some quite complex arrangements. Did you have any kind of musical education?

"My musical education came from Stony. He taught me how to play bass guitar. He just taught me appreciation of music. He was trained . . .

"Bass was my first musical instrument. I've been playing bass since I was 11 years old and I'm 28 now so that's quite a while."

Do the Savannah Band ever tour?

"Tour? No, we've had some sporadic trips out of town — we went to Florida in '78 or '77 I believe — one of those years, we played four or five gigs anyway. We did a number of TV shows in 1977 out of California — about five or six. Then we just did a show at the Ritz *(New York club)* a couple of weeks ago. A show out in Malibu . . . that's about it. We never did any extensive tours, no.

"Kid Creole, on the other hand, was put together for that objective: it's a live entertainment — more so than recording. The live act is in many ways different than the recorded material, it's a new interpretation, more rock orientated. I think it is the kind you have to see visually before you can really appreciate the material."

Savannah Band and a lot of Kid Creole is very much rooted in New York, it seems. . .

"It's almost a New York sound, but at the same time it is very international.. I think both Savannah Band and Kid Creole have a very international appeal. Savannah Band have been received very well in France and England. 'Cherchez La Femme' was well received as far away as Japan."

NOW, THAT outfit named Machine. In early '79 RCA released a 12" Disco single called 'There But For The Grace Of God Go I', by the aforementioned Machine, co written by Nance, Darnell, produced by Darnell. I'm not alone in considering it one of the finer singles ever made — due as much to its strident, dark lyrics as the sublimely uptight speed limit rhythm. A dancer's test. The fastest thing Darnell's done.

"Carlo and Carmen Vidal just had a child / A lovely girl with a crooked smile / Now they've got to split cos the Bronx ain't fit / For a kid to grow up in / Let's find a place, they say, somewhere far away / With no blacks, no jews and no gays. . ."

The child ends up as crazed and decadent and happy as the rest of us, of course. Machine have yet to match this gem, but a Darnell supervised 12" cracked the Soul Charts earlier this year ('Is It Love') and their RCA album 'Moving On' features at least one and a half minutes of irresistible funk in the opening 'Introduction' track. But I'm sounding like a soul bore. . .

How did you get involved with Machine?

"That was a project that was handed to me by my business manager. I was introduced to Machine's Jay Stovall and we got on famously from the start. It was just that easy."

How did 'There But For The Grace Of God Go I' come about?

"One of the songwriters in the group Machine had written this skeleton of a song and he was interested in finishing it and didn't know where to go with it. So we sat down one day at the piano . . . I took it home with me, and the changes and the chorus structure suggested gospel to me. I have a book at home, what I call the Darnell Files, a book of all the lyrical ideas I've ever had — if I have an idea I jot it down in this book. So I was looking at it for gospel numbers and I seen this page that I had written, a phrase I had jotted down — 'There But For The Grace Of God Go I' — which is something I had seen around a blind man on Fifth Avenue & 48th Street who was in the street with a German Shepherd dog begging for money, and the sign of course meant that this could be any one of us if it was God's design to be so.

"So I thought, this will be the theme. The theme will be that of perversion, that could befall any one of us if it were God's

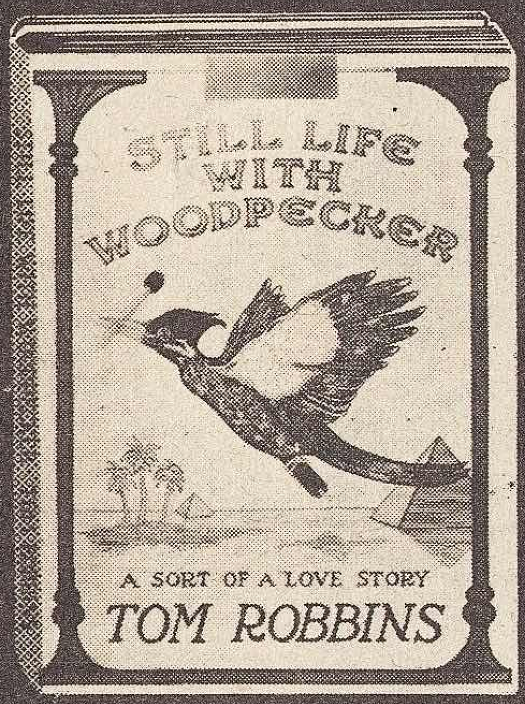
Pic: Joe Stevens

August Darnell. "Study the deportment, the sly, romantic glance. Takes out a pocket watch from his waistcoat on a too long golden chain. His second hand's playing for time."

■ Continues over

Virgin BOOKS

TOM ROBBINS WRITES LIKE DOLLY PARTON LOOKS



Still Life with Woodpecker the New Novel from Tom Robbins

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From previous page

design. I decided to tell the story of this child whose parents run away from what they see as negative influences . . . and this brings them into other negative ones, suggesting that you can't run away from your destiny."

It seemed uncharacteristically 'angry' for you. . .

"No, it's not really anger *per se*, but what you might call black humour. I think people when they hear that song, they either misinterpret it entirely — especially that line *"no blacks, no jews, and no gays"*, they take it out of context — *or* they take it a bit too seriously. Actually, it was written tongue-in-cheek — which was harder to understand. The concluding line — *"Too much love is worse than none at all"* — suggests that the whole thing is a paradox. You try to run away from a thing and run into something else."

The song has recently turned up again as a co-B side on the Coconuts' 12" 'Maladie D'Amour' single — with a few sublte lyrical changes and an arrangement that *does* emphasise the "black humour".

KID CREOLE and The Coconuts is, all in all, a much more light hearted proposition than the sometimes bitchy *("Susandra says she saw you in Bordello's / You let some hot-blooded bitch shove some stuff up your nose")* and gritty *("If I choose to sleep with you / Don't mistake me for a whore")* last Savannah Band album. The Coconuts are not meant to be as believable — leopard skin and safari outfit, plastic palm tree and confused gender across the boards. It's a large cast (15, minus two of the back-up vocalists who're pregnant, I think I was told) of comradely caricatures — very camp and quite silly. I haven't seen the Coconuts revue yet so can't comment.

All there is to go on so far are the Cristina and Coconuts albums — the latter a much more advisable buy, worth its weight in milk for the title track 'Off The Coast Of Me' alone. Their new 12" single is also a valuable catch, combining an extended 'Maladie D'Amour' (the best thing Billie Holliday never got a chance to record) cheek-to-cheek with the aforementioned 'Grace of God' revamp and a new song 'He's Not Such A Bad Guy (After All)' which shot straight to my narcissistic head — *"My man is the lazy kind / Television all day and night"* — and features a vocalist named Lori Eastside who sounds just like Rhoda Morganstein to me, even when speed rapping passages like *"Hey! Wait a minute! What are you telling me? Are you telling me I should just leave him FLAT? Forget all about him? Forget his crew cut? His big brown eyes and his baby blue Oldsmobile convertible? Uhuh! C'mon he's BAD but he ain't THAT bad!"* and going on to extoll the virtues of a little occasional S&M (never hurt anybody).

I encounter a great number of records in my day-to-day life; of this great number I only replay a small number; of this small number I only ever untiringly replay a select few. August Darnell's records get there.

This article has fumbled and stammered enthusiastically along trying to express what I see as the *speciality* of his work — I could go on and on and get even further away from capturing my residual intimacy. I'm always someplace else.

So if I can't tie up my enamoured traces, I guess I'll (take a) trip.

"I'm taking a trip off the coast off me. . ." and I'll come to rest in you.

A MAN sits alone in a baggy grey suit, dark lines under his eyes. He is concealing an unbroken heart and a typewriter. . .

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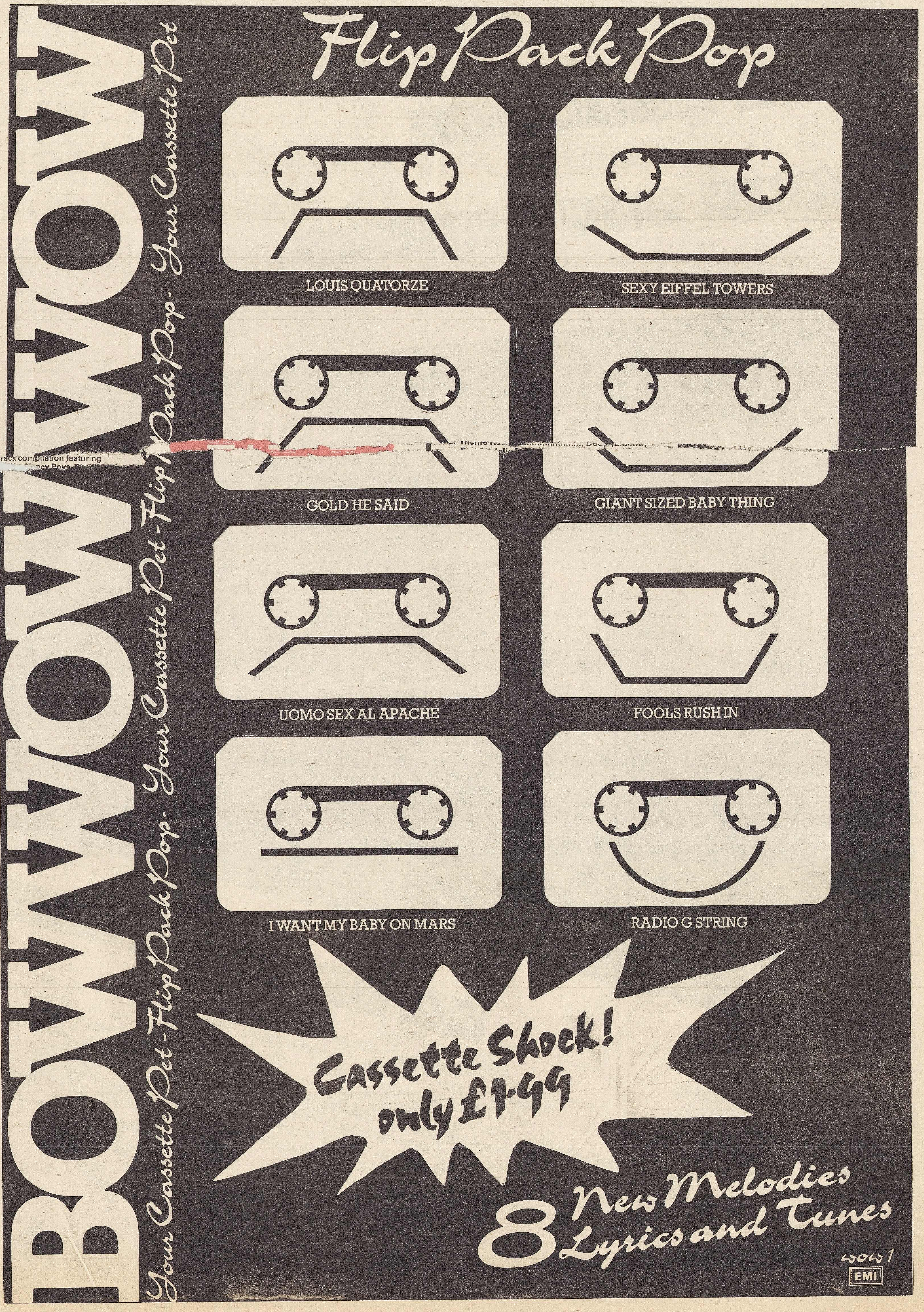
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SINGLES

Single Of The Week

BOW WOW WOW: Eight Track Cassette Pack (EMI). Packed in a ciggie-style flip top box and selling at £1.99, "Your Cassette Pet" as it calls itself is the second of Malcolm McLaren's artefacts for the tape-age, an eight song soundtrack for that fantasy vision of golden children, pirates on rollerskates with Sony Stowaways where their brains used to be. Just like the marvellous 'C30 C60 C90 Go', the latest clutch of numbers are magnificent — a gorgeous jungle drum rush of fresh, defiant, exuberant pop rubbish. 'Louis Quatorze', 'Uomo Sex El Apache', 'Sexy Eiffel Towers' and the rest add up to the most dynamic little package you'll hear all year.

U2: I Will Follow (Island). Running BWW a dangerously close second — as though competition should matter that much — comes this cut from U2's debut album. 'I Will Follow' stands out from the drab ranks of dull-but-worthies and just-plain-awfuls, distinctive for the strength of its individuality, the way that U2 actually seem to believe in the song. Brittle guitar gibbers away over a dense, muffled driving beat; the number pushes forward with such propulsion it starts to soar — over and away from heavy rock's leaden limitations. Two or three more of this standard and we could have declared this A Decent Week. Unfortunately . . .

IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS: Sveperman's Big Sister (Stiff). As if in defiance of those living-on-past-glory jibes, wacky old Stiff bring this one out on vintage Nick Lowe's 'So It Goes'/'Heart Of The City' labels, with all the Dury details scribbled over the top. *Tres amusant,* which is more than you can say for the record itself. 'Sueperman's (sic) Big Sister' continues the disappointing run of less-than-classic singles from Mr Dury. A clumsy, clomping dinosaur of a number, it's not helped by the overspill of noise from that orchestra in the studio adjoining. Someone should've shut the door. And if only the lyrics were half as intriguing as that cover pic.

THE FRESHIES: I'm In Love With The Girl On The Manchester Virgin Megastore Check-out Desk (Razz). Title of the week, beyond question. As for the record itself, Chris Sievey's Freshies play a fast brand of buzzsaw powerpop that you might associate with Boys/Radio Stars or other Ramones/Herman's Hermits crossovers. Very catchy in a slightly dated sort of way, you'll find it temporarily entertaining or instantly irritating, according to taste. The girl's name, incidentally, is Helen.

BAUHAUS: Telegram Sam (4AD). Some memories you don't mess around with. First news of this insolent cover version had me reaching for my gun. And yet Bauhaus — doubtless determined to head off taunts of po-faced bleakery at the pass — storm through the number with rumbustious, good-humoured affection (I think) and the results are perfectly listenable. So this is how those monochrome modernes enjoy themselves when the rest of us aren't looking.

THE INMATES: Stop It Baby (Radar). So like 'The Walk' speeded up, they could have called it 'The Run'. Far from their best single so far, but still an acceptable effort by one of the very few UK R&B bands worth bothering with.

VICTIMS OF PLEASURE: When You're Young (PAM). Apart from their four names and line-up (synths/guitar/bass/drums) I know nothing of VOP except they've made a delicious little pop record — all soaring keyboard chords and yearning words, and I wonder if there are more where this came from?

BILLY CONNOLLY: Tell Laura I Love Her (Polydor). For the chorus bits, in which Connolly's impersonation of a drunken boor commandeering the social club microphone is so painstakingly lifelike, I could nearly forgive him for the rest of the song which is as unfunny and bloody and disgusting as *Caligula.* On the whole, you'll probably be happier if you never hear this record.

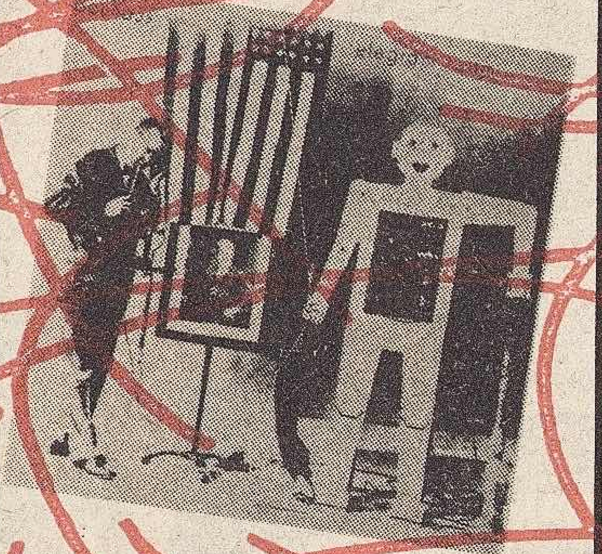
ROBERT RENTAL: Double Heart/On Location (Mute). Nice to see Mute backing the right tracks after all that diverting Silicon Teens nonsense. Rental's first cuts for the label are two gently memorable songs. Dream-ish textures, intelligent messages. 'Double Heart', especially, is among the finest acquisitions to be had this week.

VISAGE: Fade To Grey (Polydor). In which Steve Strange, the celebrated Blitznik, teams up with a lot of famous chums and does a Spandau Ballet — that is, turns out a pleasant and inoffensive electro-ditty, slight in construction and modest in its aims. McGeoch, Formula, Currie, Ure and Egan provide the line-up.

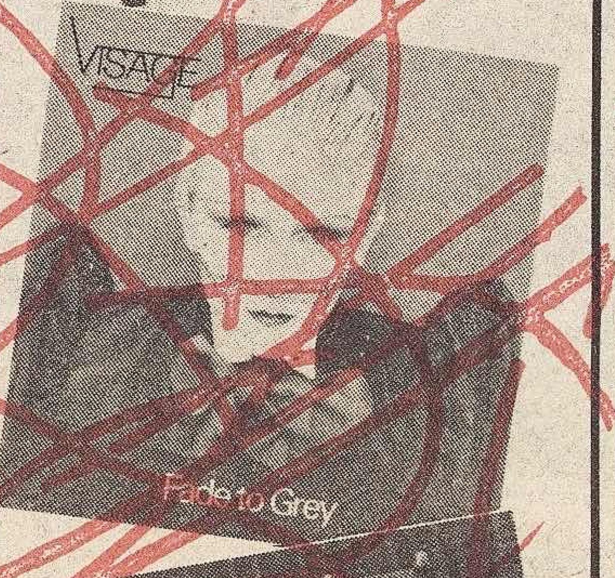
WHITESNAKE: Ain't No Love In The Heart Of The City (Liberty).
VAL DOONICAN: French Waltz (RCA). Times change, many people's values don't. There's no way to date either of these records except by looking at the labels. Both offer you your favourite fantasy-in-a-vacuum, an unchanging escape route to return to whenever you want the reassurance. Doonican gives you Parisian cafes, gentle romance, accordians, the moon in June. Whitesnake supply the ruff-tuff hard-lovin' git-outta-mah-way mean streets alternative. I actually like some of Whitesnake's music, but I don't know which of these two delusions is the most foolish. For their respective devotees, they serve identical purposes.

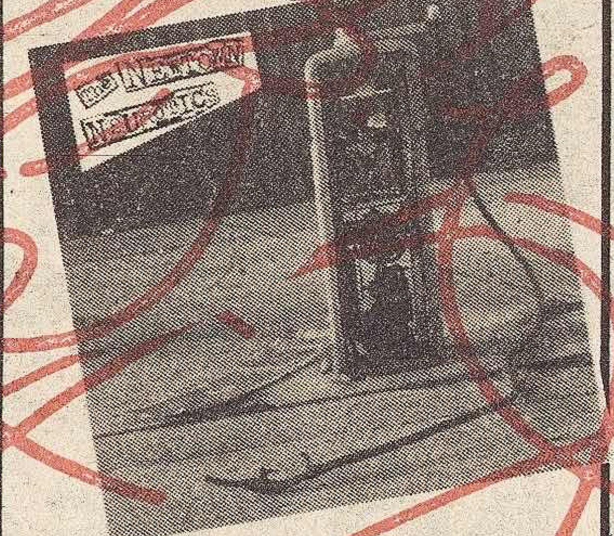
REAL THING: She's A Groovy Freak (Calibre). Ain't nothing like the Real Thing, or so the old song tells us. Unfortunately, on the evidence of this entirely anonymous slab of get-on-down disco tedium, the exact reverse is true: there are much, much too many things like the Real Thing, and does the world really want yet another one?

THE PRESIDENT'S MEN: Out In The Open (Oily). Tons of thump, bump, swing and other agreeable ingredients make The President's Men debut record an artefact worth looking out for. A young four piece from Aberdeen, the PMs show a precocious grasp of the secrets of making a song move — in this case bass-heavy rock with a reggae touch — and, what's more, they appear to have nothing at all to do with Ronald Reagan. All these things are to be commended.



THE BLUE CATS





This week's selecter: Paul Du Noyer

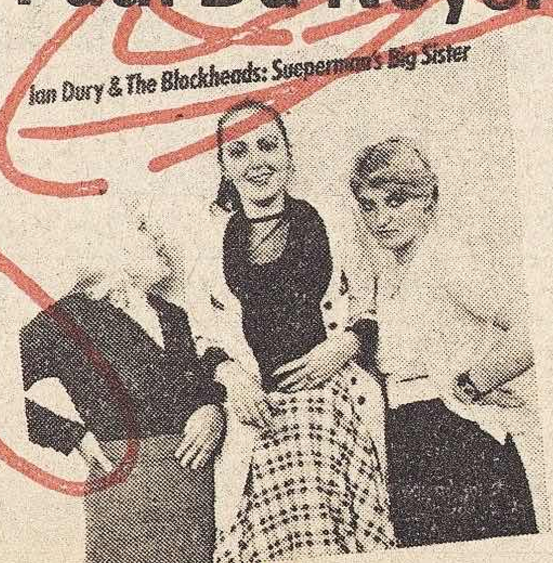


Illustration: Jill Mumford

VARDIS: Too Many People (Logo). Hard-nosed Yorkshire power trio, Vardis inhabit the bluesy rock 'n' roll end of HM's spectrum. Good live, so-so on record. If you're feeling broadminded and want some token headbangers to adopt, then Vardis are the ones.

SNIPS: Telepathy (EMI). It's hard to see Snips' career ever taking off while he's pushing derivative drivel like 'Telepathy', yet another piece of computerised robo-rhythm pseudo-futurism.

DR FEELGOOD: Jumping From Love To Love (UA). The engagingly ham-fisted, punch-drunk production of Nick Lowe probably has a lot to do with it, but 'Jumping' makes for the strongest Feelgoods 45 in ages. They've been around so long now that they've become a part of the scenery — and are tending to be ignored in much the same way. But this music has its uses, and I'm glad to have it around.

CAPTAIN MOG & PRIVATE SIGH: The Island Sea (Governor). Beware, for behind this whimsical piece of *Bounty* bar calypso tropical nonsense lie Manchester's infamous Smirks, in pseudonymous disguise. My considered advice to The Smirks is that they make it up with Father Abraham and go back to promoting petrol.

MATUMBI: Nothing At All (EMI). Repeated listenings to Matumbi's new one reveal a vaguely pleasant, easy-on-the-ears job that lopes along from beginning to end, leaving in your mind a , firm impression of . . . nothing at all.

HAWKWIND: Who's Gonna Win The War? (Bronze). Landlords of the cosmos, or whatever they call themselves, in unusually brooding mood, slow and doomy, martial drums predominate. And that's it. The sound of men awaiting redundancy notices?

THE STEP: Tears That I Cry (Direction). Dunno . . . isn't it a bit soon to go in for a Q-Tips revival? I mean, they're not quite dead yet. Are they? The Step and co are very tight and competent but, after all, who could be bothered searching for young soul conformists?

NEIL DIAMOND: Love On The Rocks (Capitol). Somehow I've never been able to believe in anything that's sung by Neil Diamond. Somehow his performance makes Hughie Green seem sincere. Somehow I think we're going to be hearing an awful lot about *The Jazz Singer* over the months to come, the remake of the film of the book of the album of the ad campaign. Somehow I think 'awful' will be the operative word.

OTTAWAN: You're OK (Carrere). D, so dislikeable. I, incomprehensible. S, superficial. C, such a cop-out. O . . . O? Oh forget it.

SHONA LAING: Whistling Waltzes (EMI). Whoever Shona Laing may be, she's come a long way from being the chorus of a Bay City Rollers song. 'Whistling Waltzes', in spite of the off-putting title, is an interesting arrangement, light but atmospheric and full of twiddly synth bits, accompanied by some sophisticated soulful singing, though a touch on the smooth side.

NEWTOWN NEUROTICS: When The Oil Runs Out (No Wonder).
MANIC JABS: Autophagous (Waldos). Self-consciously horrid young punky types from towns you'd only visit by mistake. 'Autophagous' means eating oneself, so it's easy to imagine how Manic Jabs have made an amusing yet thoroughly revolting little record. We'll say no more about it. Harlow's Neurotics, meanwhile, snarl and plough through an earnest diatribe — slightly Stiff Little Fingers — concealing the sly humour and rough edge which makes them capable of better stuff than this.

THROBBING GRISTLE: Subhuman / Something Came Over Me / Adrenalin / Distant Dreams (Industrial).
THE BARRON KNIGHTS: Never Mind The Presents (Epic).
LUCIANO PAVAROTTI: Ave Maria (Decca). Looking for Christmas gift ideas? Then why not try TG's two-disc quadruple A-side festive fun pack. Their hand-out tells me the four tracks are, in order: a "crazy noise agression side", "a foot-tapping cheeky fun song" (about masturbation,

➧ To page 61

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THE KILLING OF BROTHER PAUL

They think Paul Morley's a joke: they feel like killing him. But that same intrepid journalist ventures fearfully forth to let Killing Joke abuse him.

"Right, mate, just listen to this."

IF I HAD heard how Jaz had let Youth know that I'd arrived, I wouldn't have bothered with the interview.

Photographer Ray Stevenson told me later what was said, and said gleefully. *"The entertainment has arrived!"*

I wasn't looking forward to this interview.

They have a first floor flat in a large old house in Notting Hill Gate. We walk, through an echoey hall, up bare wooden stairs and into a small room, thick with a peculiar, scruffy kind of cosiness. There's also sense of anticipation.

"So, who's Paul Morley?" questions Jaz, who reminds me of an evil Punch. He looks me and Stevenson up and down, licking his lips. I have to own up, and stick out a hand for shaking.

"You really don't like us, do you?" he growls, slumping into a shapeless cushion by the lop-sided door.

"No," I answer flatly.

The bedraggled Youth appears, more Menace than Vicious, still in pyjamas. He sits down on the other side of the door, leaning against the wall. He turns his nose up at me. The door is shut. Soft reggae forms some incongruous easy listening. The room seems very small and airless, and shut off.

The entertainment shivers slightly.

Killing Joke's publicist — they employ one, but don't enjoy the idea — had warmly convinced me that everything would be OK. After my deeply unimpressed review of their first LP, Killing Joke felt I had undermined their virtue and value and wanted to meet me. Just to talk!! It wouldn't matter if the result was printed or not.

"It was Paul and Geordie (the two members not present) that really wanted to meet you," smoulders Jaz . "Me and Youth aren't really that bothered."

His shining eyes show that's a lie. His body seems primed and alert.

The Joke's publicist, that soft-talking persuasive man who said he'd be there when I meet them on neutral ground (a pub) is *not* here. Stevenson kneels on the floor, preparing his equipment. Jaz starts chatting feverishly, so I crouch into a dirty two-seater sofa and switch on my equipment to emphasise the, er, business aspect of this Saturday afternoon confrontation.

Was I scared?

Yes. The last time I'd dismissed an LP in few and disgusted words, the group in question came so close to leaving fingerprint marks on my neck it's not worth thinking about.

"WHAT IS it," Jaz is moaning, "that you've got that you think can justify writing that sort of stuff . . ? All you can say as a journalist, right, is that 'I personally don't like the album'. You can't shout out to the masses and say This is shit because I think so. You can say I personally don't like it, right. Don't you think that's fair?"

I sigh. It's the old dilemma. Whenever I write anything it's obviously my opinion. It may reach lots of people, but it is not sacred. It just seems silly and dull to write every time 'This is my opinion' or 'In my opinion blah blah' . . . It's one opinion. It goes without saying.

"It goes without saying," mimics Youth sarcastically.

"Yeah," continues Jaz, "but I think it's misinterpreted. We've seen some of your stuff, your praising of Sting's fucking transcendental fucking experiences in India, right. We've seen quite a few of your fucking articles and personally I don't think you've got any right to write like that. What I can see of your taste by the way you write, you don't fucking know what you're on about, do you?"

My own brain seizes up. What do you mean?

"Well, you're into pop, aren't you? You're into the traditional form of a band; that's the way I see it by the way you write, like the traditional form of a fucking rock band."

I stare at him passively. Youth will tell me later that Killing Joke are so anti-tradition and so far outside the business it's a major achievement. I think tradition is foul as well, but hardly to the stodgy and unglamorous extent Killing Joke do.

Meanwhile, Jaz has a Sting on his shoulder.

"I can see by the way you praise Sting, and all that kind of sugar-shit, it's nothing to do with our way of life. We live here, we play the music we want, right? Y'know? And a couple of journalists have decided to really put the boot in, because maybe they don't like us personally. I don't know why it is."

Youth takes over from his 'brother'.

"All we want is honesty. We don't demand anything but that, right? It's not the music you're criticising when you do your reviews, you're criticising the attitude, and if you don't know the people that made the music how can you begin to criticise their attitude? You can only make your mind up as to what those bloody attitudes are and where they've come from, right? And how the fuck do you know, cos you don't. Right?

It's one thing talking about a piece of plastic, you don't talk about that . . . how do you justify that?"

What!

"Your writing."

I don't like your music. I said that.

"No. You didn't mention the music."

I did. I don't like the sound.

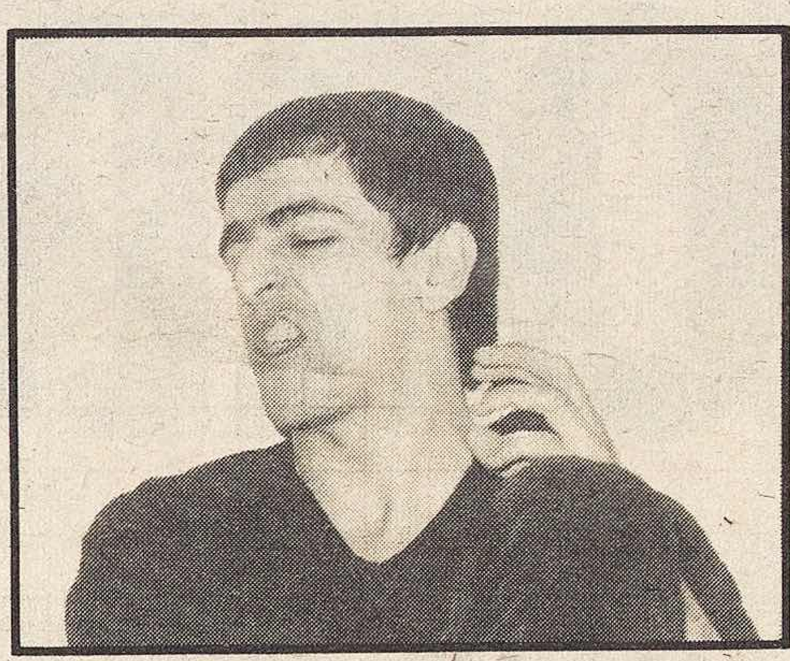
"I wouldn't have minded that."

It just turned me off.

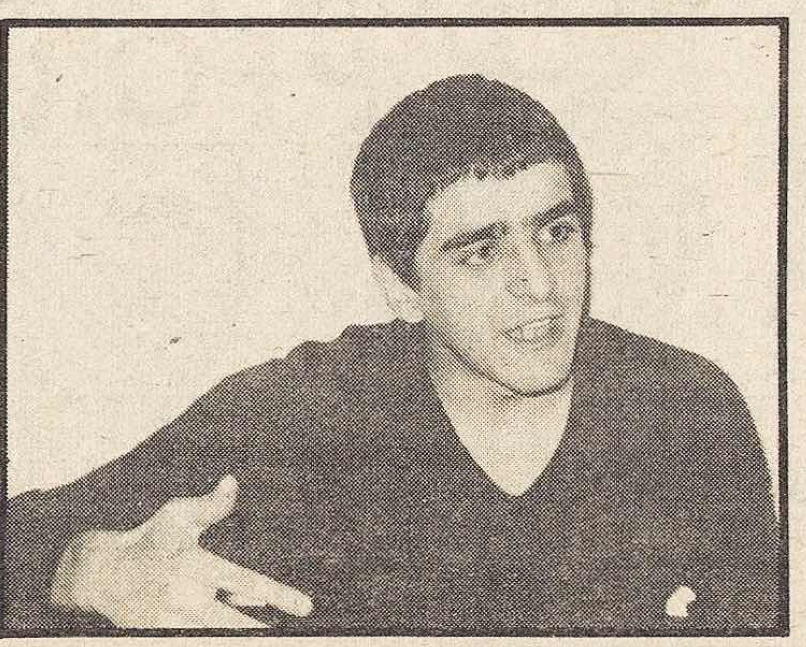
"I can understand that," Jaz replies, having calmed down a bit. "We'd be right prats if we were journalists, I suppose."

OF COURSE. Killing Joke hate a lot of things. They dismiss other groups and their hard work even more severely than I did them and theirs. But they can't accept a bad review in a major paper as opinion or bad luck. They object to the power of the Name Journalist; the firmness of the written word.

"Putting us with The Cockney Rejects! I've never heard The Cockney Rejects and if it's your form of relevance to palm us off with them, it's an insult."



"The feeling of a guy in the first world war who's just about to run out the trenches and knows his life is going to be gone in ten minutes and he thinks of that ** in Westminster who put him in that position... that's the feeling we're trying to project... the Killing Joke."**



All pix: Stevenson

A function of rock criticism is to maintain perspective, to attack exploitation, to put pressure on idiots and the conceited and the deceitful. A lot of the value of rock criticism can be its cynicism. A lot of the faults of rock criticism can be its cynicism; a cynicism out of control that is usually the last word.

Rock journalists whose so-called reputation is based on a vivid cynicism, who fancily crush most of all they review, rarely venture out into the real world, to meet the people they patronise and dismiss, to see shows, to see natural audience reaction. No journalist is prepared to meet a group they've just laughed all over.

One reason is that when you meet faces and personalities, the new perspective throws new light onto the music, attitudes can be discovered that you felt were missing. You can be swayed — not to like the music, but maybe at least see a point of view. This is where the inevitable, unfortunate *power* of the Name Rock Writer is badly disciplined.

Journalists are cowards.

It's easy to wield the nasty pen in isolation, to exploit the inevitable bias, to evade the inherent hypocrisy of rock criticism.

The group that has been torn apart rarely has a chance to answer back without their words being tampered with. Perhaps it's my awareness of this cowardice — of my own especially — that is the *something* that prompts me into a room with Killing Joke for verbal punishment.

Their side of the story, fume Killing Joke, *must be heard* to even things up. But of course!

WHAT MADE me scared of meeting Killing Joke was rooted in the same discomfort that made me slap their LP: Killing Joke have an edge of violence, although it could be crucial to their music. Their commitment, their music, even their art work has this undercurrent of violence which confuses and alarms."

"And from that impression the band is judged. "Jaz shakes his head. "None of us are East Enders, and we don't go around beating up pigs. It's not our fucking way. We deserve a bit more than that. I think we deserve at least a bit of your time, to establish the facts.

"Killing Joke is an attitude," Jaz snaps. "Nothing more. It's not an excuse to beat people up!

"Journalists never ask us relative questions; they ask us absolutely stupid questions about where we're from, and what's the next single. We want some facts to come out.

"Our music gives you this tension. I don't know whether we've got it on the record, but live we capture that tension that everyone feels at the moment. If you're living in London, it's the way things are. We're tension music . . . that's all it is. We use the music as a method to balance ourselves, as well as playing music that we like to play. What we write is what we see. *We are fucking grossly misinterpreted!"*

Jaz is almost shouting. He attempts to

Continues over

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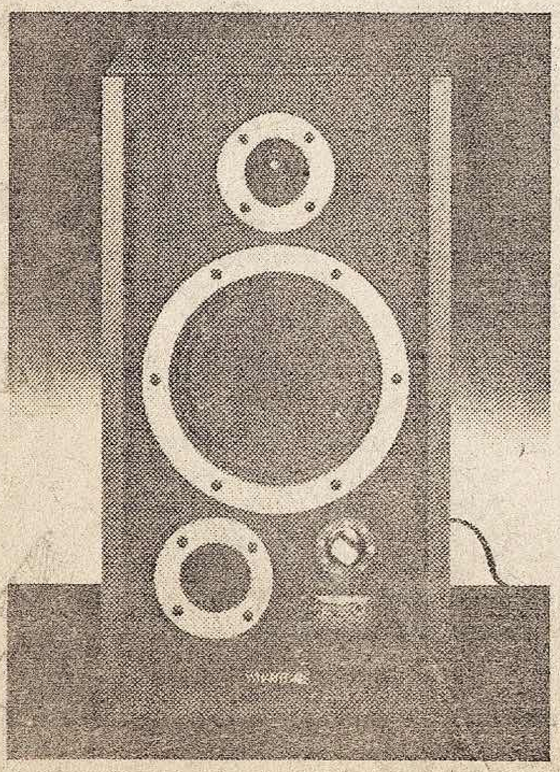

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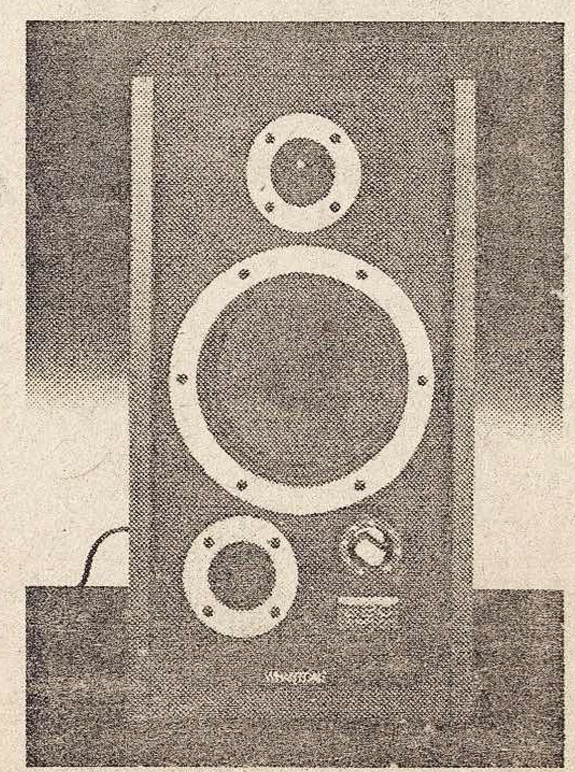

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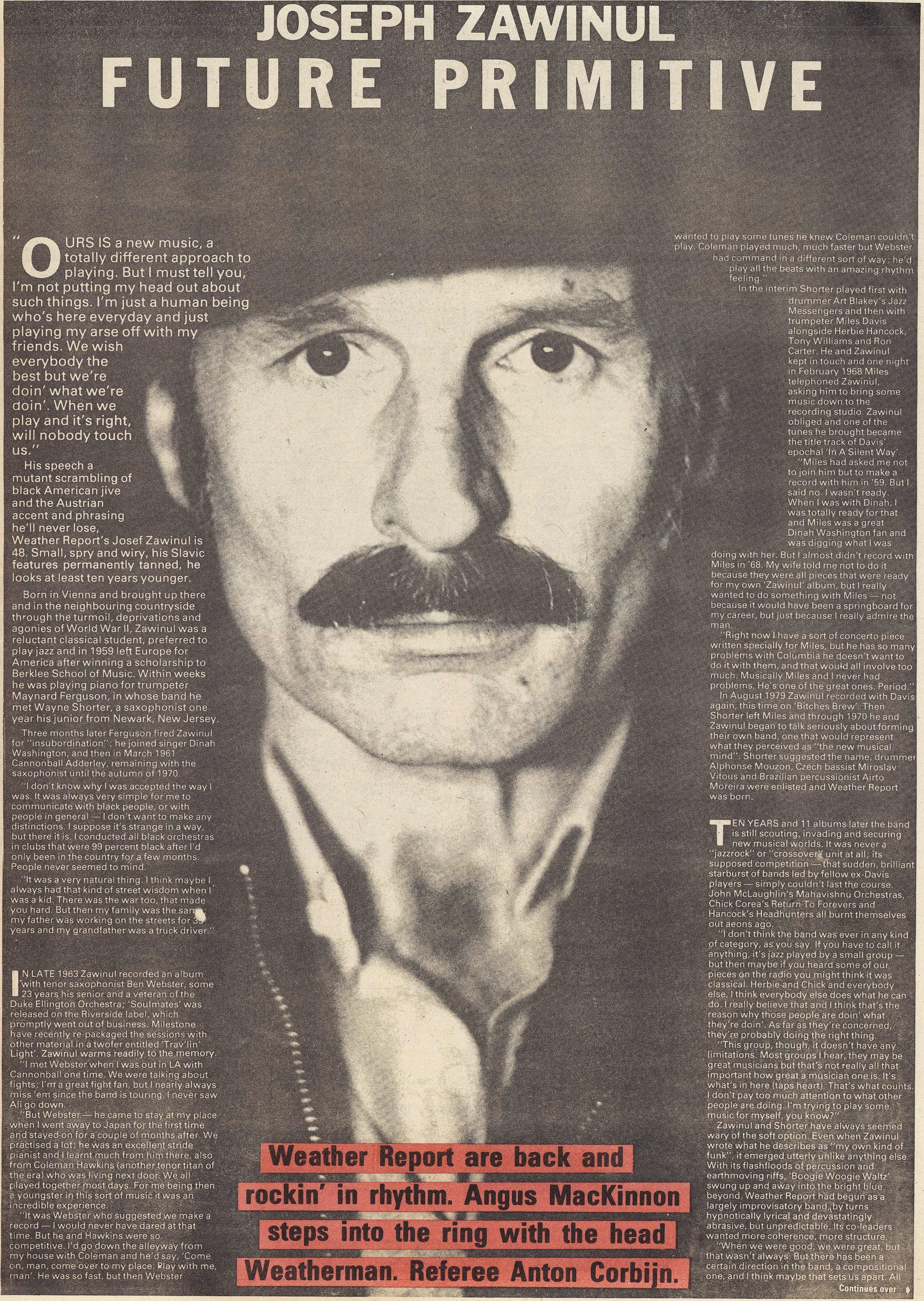


Weather Report are back and rockin' in rhythm. Angus MacKinnon steps into the ring with the head Weatherman. Referee Anton Corbijn.

"OURS IS a new music, a totally different approach to playing. But I must tell you, I'm not putting my head out about such things. I'm just a human being who's here everyday and just playing my arse off with my friends. We wish everybody the best but we're doin' what we're doin'. When we play and it's right, will nobody touch us."

His speech a mutant scrambling of black American jive and the Austrian accent and phrasing he'll never lose, Weather Report's Josef Zawinul is 48. Small, spry and wiry, his Slavic features permanently tanned, he looks at least ten years younger.

Born in Vienna and brought up there and in the neighbouring countryside through the turmoil, deprivations and agonies of World War II, Zawinul was a reluctant classical student, preferred to play jazz and in 1959 left Europe for America after winning a scholarship to Berklee School of Music. Within weeks he was playing piano for trumpeter Maynard Ferguson, in whose band he met Wayne Shorter, a saxophonist one year his junior from Newark, New Jersey.

Three months later Ferguson fired Zawinul for "insubordination"; he joined singer Dinah Washington, and then in March 1961 Cannonball Adderley, remaining with the saxophonist until the autumn of 1970.

"I don't know why I was accepted the way I was. It was always very simple for me to communicate with black people, or with people in general — I don't want to make any distinctions. I suppose it's strange in a way, but there it is. I conducted all black orchestras in clubs that were 99 percent black after I'd only been in the country for a few months. People never seemed to mind.

"It was a very natural thing. I think maybe I always had that kind of street wisdom when I was a kid. There was the war too, that made you hard. But then my family was the same; my father was working on the streets for 3[illegible] years and my grandfather was a truck driver."

IN LATE 1963 Zawinul recorded an album with tenor saxophonist Ben Webster, some 23 years his senior and a veteran of the Duke Ellington Orchestra; 'Soulmates' was released on the Riverside label, which promptly went out of business. Milestone have recently re-packaged the sessions with other material in a twofer entitled 'Trav'lin' Light'. Zawinul warms readily to the memory.

"I met Webster when I was out in LA with Cannonball one time. We were talking about fights; I'm a great fight fan, but I nearly always miss 'em since the band is touring. I never saw Ali go down.

"But Webster — he came to stay at my place when I went away to Japan for the first time and stayed on for a couple of months after. We practised a lot; he was an excellent stride pianist and I learnt much from him there, also from Coleman Hawkins (another tenor titan of the era) who was living next door. We all played together most days. For me being then a youngster in this sort of music it was an incredible experience.

"It was Webster who suggested we make a record — I would never have dared at that time. But he and Hawkins were so competitive. I'd go down the alleyway from my house with Coleman and he'd say, 'Come on, man, come over to my place. Play with me, man'. He was so fast, but then Webster wanted to play some tunes he knew Coleman couldn't play. Coleman played much, much faster but Webster had command in a different sort of way; he'd play all the beats with an amazing rhythm feeling."

In the interim Shorter played first with drummer Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers and then with trumpeter Miles Davis alongside Herbie Hancock, Tony Williams and Ron Carter. He and Zawinul kept in touch and one night in February 1968 Miles telephoned Zawinul, asking him to bring some music down to the recording studio. Zawinul obliged and one of the tunes he brought became the title track of Davis' epochal 'In A Silent Way'.

"Miles had asked me not to join him but to make a record with him in '59. But I said no. I wasn't ready. When I was with Dinah, I was totally ready for that and Miles was a great Dinah Washington fan and was digging what I was doing with her. But I almost didn't record with Miles in '68. My wife told me not to do it because they were all pieces that were ready for my own 'Zawinul' album, but I really wanted to do something with Miles — not because it would have been a springboard for my career, but just because I really admire the man.

"Right now I have a sort of concerto piece written specially for Miles, but he has so many problems with Columbia he doesn't want to do it with them, and that would all involve too much. Musically Miles and I never had problems. He's one of the great ones. Period."

In August 1979 Zawinul recorded with Davis again, this time on 'Bitches Brew'. Then Shorter left Miles and through 1970 he and Zawinul began to talk seriously about forming their own band, one that would represent what they perceived as "the new musical mind". Shorter suggested the name, drummer Alphonse Mouzon, Czech bassist Miroslav Vitous and Brazilian percussionist Airto Moreira were enlisted and Weather Report was born.

TEN YEARS and 11 albums later the band is still scouting, invading and securing new musical worlds. It was never a "jazzrock" or "crossover" unit at all; its supposed competition — that sudden, brilliant starburst of bands led by fellow ex-Davis players — simply couldn't last the course. John McLaughlin's Mahavishnu Orchestras, Chick Corea's Return To Forevers and Hancock's Headhunters all burnt themselves out aeons ago.

"I don't think the band was ever in any kind of category, as you say. If you have to call it anything, it's jazz played by a small group — but then maybe if you heard some of our pieces on the radio you might think it was classical. Herbie and Chick and everybody else, I think everybody else does what he can do. I really believe that and I think that's the reason why those people are doin' what they're doin'. As far as they're concerned, they're probably doing the right thing.

"This group, though, it doesn't have any limitations. Most groups I hear, they may be great musicians but that's not really all that important how great a musician one is. It's what's in here (taps heart). That's what counts. I don't pay too much attention to what other people are doing. I'm trying to play some music for myself, you know?"

Zawinul and Shorter have always seemed wary of the soft option. Even when Zawinul wrote what he describes as "my own kind of funk", it emerged utterly unlike anything else. With its flashfloods of percussion and earthmoving riffs, 'Boogie Woogie Waltz' swung up and away into the bright blue beyond. Weather Report had begun as a largely improvisatory band, by turns hypnotically lyrical and devastatingly abrasive, but unpredictable. Its co-leaders wanted more coherence, more structure.

"When we were good, we were great, but that wasn't always. But there has been a certain direction in the band, a compositional one, and I think maybe that sets us apart. All

Continues over ▶

WEATHERMAN

From previous page

my own music is improvised to start with. I make hundreds of tapes and then edit them, write everything down exactly, and then we play it. Sometimes I have to use the things I do on cassette. Sometimes the feeling is so incredible you cannot do it again. That's what happened with 'Jungle Book' (on 'Mysterious Traveller', and so intimate you can even hear Zawinul's kids romping through his Pasadena, California home as he taped the song's main melody). I could never have done it again in that same way.

"Just through that alone we get a certain spontaneity in the music. Everyone has different ways of writing, but that's my choice. Although I often improvise over what's already been improvised when I'm writing, once that's done and things are finished, then it's pretty final. Take something like 'Fast City' on the new album, only the two solos there are improvised. All the rest is written."

But Weather Report's progress has been far from smooth and inexorable.

The band's albums have been for the most part reliably dazzling, but their genesis has often been laborious and protracted. Weather Report have swallowed up and then spat out innumerable drummers and percussionists in their search for an elusive internal strength and symmetry. The recent 'Mr Gone', an album that initially bewildered and disappointed many Weather Reporters I know, featured four drummers when finally released. 'Cigano', a Shorter tune scheduled for the album, had to be discarded — no suitable drummer could be found — and was replaced at the last minute by 'Pinocchio', an impromptu rendering of a piece the saxophonist had written for Davis in the '60s.

"Yeah, we've always had these kind of problems. But 'Mr Gone', the concept I wanted to hear on that album just could not be played by one drummer; some things just weren't happening. That tune itself, I even played drums on it. I also had Mouzon, Alex Acuna, our last drummer, and then Tony Williams do it; Tony was the best but still not all the way there.

"I love the album though. I thought it was really beautiful, a big step in another direction of making an album, layering things one on top of the other like I did on 'River People'. I really worked on some new and different ways of orchestrating.

"Like on 'And Then', that fade at the end, that's what I like about it. That's some of the greatest counterpoint writing since Johann Sebastian Bach. You've listened to that, man, don't you think it's frightening?

"I know why the critics put us down, but we don't have to discuss that now. The critics, they're entitled to their views, to their right to express a personal opinion, because that's all criticism is. But I read somewhere somebody called Jan Hammer (Czech pianist with original Mahavork) somethin' like a silly son of a bitch. Now I tell you, man, if anyone called me that, I'd knock him out. I would go wherever this person is and I would break his teeth, because that is going too far. Every writer has the right to say he doesn't like somethin', but never to say this is how it should be."

Zawinul stares at me pugnaciously — will I bite back or won't I? I mean, J.S. Bach? But then Zawinul's apparent arrogance is no more and no less than disarming frankness; he is good, very good, quite possibly great, and knows as much. I don't see any harm in that at all — and it's the same man who, stalking about the almost deserted forecourt of Munich's Circus Krone after the gig, is called over to meet two fans by Bobby Thomas, Weather Report's new percussionist. Zawinul's impatient expression disappears immediately when Thomas tells him the dishevelled young couple have come all the way from Italy where they saw the band perform recently.

"Hey that's really somethin'," Zawinul enthuses, a huge smile on his face as he pumps their hands. "That's real nice. Good to see you again."

The couple almost evanesce; Zawinul's pleasure and candour are completely genuine.

THOMAS HIMSELF was playing locally in Miami before bassist Jaco Pastorius, who hails from nearby Fort Lauderdale, Florida, found him a place in Weather Report. Pastorius also wrangled Peter Erskine into the band; Erskine arrived in time to play on three tunes on 'Mr Gone' after drumming with Stan Kenton and Maynard Ferguson, and has stayed ever since.

Weather Report. A curious crew: Zawinul brusque about his business, not a man to be crossed but somehow enormously engaging and warm when the mood takes him; Thomas, young, athletic, slightly overawed by the exalted company he's keeping, still disbelieving of his luck; Erskine, stocky, enthusiastic, swarthy and friendly; Pastorius, extrovert, excitable, almost inseparable from his beautiful Dutch wife Ingrid, all his bluff and bluster offset by his absolute dedication to the music; and Wayne Shorter, abstracted, painfully shy and mildly eccentric beneath his deerstalker, which he wears with the apprehensive air of a man who thinks the sky might just cave in and fall on his head.

The accepted wisdom about Shorter in Weather Report is that he's been swamped out of earshot by Zawinul's banked electronics. The preconception is ludicrous. No one could deny that Shorter's playing in the band has periodically ranged from the reticent to the almost non-existent, but musical problems have never featured.

"Wayne doesn't talk much," says one of the band's managers, "not with words, I mean. He talks through his saxophone."

The tragedy that overtook Shorter's private life some years ago is none of our business, but I wonder aloud to Zawinul whether it was the saxophonist's recent playing with Hancock's astonishing VSOP (a latterday reformation of Miles' '60s quintet with Freddie Hubbard replacing an unavailable Davis) that reinvigorated him.

"No. This wasn't a cause for any change in Wayne's playing. I think that, as great a musician as Wayne is, there was a time when he had other things on his mind. We're the best of friends and we talk to one another if somebody needs a little help. Sometimes it needs a little push, you know, some people get more down than others if something isn't right. It's like if your kids are sick, you take them to the doctor. It's not even that Wayne was sick, it was just that some problems took him away from what he was supposed to do. But now he's back. Listen to what he's playing on 'Fast City' — that's incredible, a masterpiece of sax playing."

I FIRST saw Weather Report in 1975, have inevitably compared their successive British tours to that stratospheric highpoint and found them wanting. Until now — 1980's Weather Report is, almost unbelievably, *there*. Describing the two and a half hour plus set as just the new 'Night Passage' album, three older tunes and various solo and duo spots is rather like saying John Coltrane was just a saxophone player. Finally, the rhythm section is right (or as right as it'll ever be): Erskine seismic, thunderously strong, he and Thomas giving Zawinul, Shorter and Pastorius all the breathing, "talking" space they need.

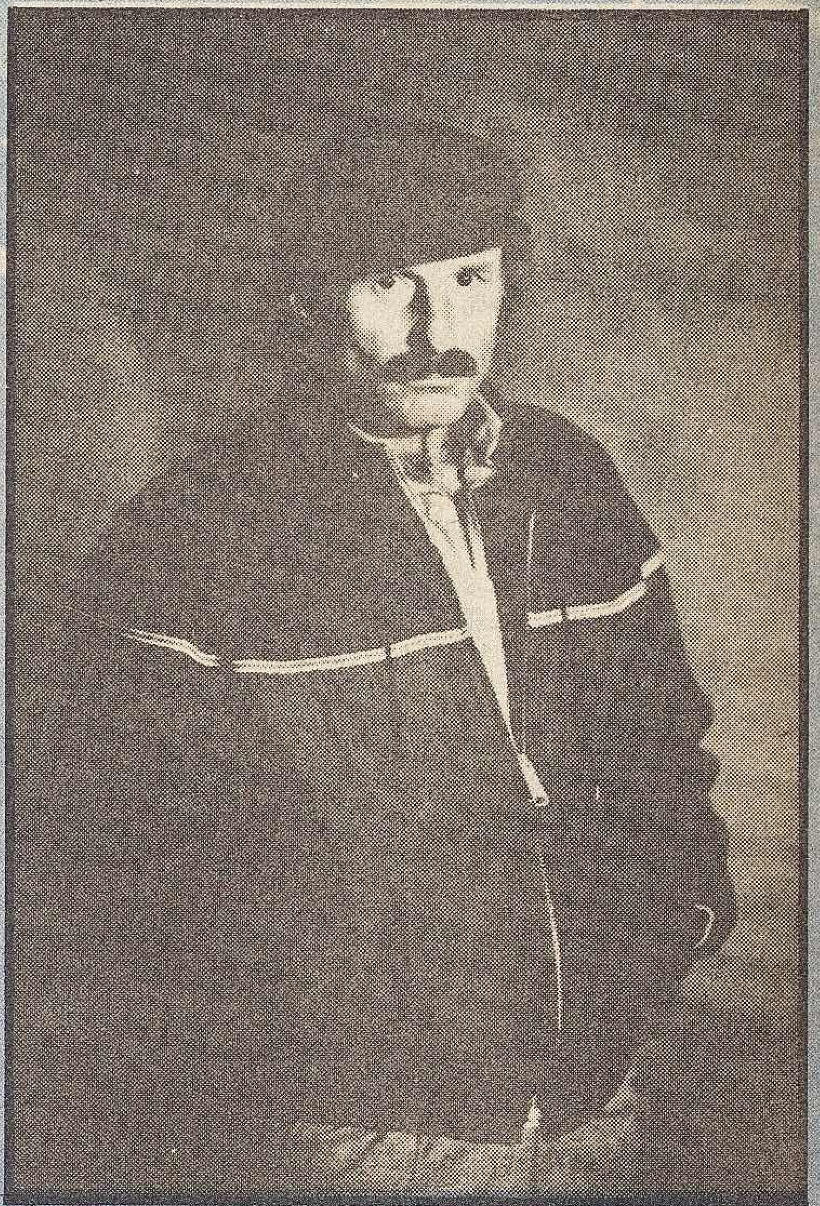
The new material, mostly Zawinul's, is uniformly challenging and spectacularly paced. The brooding 'Forlorn', for instance, a complex blues as eerie in its way as 'Scarlet Woman', ends in a keening synth phrase that suddenly, stunningly transforms itself into the opening motions of a rampaging version of Ellington's 'Rockin' In Rhythm'. Earlier, 'Brown Street' bustles exuberantly, Shorter's playful asides blooming into gorgeous contrails. Zawinul's keyboards remain inimitable: future primitivism at its extraordinary extreme.

Weather Report's totality has always been evocatively impressionistic, a bamboozling stream of mood, movement and imagery, but it's rarely seemed to me to be so enraptured, such a generous, ecstatic celebration of our planet's teeming life and musics. Zawinul's own solo spot is overwhelmingly archetypal. He plays something that looks like a cross between a koto and a tac piano. In fact he doesn't know what it is, just bought it in a shop in Cologne a couple of weeks ago. Sitting at the front of the stage, he summons up visions of Old Japan, primordial Africa and wild, folkloric Eastern Europe. Ask him how he does it, how Weather Report do it, and he shrugs.

"I don't know, man. You gotta play what you have in you to play. We're not hypocrites. We're not into that serious jazz trip. We laugh and have ourselves a lot of fun on the bandstand. We want people to come and enjoy themselves, give them what we give each other, some music and some love. We have finally found the musicians who make it really worthwhile to stay together and work and work.

"It takes time, you know, it's taken us a long time. All I ever wanted to do was to try to put together the best music group. But really, like I said, I just don't know. . ."

His face in shadow, some sort of spirit-catcher or ghost-dancer, Josef Zawinul shrugs again, stares out of the hotel window across snowbound Munich.



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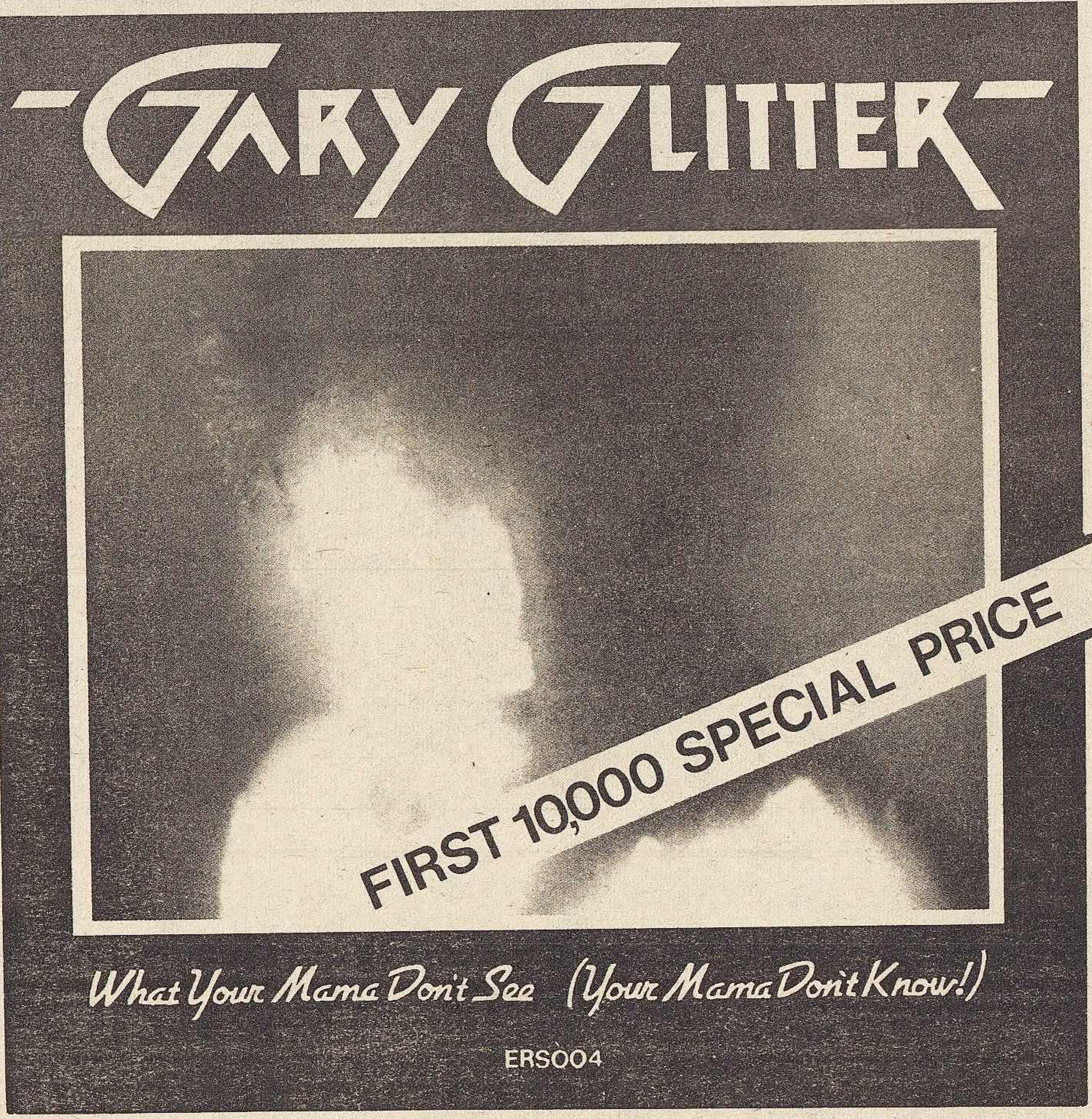

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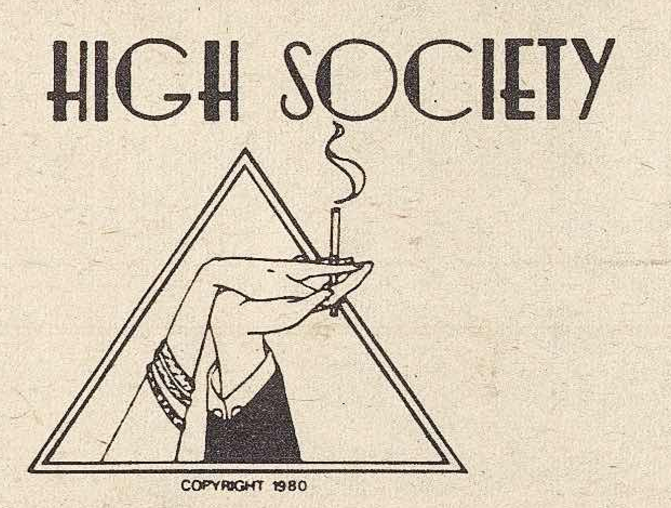

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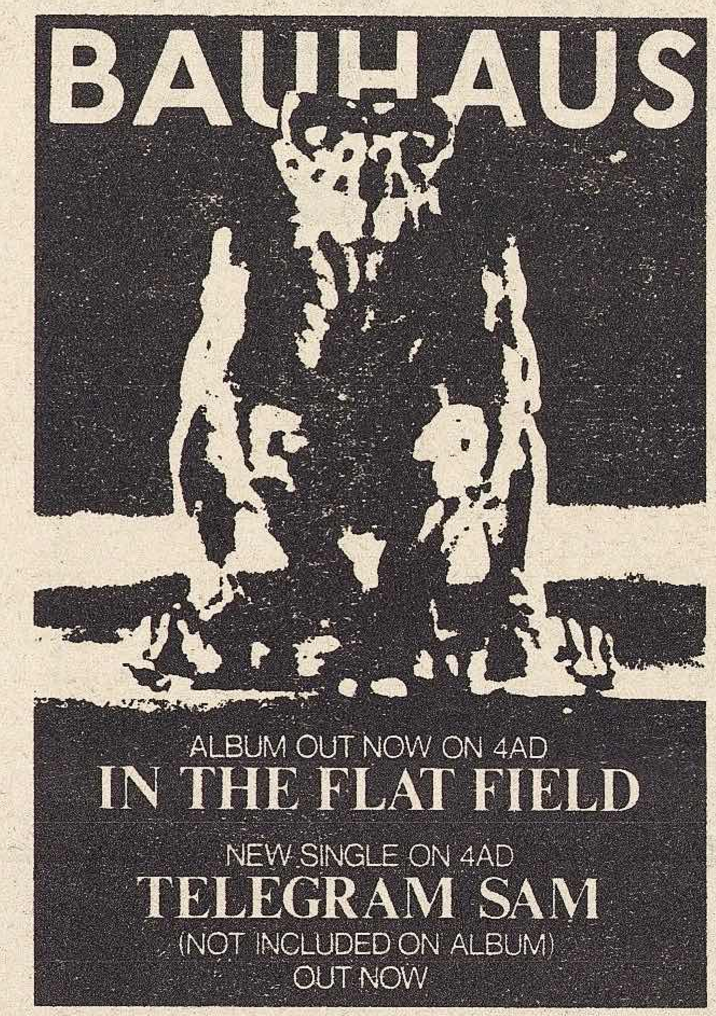


A shocked Ian Penman seen leaving the premiere of 'Caligula'.

Ungreat Scott

The Changeling

Directed by Peter Medak. Starring George C Scott and Trish Van Devere. ***(Brent Walker)***

WITH ALL the knife-wielding nutters and hatchet rapists crawling across the screen recently it's a relief to turn to a good old-fashioned ghost story like *The Changeling.*

A supernatural tale of possession and occult vengeance, the film has moments of atmospheric tension that belong in a better film. The scene is set predictably though neatly enough when composer John Russell (Scott) watches from behind the door of a jammed phone booth as his wife and daughter are killed in a rather contrived road accident. Moving into an old house for peace and quiet to recover, he finds himself haunted by the ghost of a murdered child — the psychic link having apparently been strengthened by his recent bereavement. The exorcism of the ghost and consequently his own troubled soul is the film's primary concern.

That's the idea, anyway. Unfortunately Peter Medak (who did a good job of translating *The Ruling Class* onto film) misses the point entirely by concentrating on the far less convincing material aspects of the case, involving some daft business with lost medallions and spurious inheritance.

Like Robert Wise's *The Haunting*, the film uses sound to construct its initial creepiness. Ghastly boomings and creaking doors, a ghostly voice captured on a tape recorder — all are used well in parts but are never drawn together to provide consistent suspense. The physical manifestations (especially the self-propelled wheelchair) blow the thing wide open. The acting is similarly discordant — while Trish Van Devere (Scott's wife in Realityville) maintains an edge of brittle hysteria, Scott greets each supernatural occurrence with a raised eyebrow and a look of severe constipation.

It's easy to shock people in their seats — slam a door hard enough and the whole theatre'll jump — but it's not so easy to keep them scared on the way home.

Neil Norman

BOX OFFICE

London

1. **Caligula** (Directed by Tinto Brass)
2. **The Blues Brothers** (John Landis)
3. **The Elephant Man** (David Lynch)
4. **Dressed To Kill** (Brian De Palma)
5. **Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs** (Walt Disney)

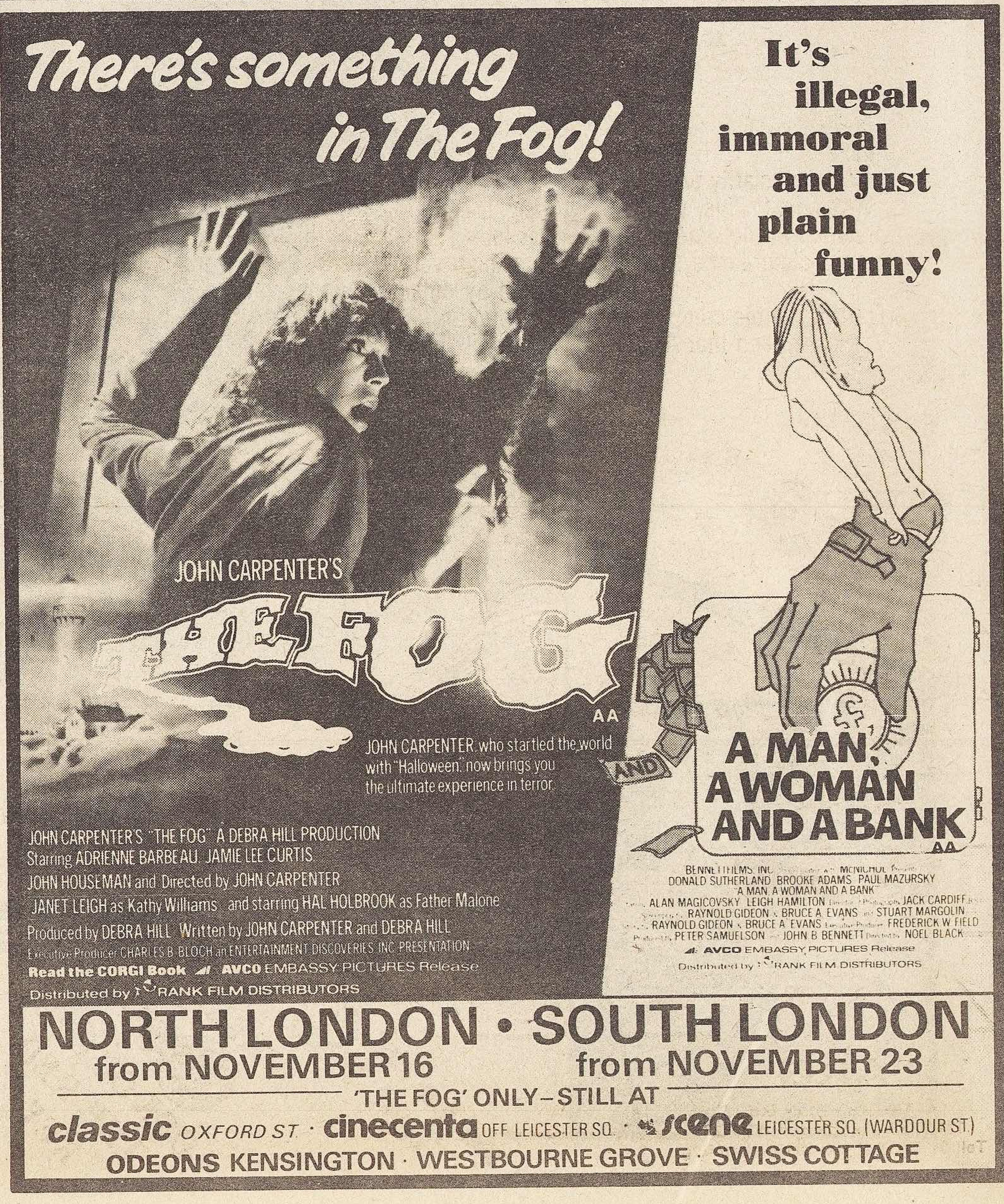
Regions

1. **Dressed To Kill** (Brian De Palma)
2. **The Elephant Man** (David Lynch)
3. **Last Feelings** (Ruggero Deodato)
4. **Battle Beyond The Stars** (Jimmy Brouhaha)
5. **Close Encounters — Special Edition** (Steven Spielberg)

(Screen International)

ON THE BOX IS ON PAGE 11 THIS WEEK

MAM RECORDS



"Aaargh! Not another Monty Smith review."

Play Misty For Me

The Fog

Directed by John Carpenter
Starring Adrienne Barbeau, Jamie Lee Curtis, Janet Leigh and Hal Holbrook *(Rank)*

THERE'S something in *The Fog*, and it's a quality rare enough to warrant comment: it's just that with virually every move he makes John Carpenter conveys a deep love of cinema. To be precise, of the classic components of those eminently watchable '40s thrillers — sharp script, spare characterisation, straightforward story, no frills and, above all, no bloody spurious message tacked on.

Unfortunately, since his critical success *Assault On Precinct 13* and box office hit *Halloween*, some people have tended to expect too much of Mr Carpenter, to take him a wee bit too seriously. He's a craftsman first and foremost, a supremely gifted one for sure, and it must make him smile to see some of the things read into his work; his mentor Howard Hawks would've bust a gut, too.

Taken on a literal basis, *The Fog* is arrant nonsense. It's a lovely premise, mind: 100 years ago, the smug Californian township of San Antonio Bay was founded after the deliberate scuttling of a shipful of lepers, misled by a false beaconlight and an eerie, supernatural fog. Local legend has it that when the fog returns, so too will the murdered lepers, seeking atonement. Sure enough, on the eve of the centenary celebrations, the fog wafts over the water . . .

What comes across most strongly amidst the subsequent shenanigans is Carpenter's sheer enjoyment in telling a story, however daft, and the evident affection with which he regards both his performers and his audience. The motley bunch involved — Jamie Lee Curtis' spirited hitchhiker, Hal Holbrook's tipsy priest, Adrienne Barbeau's devoted DJ, Tommy Atkins' decisive truckdriver and Janet Leigh's pernickety chairperson of the centenary celebrations — are attractive, articulate, immediately sympathetic.

Carpenter's tongue may occasionally glide over his gums, but it never becomes firmly lodged in cheek. There are jokes — good ones — that develop naturally out of the plot predicaments and enough playful shivery moments to sustain the suspense. What is entirely lacking is the ham-fisted, exploitative attitude of a, say, *Friday The 13th*, the sort of schlock shocker that treats its audience as curious ghouls.

Despite its uncharacteristically dumb ending, *The Fog* is great fun and John Carpenter's still making the best B-movies around. Which, when you see some of the stuff the big-budget boys get up to, is something to cheer about.

Monty Smith

Doctored Gielgud

Caligula

Directed by Tinto Brass
Starring Malcom McDowell, Helen Mirren and John Gielgud *(GTO)*

CALIGULA is an artful and masterly portrait of a fatally closed society tottering on the brink of self-inflicted mass mutilation, gorged on its own ill eaten gangrenous lithesome limbs and shamelessly unrepentant.

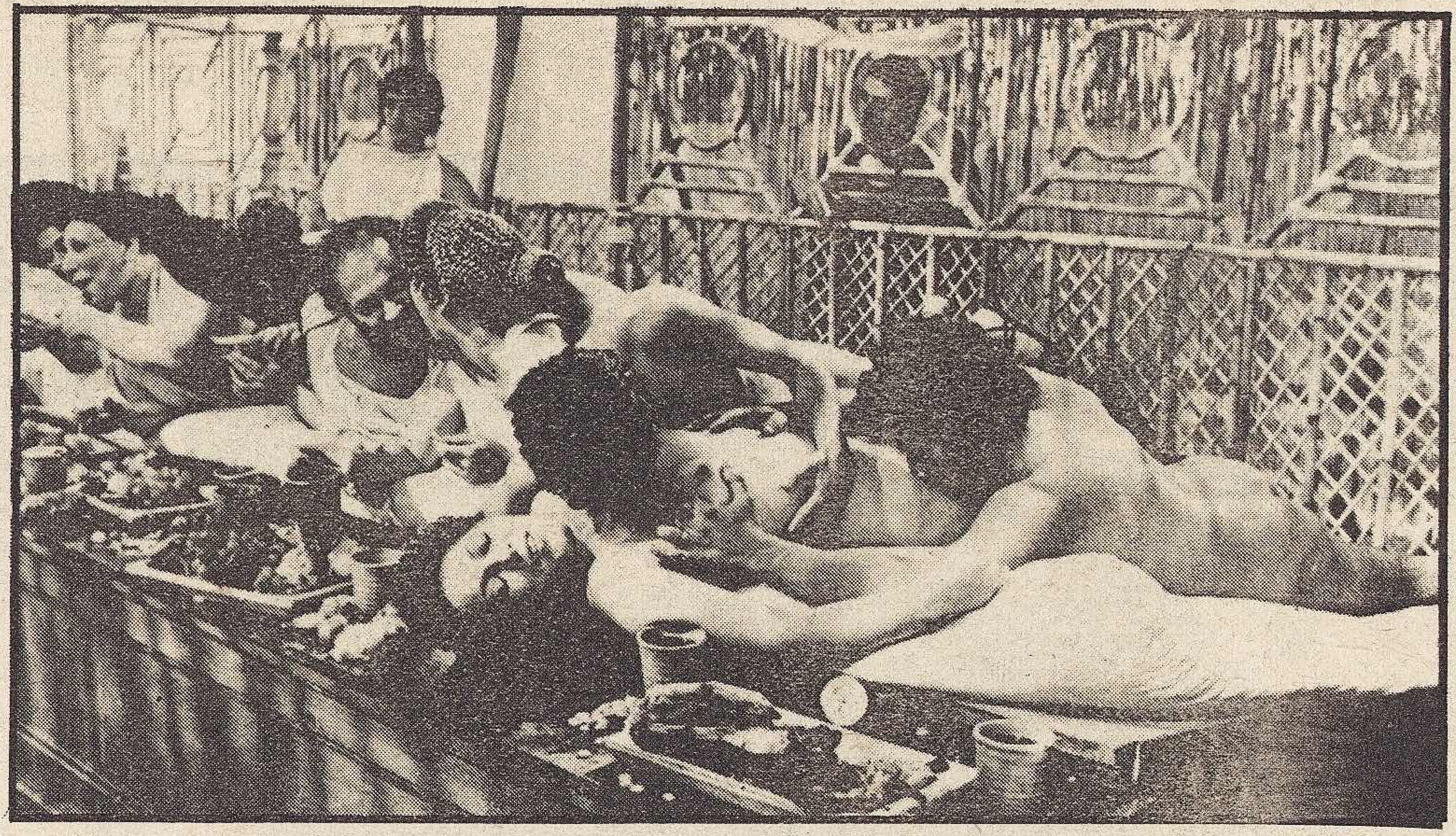
Lacking moral scruples, well built in a day, it is a maggoty world peopled by freaks, buffoons, upper class prostitutes, obese tyrants, self-deluding rulers, a grotesque gallery of hangers on, beautiful satyrs, whatever they are, whores, men on stilts and headless players.

Caligula charts the premature decline and fall of all too mercenary ethical principles in a landscape of power relationships based on bread and made in bed — where privacy is spiritual poverty, the proverbial straight Roman road to corruption, decadence, deceit. Personal politics is comprised merely of a succession of stumps, rumps and bumps — bargains in flesh, divorces from soul, contracts written intestinally.

Caligula firmly indicts the people of this wretched, conniving, two-faced, vacillating, mercantile world — *Caligula* is the film about the acting profession to end all such films.

Pass the sick bag, Augustus!

Ian Penman


Gladiator? Well, he was glad he ate everything else.

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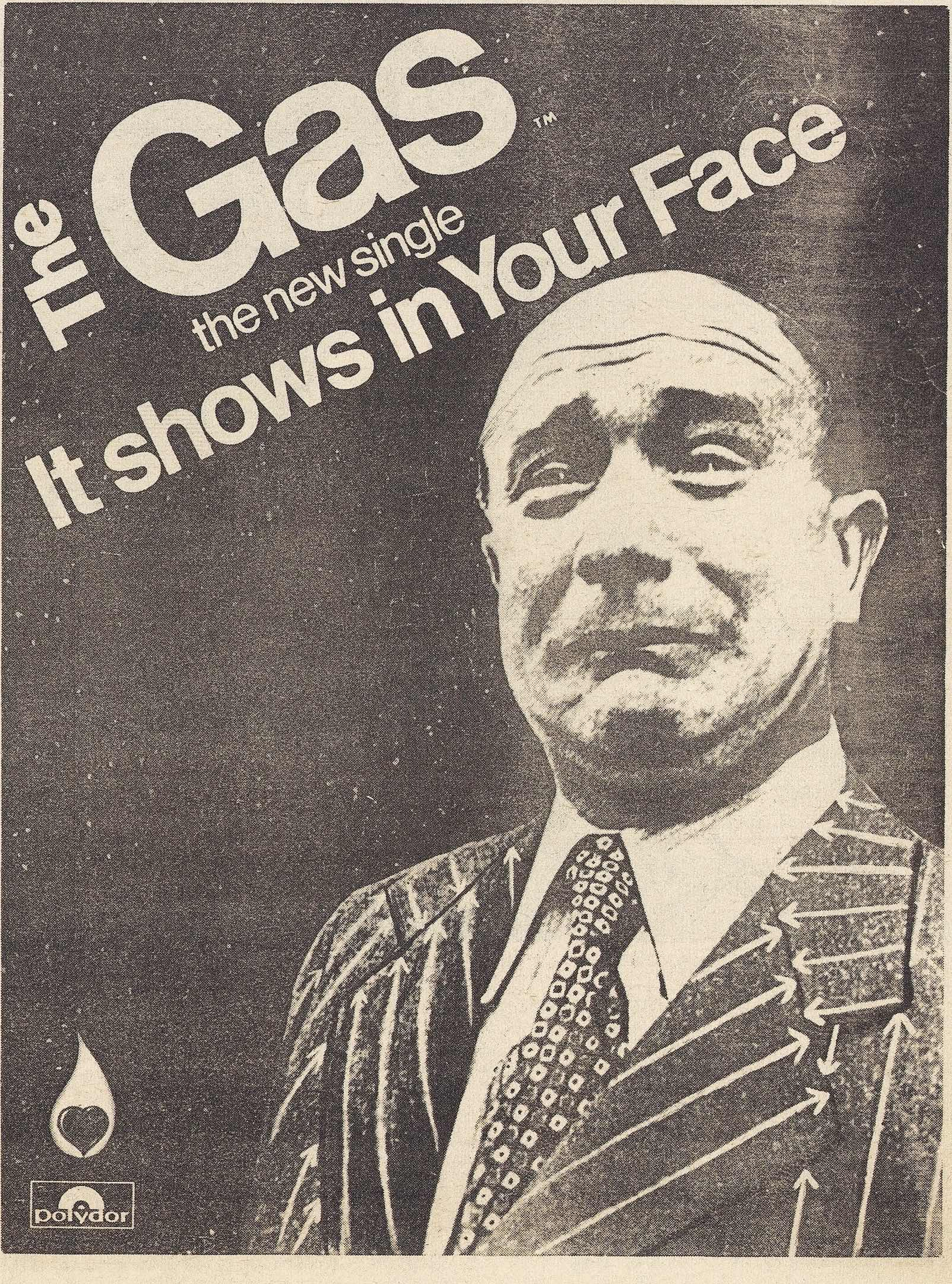

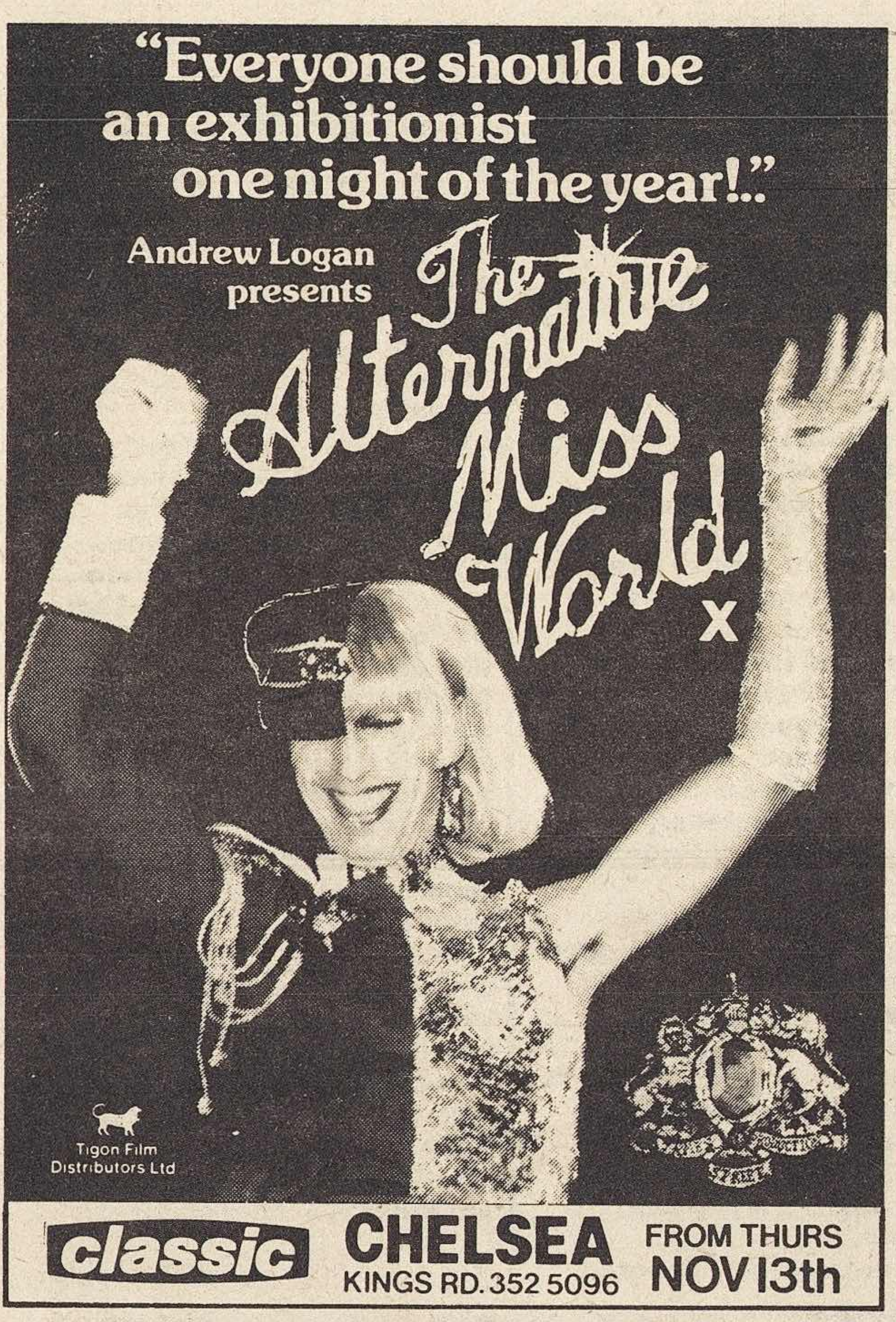

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"Laugh, Dud? I thought I'd never start."

Bored again religion

Wholly Moses!

Directed by Cary Weis
Starring Dudley Moore, Laraine Newman
(Columbia — Warner (EMI)

SOMETIMES I wonder why they do the things they do: *Wholly Moses!* is a desperately unfunny little piece of flotsam bobbing pathetically along in the wake of Monty Python's *Life Of Brian*. Wholly drab, wholly contemptible, it is corporate thinking at its worst: a comedy that is amusing only in theory.

Just as Brian was mistaken for the messiah, Herschel — that's Dudley Moore, suddenly so bankable after *10* that he is expected to carry a script as remorselessly crappy as the one Guy Thomas sold Columbia — overhears Moses getting his instructions from the Big G and thinks that he's the chosen one. This is, in fact, the second time that his path has crossed the prophet's: he too was launched down the Nile to escape the purge of the boy children, only the Princess adopted Moses instead, blah blah blah.

Life Of Brian got a lot of stalwart old Godbores throughly wound up — who can forget that wonderful TV confrontation between Cleese and Malcolm Muggeridge? — and if *Wholly Moses!* had been any good it would have been picketed by now. *Brian* had a few choice points to make about the nature of faith and the hypocrisy with which many people approach their professed beliefs, but *Moses* manages to be a Biblical comedy with religion as its central topic without ever dealing with any religious questions at all.

But hey! What we're trying to do here with this motion picture is capture that up-to-the-minute irreverent spirit, but we don't actually want to offend anyone. Keep it light, y'know?

Moore plays Herschel as a querulous, cowardly little schnook so that we can all identify with the little bastard, and James Coco does his best with a totally dumb role as Herschel's dad, so consumed with guilty about having to abandon his son that he trails after him signing on as his slave without revealing his identity until halfway through the film. Various well-known people do cameos. Dom De Luise appears at some point in the proceedings, Madeline Kahn plays a salesperson of aphrodisiacs en route to Sodom and Richard Pryor shows up as the Pharoah. Pryor has already suffered quite enough for his participation in this ghastly little wattles-and-feathers job, but so far the others would seem to have gotten away with it.

God only knows why highly-paid movie moguls get to commission films as bad as this and still keep their jobs. *Wholly Moses!* deserves to bomb so spectacularly that its echoes should resound through whatever is left of the careers of all those foolish enough to get involved in the project. Avoid at all costs. Better still, get some stickers printed up that read NOT FUNNY in big day-glo letters and paste them over any posters advertising the film when it comes to your local.

Charles Shaar Murray

A MICHAEL RITCHIE FILM A ZANUCK-BROWN Production "THE ISLAND" MICHAEL CAINE DAVID WARNER
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Music by ENNIO MORRICONE Produced by RICHARD D. ZANUCK and DAVID BROWN Directed by MICHAEL RITCHIE
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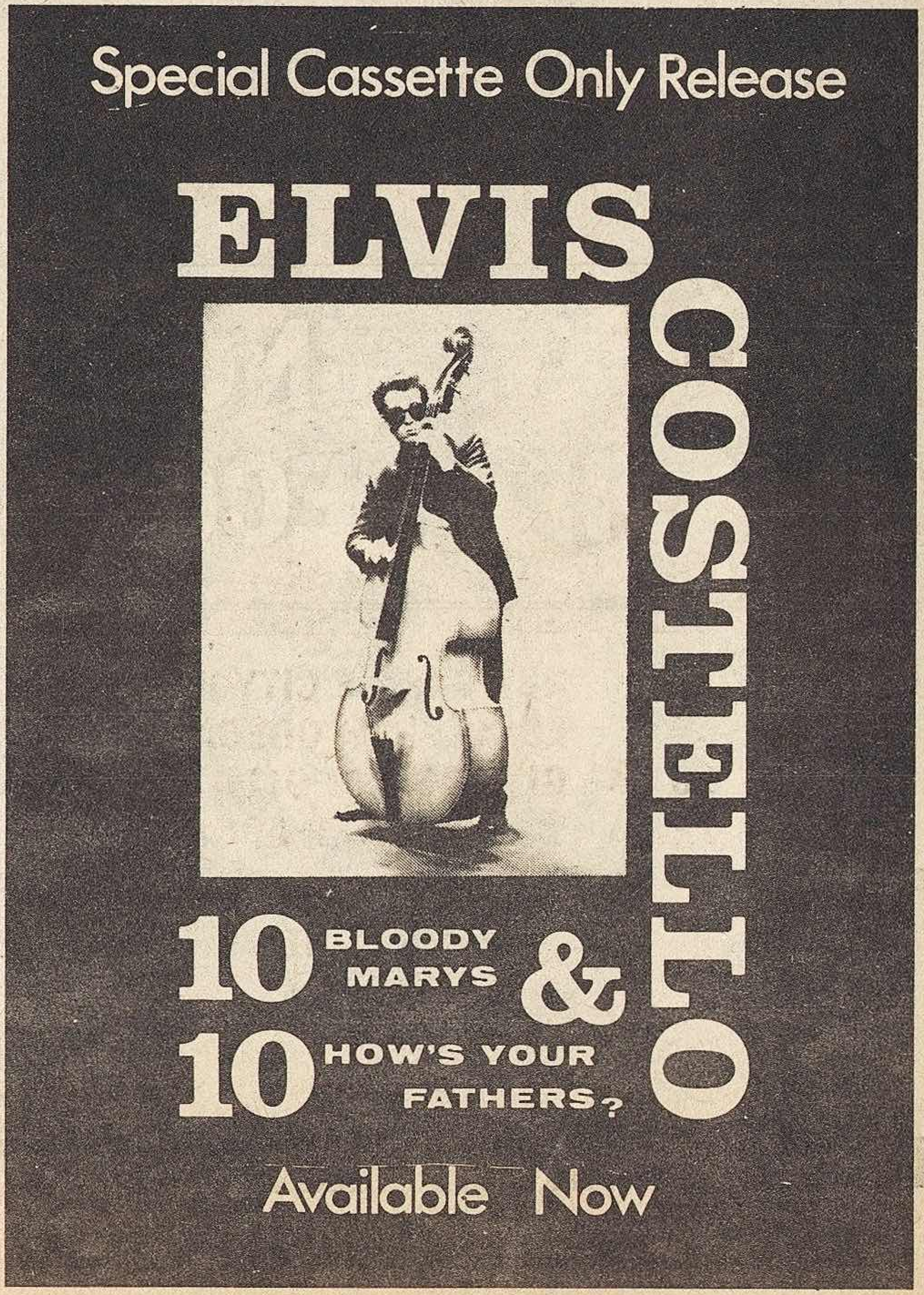

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LAURA LEVINE

A BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY SPECIAL

BY PAUL DU NOYER

British product Psychedelic Furs offer themselves to the American marketplace — but will they be left on the shelf?

THERE ARE times when that well-worn music biz incantation "to break" a band in America can seem grimly ambiguous in its meaning.

The endless, dis-spiriting slog of the job, the mind-numbing enormity of the task, the sheer frustration and time-consuming effort involved in the task of penetrating the consciousness of that vast and sometimes somnambulent country . . . all these factors have conspired in the past to prove the undoing of British acts.

Whether it's the havoc that touring schedules can wreak upon the internal chemistry of a band, aggravated by the massive expenditure of effort for little or no obvious reward, or else the dangers attendant on neglecting a previously secure home base (think of Slade, or even T. Rex), the ritual assault on rock's most glittering prize, the US market, can be as damaging to the would-be conquerers as it is potentially lucrative.

Small wonder that English musicians such as Paul Weller are coming more than ever to question the whole adventure, even to dismiss it as simply not worth the bother — and either confine themselves to the more immediately sympathetic New York/West Coast axis, or else divert their attentions entirely to the growing markets of the European mainland and Japan, coupled with wistful thinking and speculation about those hitherto uncharted regions of the globe like the Third World and Iron Curtain countries.

But for the time being, anyway, it's still the New World, the land of Manilow, Kiss and Kansas, that constitutes the number one priority for any UK band that's bent on translating the modest rewards afforded by domestic success into the style and status of mega-stardom.

Latest in this procession of hopefuls are The Psychedelic Furs. Courtesy of their British — and American — sponsors, CBS, I'm lured over to New York to find out how they're faring.

WE MEET up before the Furs' performance at Trax, an uptown, upmarket club venue where the clientele are reputedly as keen on watching each other as watching whoever happens to be playing. Rumours as to who'll be showing up that evening seem to take in just about everyone bar President-elect Ronald Reagan (who probably prefers local redneck hang-out The Lone Star anyhow, come to think of it), though in the event Led Zeppelin are about the only celebs to be firmly guest-listed, much to the Furs' bemusement.

Last time the band were in town, four weeks and a million gigs ago, they were paid a backstage visit by one David Bowie, currently on Broadway in his guise as The Elephant Man of course.

"He just came round afterwards and said 'Hi, I'm David'," recalls singer Butler Rep. "And I just thought 'Christ! I *know* who you are. I'm Richard Butler!' "

In the convivial discussions which followed, it appears that the Scary Monster expressed his interest in producing future Psychedelic Furs product — a suggestion, as Butler reflects, that he's said to have made to many others in the past, such as Devo and The Human League. The offer, in any event, comes too late to be practicable in the case of their second album, as that's due for recording almost immediately.

"But what was good was the simple fact that he took the trouble to come back and tell us how much he'd liked the show," the frontman concludes, transparently chuffed to receive such endorsement from one of his personal heroes.

BUT SUCH unexpected morale boosters are few and thousands of miles between when you're engaged in the task of "breaking" a continent that looks entirely content to remain complacently unbroken. The Furs' progress has, by all accounts, been a source of satisfaction to the powers-that-be, with sales of the band's debut LP — only recently released in the States — achieving levels that have persuaded CBS to step up their own commitment to the group's promotion. This support can sometimes take disturbingly inappropriate forms — like the issuing of 'furry badges' in a sickening range of psychedelic colours — but it would be virtually impossible to do without.

In fact Butler confesses that he's never quite seen the reason for many bands' distrust of and hostility to large record companies, adding that his own experiences of CBS have been for the most part benign.

"The advantage that we've had," he explains, "is that we signed for a low amount, so CBS don't feel under lots of pressure to recoup their investment quickly. They've let us get on with developing in our own way, without too much pressure. I mean, if they ever tried that, telling us what to do, or what to wear, there's at least three members of this band who'd just walk out."

Needless to say, there are other musicians who'd give less glowing accounts of their dealings with the majors, but for now The Psychedelic Furs are prepared to play ball rather than risk missing the kind of breakthrough they seem to be on the brink of.

Tolerance doesn't always come easy, however, when the demands of the promotional circus go to the farcical lengths of Butler's appearance on the NBC *Live At Five* TV programme — when the bewildered singer found himself hauled out of bed and dragged into a studio to be confronted by questions like "How long does it take you to get your hair that way in the mornings?" and "What do your songs mean?" as well as that old favourite "So tell us, are you 'punk rock'?" There's a long, long way yet to go.

After four weeks continuous touring, during the course of which the band travelled in a massive circle around the country beginning at New York, it would be an understatement to say that the strains of fatigue were beginning to tell. Particularly destructive of the band's spirit is the practice of constantly adding "one more date" to the itinerary — a new spot on the map to be tried out, a return engagement somewhere else.

"It's not even like going through a tunnel," says drummer Vince Ely mournfully, "cos you can never see any light at the end of it. The end keeps getting farther away, and you don't know what you're doing it all for."

So it's more like being on a treadmill? "Yeah, that's it exactly, a treadmill. If they tell us that this is the way we've got to do it, to get anywhere in America, then I'll go along with it. But I don't have to say I'm enjoying it."

When one of the Trax club's endless parade of well-wishers comes up to ask him how he's finding it over here in the States, he replies, "Well, you've heard of the Iranian hostages — we're the English ones."

ALWAYS UPPERMOST on the Furs' collective mind is the need to get back and re-establish themselves at home — which means, in particular, getting to work on the new album. Before that can be done, however, the vexed question of producers has to be settled once and for all. Although Steve Lillywhite is considered to have done a fair job with the first record, nobody seems to feel that The Psychedelic Furs' real sound has been captured on vinyl so far.

"When I'm thinking about producers," says Richard Butler, "I'll say 'Let's use the guy that did 'Forever Changes' by Love, or something, not thinking that that was years ago, and nowadays he's probably driving a bus or whatever."

Some sessions were done a while back with current wonderboy Martin Hannett, but the partnership didn't work out.

"It's not that I want to slag him off, cos obviously he's been right for a lot of the people he's produced. But it's always a 'Martin Hannett sound'. He's like John Wayne: no matter what the film was, John Wayne could only ever play himself, and be John Wayne. It just wasn't our sound."

One result of the collaboration can be heard on 'Susan's Strange', B-side of the present single (the A-side, 'Mr Jones', was produced by one of the Furs' earliest partners Ian Taylor), and although it's an impressive effort in its own right, the finished product is quite unlike the Furs noise as a few of us have come to know and love it.

Not that I've been completely uncritical of The Psychedelic Furs in recent months. Their last London appearance, at the Lyceum, seemed little short of dismal — hampered by the abysmal sound of the place but also characterised by an excess of posturing coupled with an apathetic lack of commitment. The band themselves attribute that to a weariness with the old set, now substantially a few years out of date, and an impatience to get to grips with the new material that should herald a new era in the band's career and development.

The Trax gig, although subject to all the same problems as I'd encountered at the Lyceum, did demonstrate that the band are as capable of the old magical alliance between mystery (in the material) and attack (in the playing) as ever they were — of the unrecorded songs 'Soap Commercial' and 'So Run Down' (the latter about the group's experiences following the police raid during their gig on the last night of Liverpool's Eric's club) seem especially likely to prove themselves as worthy inheritors to the beauties of 'Imitation Of Christ', 'We Love You' and 'Sister Europe'.

Certainly, the reaction from the Trax crowd was favourable enough. Although the suspicion was voiced that it's all too easy to be hailed in New York as this week's sensation from England, and then be forgotten two weeks later, the prevalent air of Anglophilia seemed strong.

Eagerly, I found myself quizzed on the state of affairs over in London: "Like, do the kids have a lot of bars and clubs there?"

"Yes," I answered, "but they generally get confiscated on the door."

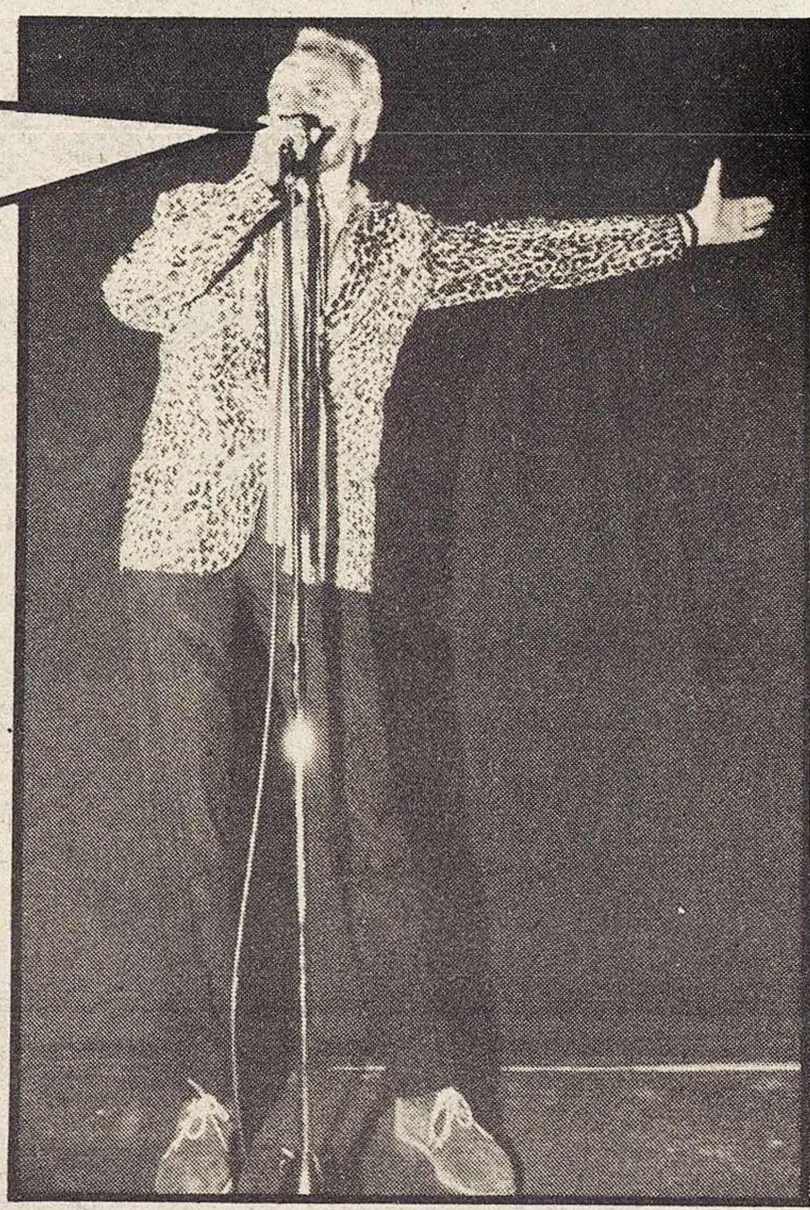
Blank incomprehension suggested that I might as well have saved my breath.

There really is a long, long way to go.

Hi there! I'm Chris Hill, main man and DJ to the sweating legions of British funkateers.

NME have asked me to introduce this piece by DANNY BAKER, who'll wise up you rock types to what it is, where it's at and how it's done. He also gets to interview me, Lynx, and dance his more than ample ass off.

Remember — we have the technology. Take it to the bridge, DB.



THERE'S A BRAND NEW DA

FUNKI BRITA

GET DOWN &

I'VE HAD enough! That's it, that's all! I've been sitting back this last year ignoring this hogwash that's seeped in but, time's up, I've had enough!

The pages of the music press have been dripping with a clotted idea of what music is about in this country right now and nobody has a bloody clue! First off, may I cement the tone of the piece by saying that, shit, I can't think of their names just now, but A Certain Ratio, Talking Heads, The Pop Group and all those crappy lip-servicing, piss poor wide-of-the-mark nostalgia crews claiming to be funky wouldn't know funk music if it came up to them and spat in their unbalanced sweatless eyes! Oh yeah, Gang Of Four that's another of them isn't it? Tuneless, worthless, gutless — the face of rock music today.

At Knebworth this year, between 15,000 and 20,000 British kids turned up to celebrate a one-day funk festival. Wasn't it well lauded in the papers? Yep it seems those priceless, downtrodden street kids are only the rock pets (pet rocks, thanks Julie) when they're wearing a Better Badge. If they show up week after week flipping and dancing crazily to funk music . . . well, then they're misguided musically barren proles, directionless and naive — better still let's ignore them altogether!

November 1980, and there is only one music that lives for the day, only one music that unites black and white without slogans, rallies or propaganda, one music that has fire and power without leadweight oppressiveness. November 1980 and there is only one music! British funk music. Open your eyes, it's right there next to you. And if you think this is about discos and roller skates and bohemian clothes . . . well your name is Malcolm McLaren and I claim my five years that you are behind the times. Some people don't waffle and plot rock's revolution, they live it unaware that anything *less* than furious throwaway beat perfection exists. Some people have mastered music. This is where the story can begin.

"OH NOOO! You're joking. Oh no. Hahahaha . . ." The reaction of every girl I know was almost identical. I tell them I was at such and such a club the night before last and they react.

"Oh nooo! You're joking. Oh no hahaha. God, have I been there? Jesus every weekend, the times . . . the things I could tell you about that place!" And they'd hold their hands to their cheeks to cover the blush of hot nostalgia. The Royalty in Southgate . . . ah if those shady stairways between floors could speak . . . a biography of bawd.

I stood in The Royalty a couple of weeks back and soaked up the oddest most anarchic, craziest daftest scenes since 1977. The only way to get more people in is with goose-grease and a hot shoe-horn. Anyone in shirt and jeans, apart from being drab, is incredibly overdressed. Five girls pass me wearing wee-shorts and identical T-Shirts saying they are part of The Paddington Soul Patrol. The tribes! The tribes are the separate factions, all clearly and ludicrously identifiable, that formed when disco went underground.

Disco went underground because otherwise there was no escape from the Barry Manilow, Barbra Streisand and Ethel Merman camp that climbed aboard one of those inflatable kiddy orange bounce toys and then bounced all over the *Saturday Night Fever* cash slipstream, squashing the youth, vitality and life from a hard music. It got so the club kids retreated inwards as the tide of hi-hat mush swept over the world. But once they shut the door they realized, maybe for the first time, that it was themselves and not the music that were the spark, the essentials, the fun.

Rock fans like to believe that they are the only strain — fine word — who can feel above the mundane trash traps of radio and TV. Rock gets a glow from considering itself an arm's length from the *popular* charts, an orgasm when its 'intellectualism' is stroked. The funk fans are exactly the same, except *they* come when they dance. Ay, there's the rub. We'll come to slimey elitism later; for now I'll make no claims for the funk brainpower but underline that the way they approach, regard and use music is *so* right. The names, the habits, the organization, and the fun of the tribes is a whole separate article that can only be fully realized when we've done justice to why they're nuts in the first place. (The personal book/fanzine that's just come out called *The Family* is worth a browse in the meanwhile). There were over 15,000 of them at Knebworth, and almost twice that number for the annual funk weekend at Caister. In the Royalty the certain ratio is sixty percent white to forty percent black. There are no rivalries, no moody groups plotting to do the other moody group. Nobody checked their watch.

The place boiled to records, most of which I had never heard before. Neither had they. Funk works like that — the crucial choice of DJ spins records that are exlusively *of the moment,* up to the minute. No golden oldies, no chart-toppers, no requests. They trust the DJs absolutely — the jocks with their twin decks stage centre are, if anyone has to be, the stars. It's a constant battle betweent he kids and the jocks to see who keeps out in front with the imports. Up to the minute, of the moment, that's the way the stars are made tonight. Pick up on it and thow it away, that favourite rock ideal that always collapses because they're always too much in love with the old sow, is in full practice inside funk. Whatwasthat? Forget it, here's another one . . .

Last week, funk moved into London's Venue theatre. Its numbers are now so great it moves onto the offensive. The Venue — a cheesy mausoleum, part Bowling Alley part Batley's — won the battle, numbing the punch and push of even DJ Chris Hill's act. But I'd never seen it more alive. In the comparative silence of the bass pedal intro to one song, even with Hill swearing encouragement, you could pick up on the buzz of activity around. Words and hoots dash through, you're aware that people are screaming with pleasure and for the hell of it, whistles squeal, somewhere to the far left an odd party of ten have formed a circle and have struck up their own rhythm of clapping and chanting. Someone stands on a table to look for a friend in the dancefloor crush — someone else stands on his shoulders for no reason at all. A bedlam. A real madhouse, free-for-all, an invasion. It's dark and it's loud and it's crazy and it's strobe and it's fast and it's hot and it's panic and it's breathless and it's crisp and it's tight and it pounds and it whirls and it dances and it dances and it dances and it dances.

Away at the back at the bar where they give you a menu full of presumptious and smugly familiar drink names like 'A Sloe Screw Up Against The Wall' The Venue is still its cobwebbed country retreat self. Hill, the DJ, sees and seizes the chance to heckle like I never heard since the days of the Roxy.

"A COMPETITION! A COMPETITION! THE FIRST PERSON TO SPOT A ROCK HIPPY GETS A PRIZE! Look in the toilets, there's probably a few still in there drugged up from last night. Anyone with a leather jacket and a Motorhead T-Shirt counts!"

The funk DJ has to pull off the impossible. To be constantly urgent but never swamping. His voice must punctuate but not clutter. There must be no let up in music. No let up in encouragement. He must *be there,* right in the thick of it but at the same time must know exactly what the next record will create and the split second the opening crash hits home. You can't just blather and gag all over records like those slack morons on the radio — you gotta be alive. The bravado must never get boorish.

"A WINNER! TWO WINNERS! We found one asleep at a table — he thought The Stray Cats were on tonight! And Tony from Brixton just found John Peel hiding in the karsey."

A girl next door admits though what everyone feels; though the outing is a crack, it's nothing like The Royalty or Flicks or The Goldmine . . .

1980 IS significant in the growth of funk because it marks the real birth of the funk fan into the funk band. British funk is beginning to break out, chasing the solidifying American scene back across the Atlantic. Though UK has toyed with the basics before through the likes of Heatwave ('Groove Line', 'Boogie Nights'), Hi-Tension ('British Hustle') and sporadic others, it was always with an air of struggle and like as not with a slavish eye on what Big Brother Yankee was pointing the stick to. Cover versions. But this time Britfunk is organizing proud and with venom. We've seen how it's done and kids are grouping and grasping the recording controls. First success blood went to Linx.

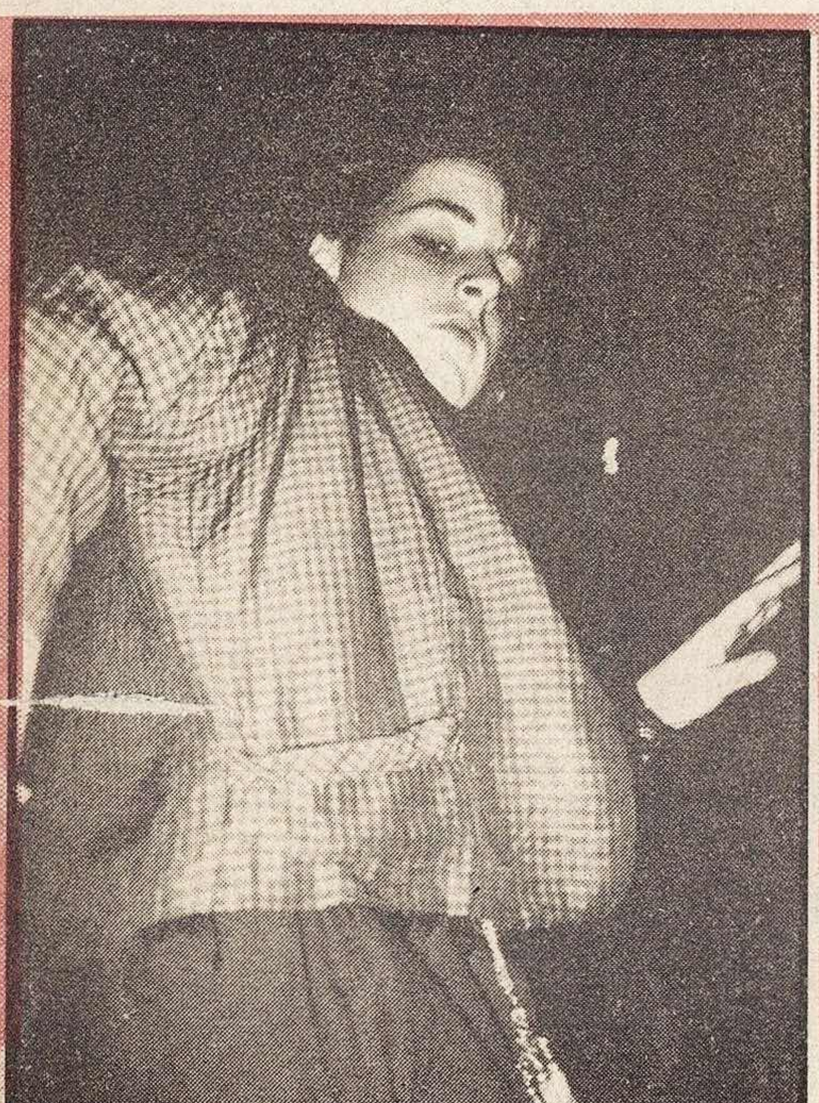
Linx are a duo with David Grant from Hackney and Sketch from Silvertown North London. They got out their single 'You're Lying' on an independent deal with the City Sounds record shop, soon Chrysalis were upon it and it hit. 'You're Lying', a record by two black blokes from the street who'd been shaped in the clubs, was a record of shocking excellence. Their back-up recordings are better still.

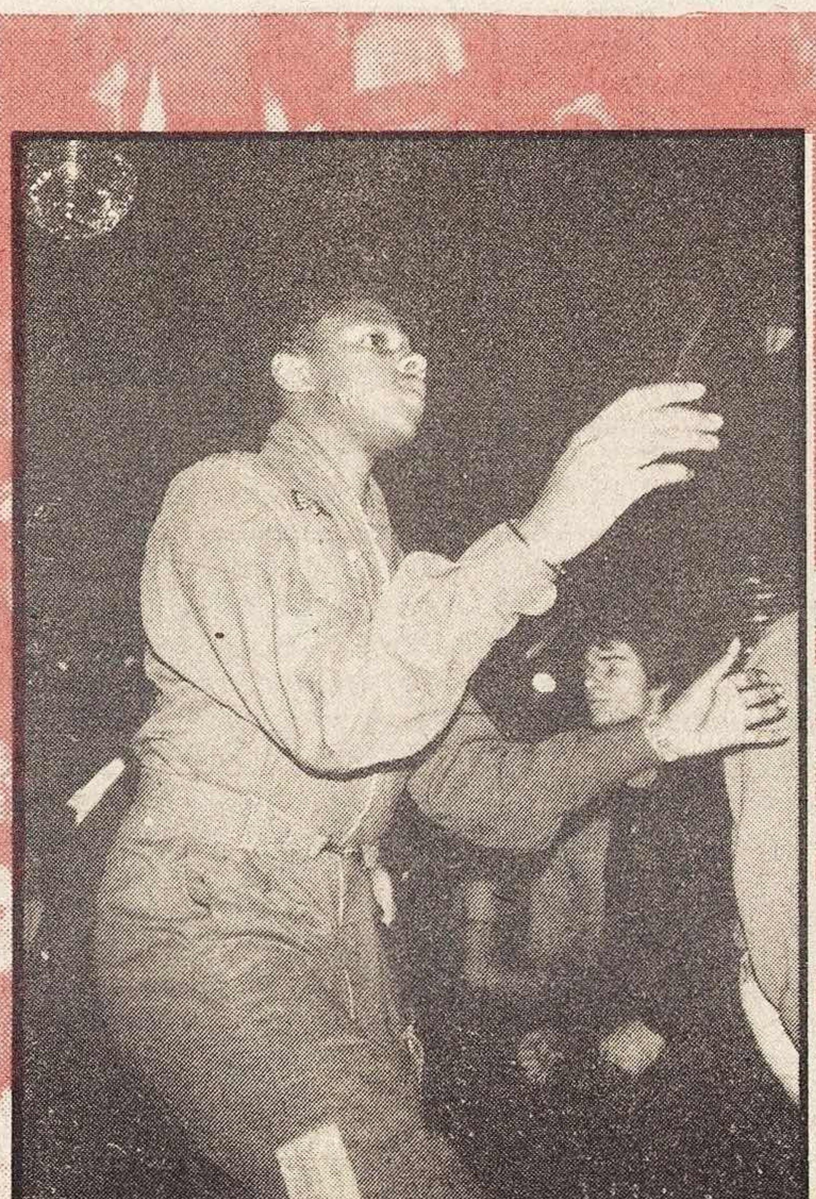
Wot? No reggae?

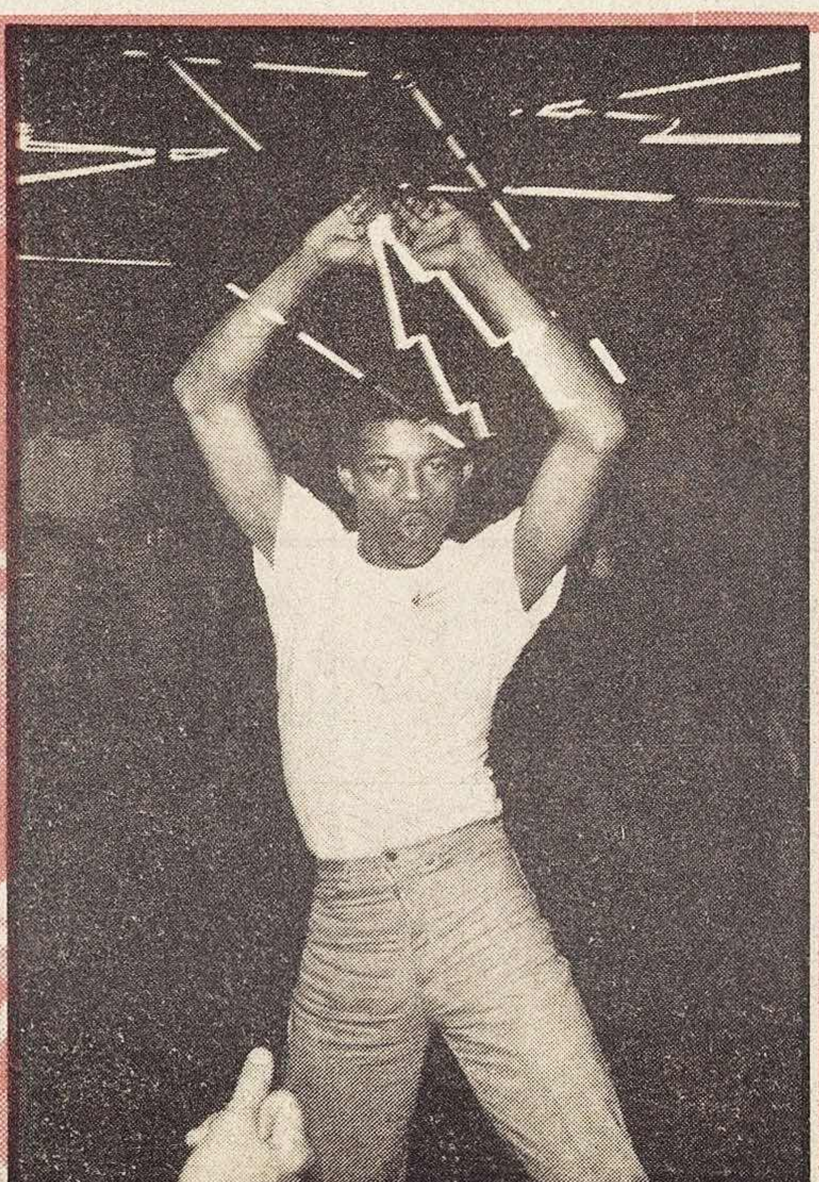
Sketch: "I never felt any pressure to play reggae, all the blokes I knew were into disco. The first band I was in was booked into a reggae club and it was one of the most embarrassing moments of my life, I think we were *expected* to be a reggae group." Before we go any further, Sketch, why are you called that? "Because my real name is Preliminary Drawing but people find that a bit of a mouthful."

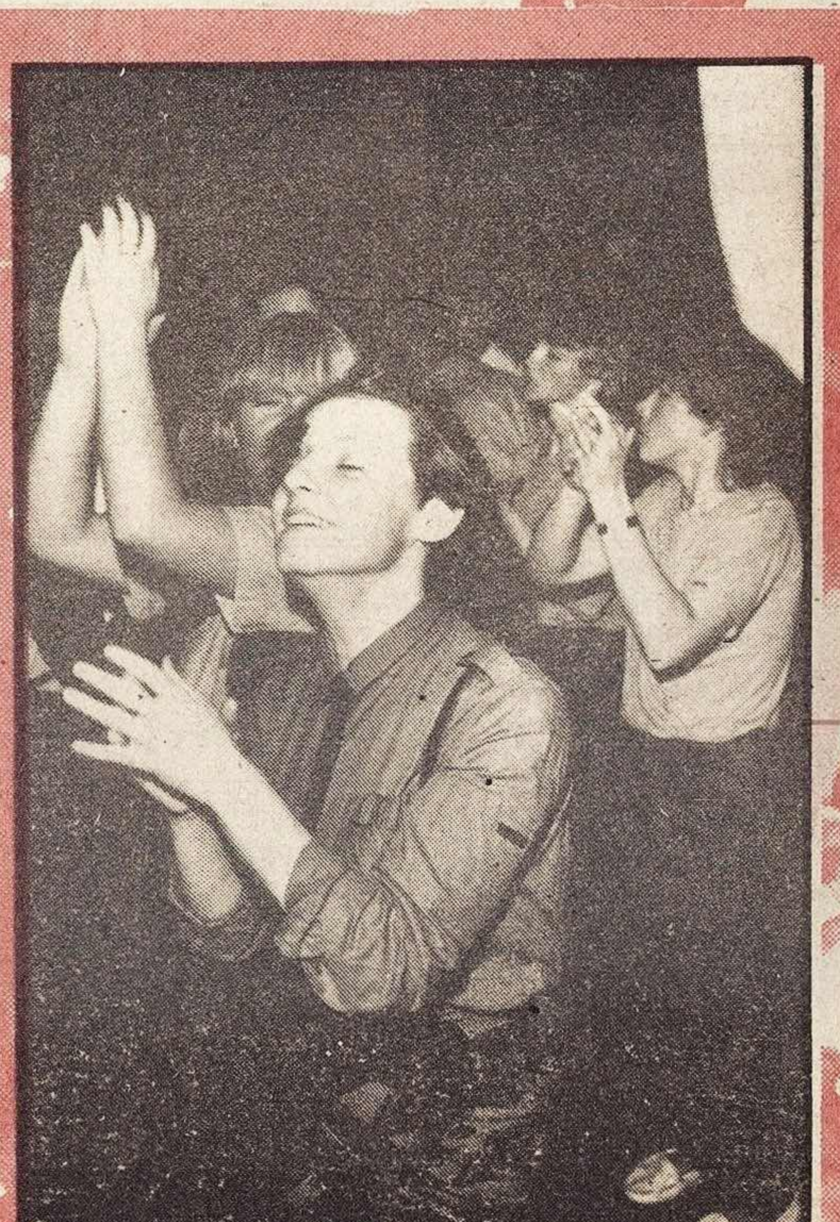
David: "See I can't say I love reggae because I never grew up with it, some of the old stuff everyone hears yeah, but mainly I lived for Motown. I'd buy all them Motown Chartbusters and do all the Temptations routines in front of a mirror — too much armswinging — and later I remember when I was in my sixth year at school I'd put The Ohio Players or Al Green on the player and turn away, then someone else would sneer at it and all of a sudden it was replaced by Queen. Black music wasn't the 'proper' music."

Sketch: "I was a rock fan though. I still think Jagger or McCartney should have gone instead of Hendrix. I think I was into that stuff because I grew up in Plaistow and there was only one other black family round our way, a Jamaican family, and with the older generation of black people it was very cliquey. The 'best' people were from Jamaica, Trinidad or Guyana, the big islands, everything else was strictly *small* island. I didn't like what reggae I heard, though, and got called 'hippy' by other black kids for liking rock music, later on. There's so much









ANCE GOING AROUND . . .

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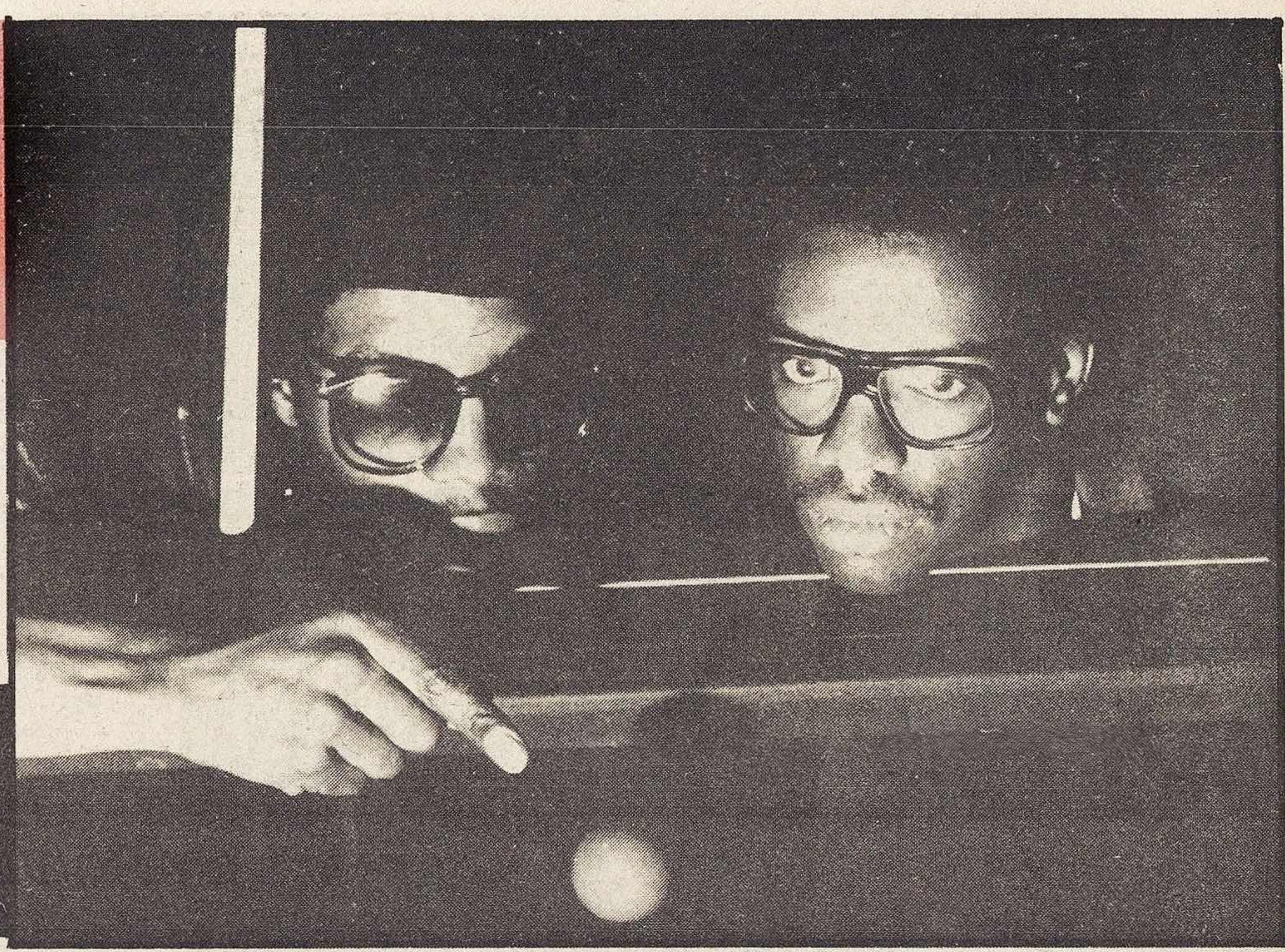


LYNX sock it to the pocket.

snobbishness still today where you have, say, Gang Of Four afficianados who, while liking the music, are very into being the only ten Gang Of Four fans in town: 'We know what's happening'."

David: "See, 'You're Lying' took us by surprise because we know there's bound to be a prejudice against British bands doing soul same as there was against British bands playing rock in the early '60s . . ."

Sketch: "And British reggae bands. I like reggae more now, in fact we met cos I used to work in Fat Man's Hi-Fi in Tottenham High Street."

David: "With punk though it's doubly difficult because the pull of America being the home nation is so strong. I definitely believe that the days of America being a force are numbered. The heroes, my heroes, of the past few years — Commodores, EW&F, Marvin Gaye — aren't doing it anymore. Just wrapped up in old formulas and their radio system where they've got a chart for farting, a chart for balding musicians, a chart for people with brown shoes.

"American imports are now containing 2 outa ten for content and eight outa ten for presentation and production. The British stuff will be the reverse. I never wanted to imitate America because I learned way back when I used to enter, when I used to *win*, dance competitions and I knew it was no good copying the other good dancers. You do it yourself or end up looking like a fool. Like all those groups that followed The Sex Pistols. They copied, or tried to rather, everything. That's not anarchistic, that's conforming. The whole idea was inspired by punk for me, that idea of control. Before we put the record out we set up our own management and publishing companies. It sounds grand but it isn't and it's not that hard to achieve. Now no recording company can import some big US producer to mold us into his idea of a sound . . . y' know all those songs with 'honda' bass lines (mimics that loping hondahondahonda cliche)."

Do you think funk fans are too fussy about production?

David: Look, disco fans are not the morons they're painted. In plenty of ways they are more sophisticated than . . . whoever. I was listening to that 'Emotional Rescue' album the other day and we agreed that if it was a soul band they'd never get away with that production. It wasn't rough and it wasn't raw — it was a mess.

What about all this US mysticism obsession?

"Well see it's things like that which make the rise of British funk so strong. We formed out of and for the fans. We have contact, we still go down the clubs. I'm not the world's greatest lyricist but I can't ever write about pyramids and conciousness because, well, I don't often mention pyramids in the run of normal conversation. I don't use the word 'jive'. There are certain phrases and euphemisms that are great for New York but don't exactly cut it in Hackney. You see, what happened to rock is happening now to a lot of American funk . . ."

Sketch: "But we realise that runs through all entertainment — golfers, footballers : as soon as someone shows promise they immediately become an economic thing. The world loves money and that usually signals the end. We can only attempt to slow the process down."

David: "But getting back to the lyrics — too much of a case is made against soul lyrics. Look at *"Just a castaway no-one here but me—O/A lonely day an island lost at sea—O"* — well, nobody thinks that is particularly weak or that Sting is a moron. You can say something just as 'heavy' or just as banal in rock as in soul. On 'You're Lying' it was personal for me but it was impersonal insofar as we've all felt that pressure to conform. I wrote that because I know what it's like to be intelligent and unemployed, though that's not what the song's about.

"Use me anyway you could/Told me it was for my own good/You want me at your beck and call/It's your way or no way at all/When will your lying stop."

David: "What we're involved in is the progression of black music and that includes disco. Rock people love to hark back to the power of early '60s soul but they don't realise that the feeling a 15 year old got out of Barrett Strong, James Brown or Smokey is exactly the same as a fifteen year old gets now from The Jacksons or Narada Michael Walden. Or Linx."

The Americans are all so old too.

David: "Yeah, where are all the young guys? I'll tell you something as well that I really feel about the British funk movement — nearly said British Movement. It seems to me that all the media are middle class, they might have been working class once but they've forgotten. Now as you know, this movement is overwhelmingly working class. The jocks, the Bands and the fans are all working class. All other music does seem totally preoccupied with messages. Now I live in Hackney on the council, I've done some lousy jobs and I've been unemployed — I know all about the bad conditions. Why do I need to be told?

"The funk movement is made up of the kids who love and live for that outlet at weekends. They don't look for some intellectual or quasi intellectual to tell them they're working class or some professor to point out they are not at work. They don't need it, they live it. The media seem to think we're a load of plebs unable to work out oppression or that this government is especially capitalist. I don't look to music to let me know that folks in Hackney are poorer than those in Hampstead . . . so where are all the young people? They're over here in Britain."

YOU'LL BE seeing Linx around a lot. But from that interview you'll hardly get the flavour of the true anger and disgust some quarters of the funk movement feel toward the music press. Most of the dancers don't actually know it exists, true, but that should be an embarrassment on this side of the fence. Wait a second, who was that loud-mouthed, foul tongued showman at the controls? Who is that spitfire lipped self promoter that kids travel mighty distances to see and hear weave webs of saxes and hard bass? You think I was angry at the start? Up steps DJ Chris Hill and —

HOLD ONTO YOUR HATS!!

"The music press have never, ever come to terms with the black music scene in this country, they've never reflected it properly. Now you get them raving about these huge soul stars of the '60s — well they never wrote about *them* at the time either. They're complete Johnny-come-lately's when it comes to black music, infested through with a breed of people who just cannot dance. That's what it is, no dancing at all. The press have their *token* black bands who they like to feel keep them in touch. The last Chic album got rave reviews — I couldn't believe it! That was the biggest piece of dog-shit on God's earth.

"You see how frustrating it is to see something happening like it is amongst the new black bands now, and look it doesn't matter if a lot of what they do sounds irrelevent or the same, it *is* happening all the same, but you would never know that if you read the rock press. Fifteen thousand kids went to National Soul Day at Knebworth and I couldn't read about it. Too busy with fads."

How about McLaren's notions of liberating kids?

"That just strikes me as a complete rock'n'roll attitude. Liberating? See another thing is . . . when the punk thing was about to happen I was at the Lacy Lady and we'd just put across the biggest con on the national press with this Glen Miller thing, remember? That was a blag, a real crack, it wasn't about music, it was these kids enjoying the fashion for a fun half hour. But the nationals — OK it was the silly season — made it into some mania, which was good because it at last put the spotlight on them and they began this dressing up with more confidence. And it was these very kids who were the first ones to, halfway through that summer, get into punk. We had the Siouxsie crowd and Subway Sect — they'd all been punters down at The Lacy or Crackers. I could see all these kids bopping about to Lonnie Liston Smith on the Friday and then off to the Sex Pistols gig the next night."

Did you ever get involved in punk?

"Oh yeah! I put bands on at The Lacy on Thursday nights — The Clash, Damned. So it was amazing to me that the press can go overboard about that but now . . .

"It's a form of musical racism. They'll support reggae because reggae is, in big letters, CULTURE. See our music doesn't have CULTURE attached to it. Even the jazz which is danced to can't by any means be called the most avant-garde of jazz so jazz writers hate it. It's dance music. If you can't feel the bloody thing — there's the argument that they only work in clubs but that ain't strictly true. It works on the radio. Robbie (Vincent) and Greg Edward's shows work and look at Radio Invicta (the pirate jazz-funk station),. So to rock ears it appears very wimpey, the little they hear, and even we've coined an expression for some of the jazzier stuff — 'fuzak' — but they're so willing to judge it all by the worst of it.

"Even in the, uh, black press *(Black Echoes, Blues & Soul)* they're saying that the UK bands are just watered down versions of what's happening in the States — but that's all that happened in England in the early '60s and nobody complained then because they were *white* boys doing it."

Is it happening in the North of England so much?

"There is a scene up there but it's much smaller. We've done a few gigs but er . . . mainly due to all kinds of economic reasons too. There are isolated pockets in the big cities. The halls have to be found too. You saw it for yourself at The Venue, some rooms work some rooms don't. It's as incongruous to try and capture the Goldmine atmosphere in there as it is to try and rave about this whole scene in the *NME*. We can try and invade and upset these bastions of the old rock'n'roll scene."

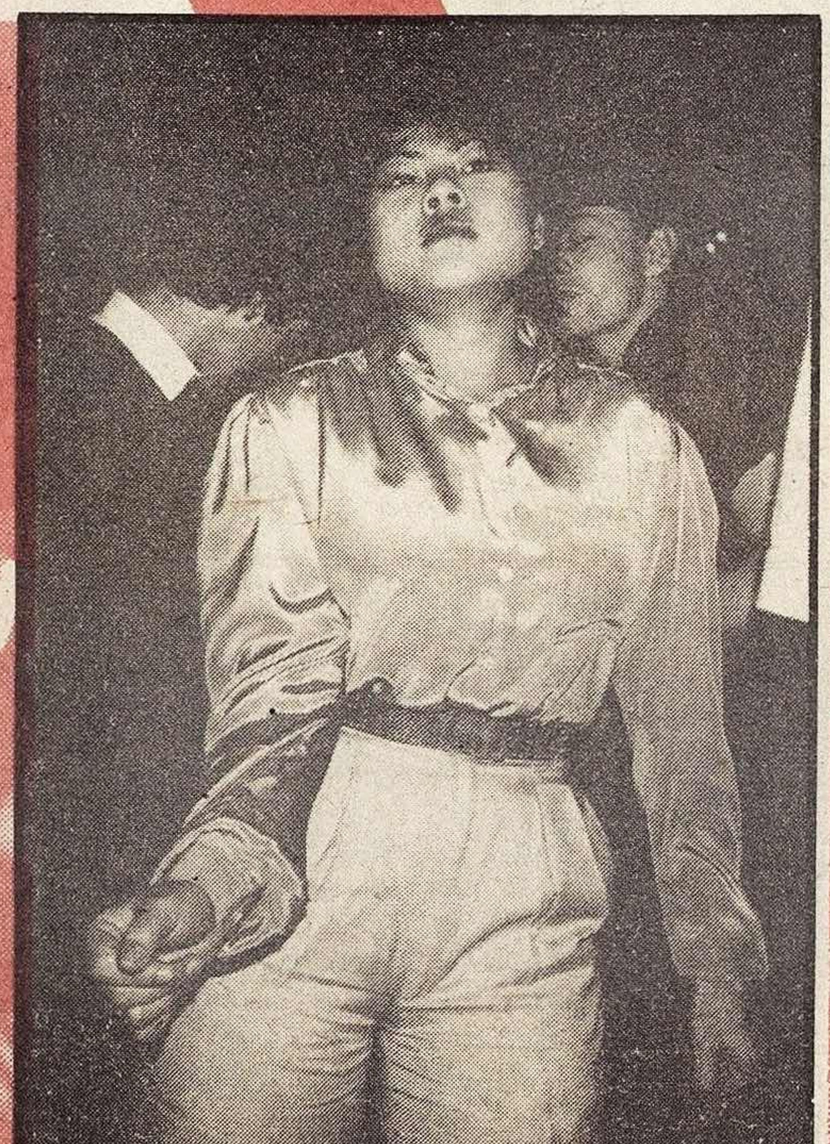
How much eltism do you find?

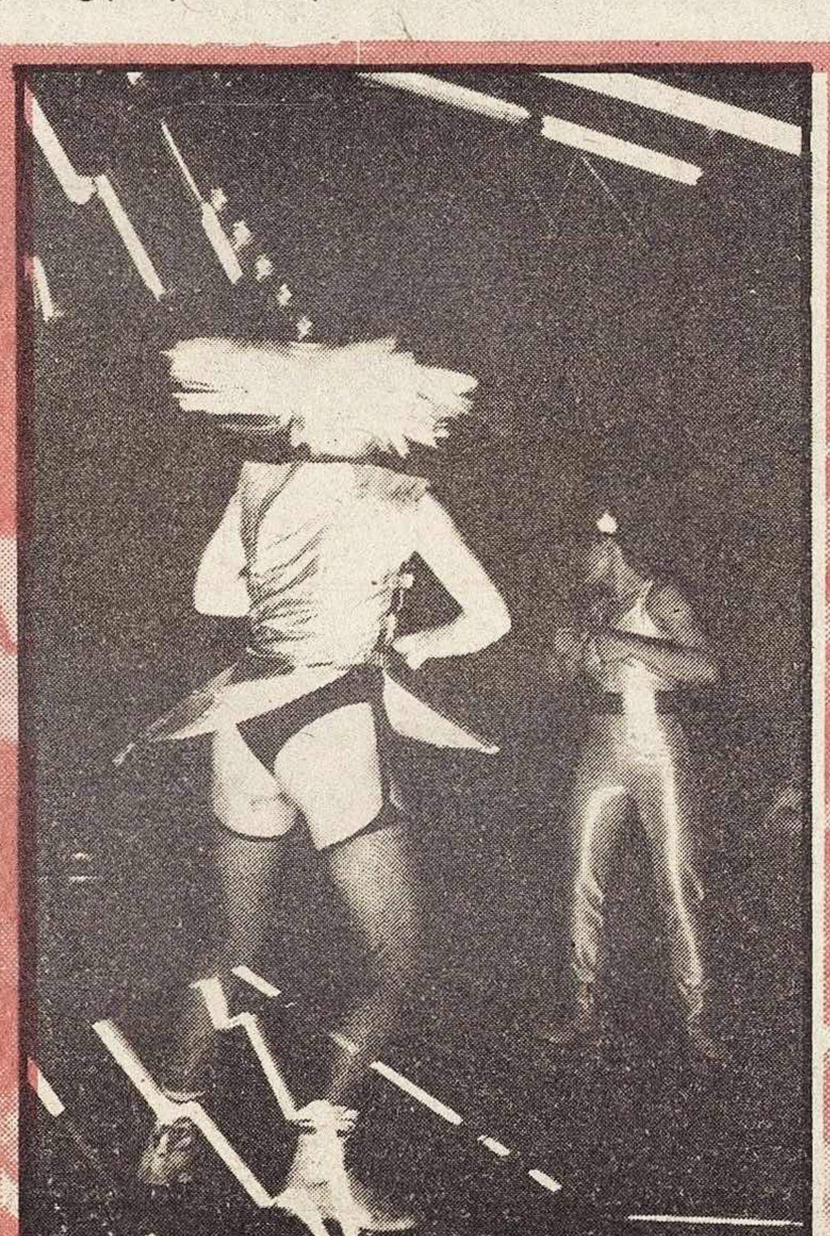
"I tell you, there is a kind of problem even with the token black press, it's almost as if they don't want it to be too successful, to go all the way. The punters do to some extent."

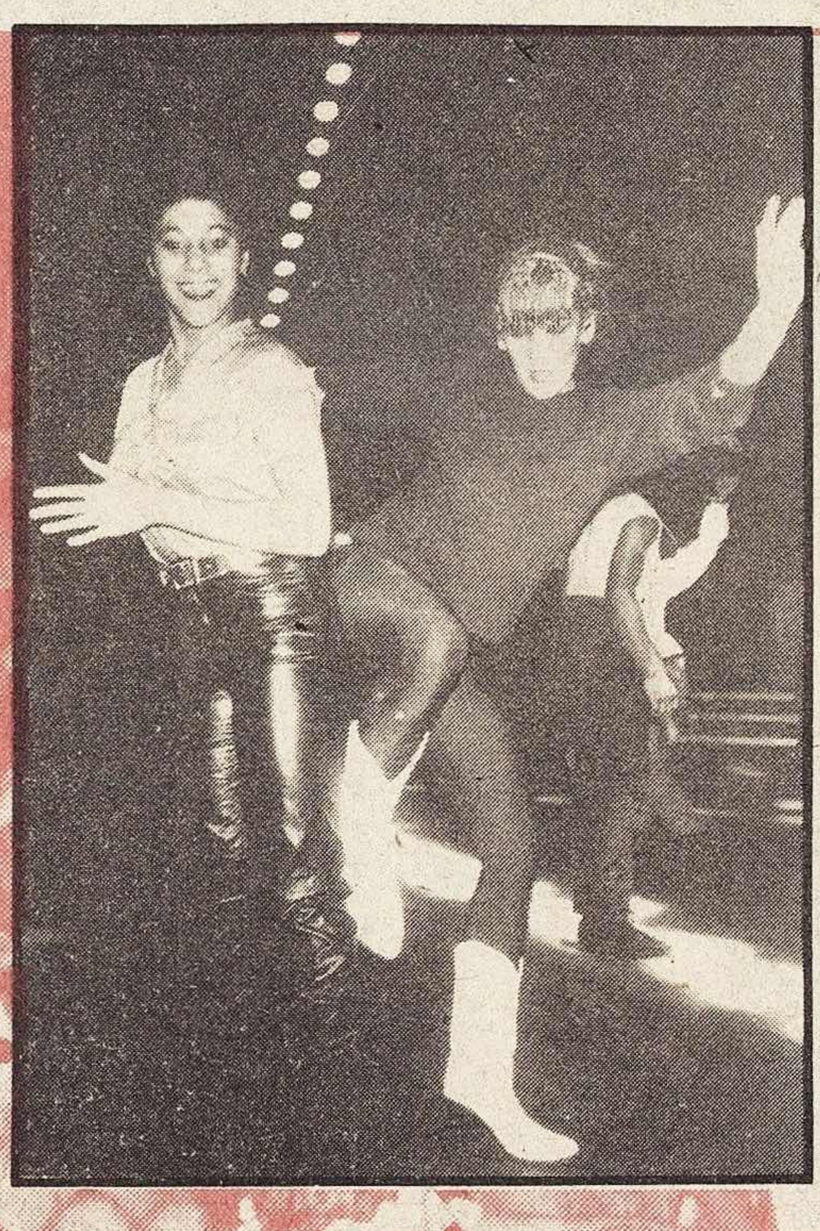
What about rock flirting with black music?

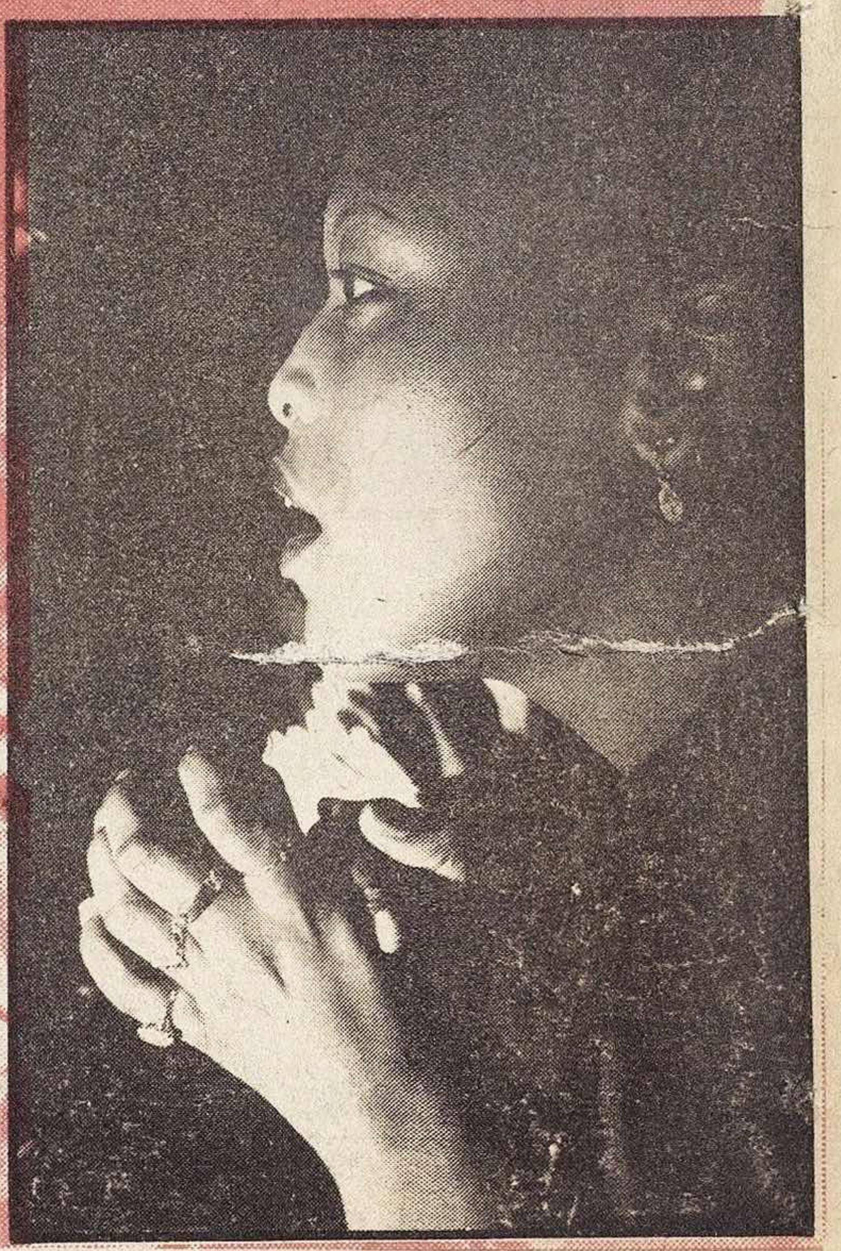
"Well it does and it doesn't. All I ever hear is rock drawing from historic black music, never from contemporary. I mean Dexy's Midnight Runners are, without a doubt, un - a - dult - er - ated dog-shit. And yet people have zeroed in on that and onto the 2-Tone revival. Do you know why? To compensate that they missed it first time around. These prats on the radio going on about these great new interpretation of great '60s records . . . what great '60s records? Those pricks never played them in the '60s. Only one jock ever played black American music in the '60s and that was Tony Blackburn. That was because he was mobile, the guy was working the clubs. All those other pricks were playing Herman's Hermits and that's how it stands

➧ *To page 61*

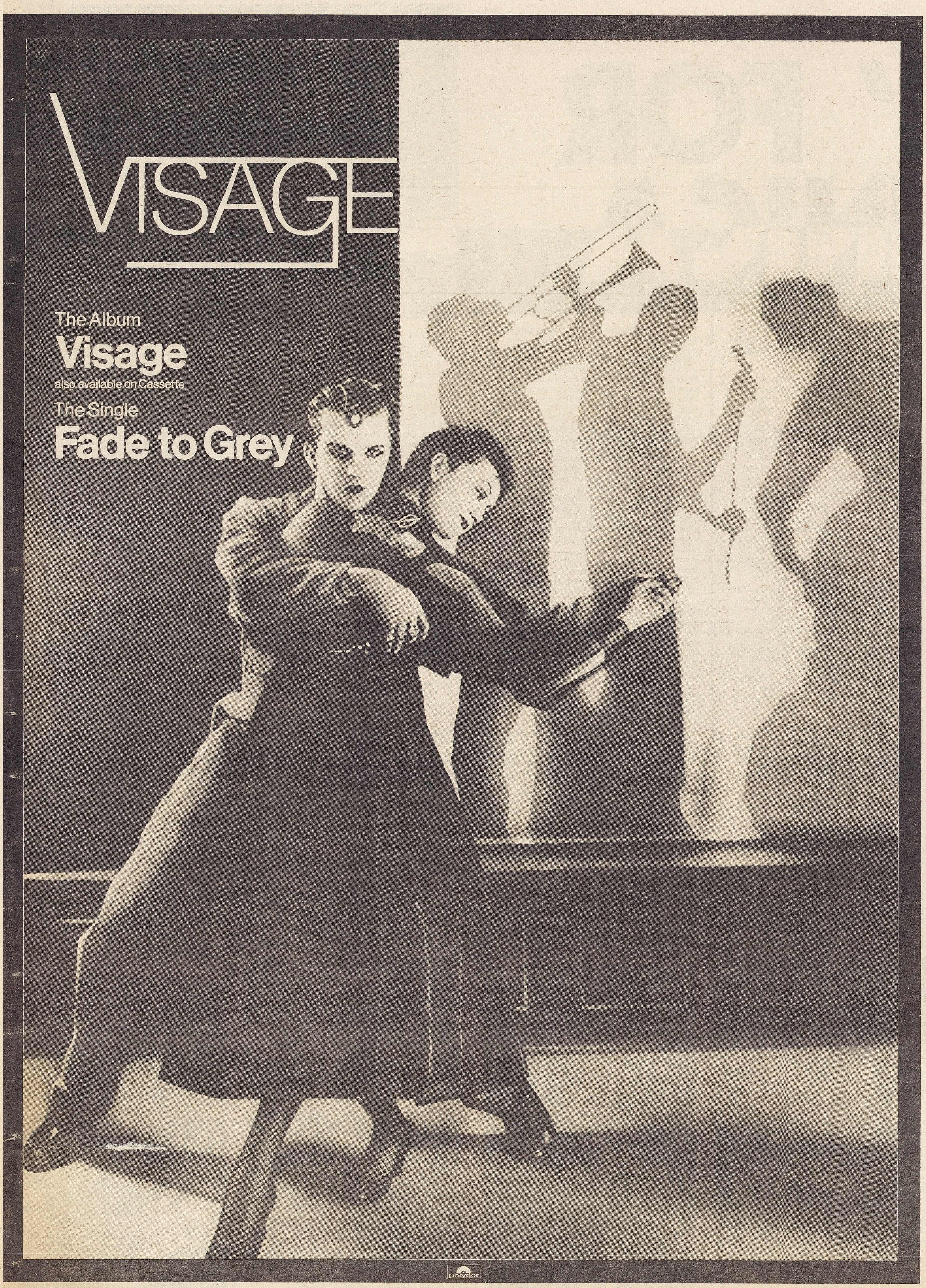








Clicks, pics & snaps: Peter Anderson


VISAGE
The Album
Visage
also available on Cassette
The Single
Fade to Grey
Polydor

ALBUMS

IMAGE PUBLIQUE S.A.
Paris Au Printemps *(Virgin)*

LYDON says he hates live albums. 'Paris Au Printemps' — PAP — the best of two nights recorded in Paris this spring, is a consumer service for people that would have shelled out vast sums for low-fi bootlegs of the (currently) extinct species, PiL live.

It was cut for the cost of two reels of tape, and edited down in two hours, with none of the overdubbed parts common in live LPs — "only some reverb to drown out the crowd booing," John says.

He means it. The audience was hard-core Pistols fans, dinosaurs too busy tying their legs together to register the passing of three years. Hence the Gallic jeers, and John's cute asides: "Oh yes, very amusing . . . good, ain't we. SHUT UP! I'll walk off this stage if you keep spitting. DOG!" Cut to the classic punk image: artist/audience barriers crumbling thunderously, like demolished high-rises. Does it look quaint to you, now?

Parisian non-comprehension of PiL in the spring of 1980 seems daft, given the quality of the music. But then, PiL's instinctive suspicion (and frequent rejection) of the way things like music and its means of production generally toddle along means they're disturbing, hence often resented.

PiL seem to feel most secure when they're poised over the live wire in the Underground, checking out the noise of the onrushing train for possible recording potential. The bedrock is solid drumming, deliberately straightforward, the least imaginative element. Beyond that, it's Wobble's steady bass, teetering on the brink of the nimble jazz runs that displeased Lydon and Levene. Excellent, actually.

Beyond *that*, it's Levene's extraordinary relationship to music; an obsessive perfectionism that leads him to loathe sounds that do not extend the known boundaries of contemporary Western popular music.

He plays guitar and synthesiser. With the guitar, it sounds like a love/hate relationship. He's either trying to strangle it by the neck, or hack at it with a razor, or smother it in deadly flowers of romance.

Levene's synthesiser work, exemplified on 'Careering' (here known as 'Precipitament') oddly parallels Jah Shaka's live dub at a sound system, though neither of them's aware of the fact. Only Shaka conjures those abstract waves and shapes of texture. The molten core means that music flows through the player like blood.

Lydon luxuriates in his words, method acting the themes: greed, ignorance, stupidity. The intelligence is fierce, the delivery 3-D. Part of the strength comes from confidence in his — our? — survival. 'Theme''s tug'o'war words — *"I wish I could die . . . I will survive . . . now I understand . . . it doesn't matter no more"* — are a Miltonian epic battle with a giggle in the tail. The attack is as serious as the Pistols clones the Parisians were expecting, and even more threatening. *"The likes of you and me is an embarrassment,"* as Lydon observes in 'Chant.'

The biggest question raised by PAP's time capsule is — what will PiL be minus Wobble? The answer is seven or so tracks already recorded for a new album — Levene, Lydon, and Lee went through severe birth pangs/constipation before these innovatory rhythms took shape, but the results outweigh the inconvenience.

Instead of Levene stepping into the bassie slot, as I'd expected, PiL have done it again, broken another sound barrier. While half the world wants to sound like Chic, and the other half like Sly and Robbie — or like PiL, come to that — the Company's created a new kind of rhythm, a definite dance-able rhythm *not based on bass and drums.*

I'll leave you to ponder on the mind-boggling implications of that statement. The meaning behind the moaning gets clearer all the time.

Vivien Goldman

Pic: Anton Corbijn

This smoking ruin, all that remains of one of England's great art treasures, is merely the first victim of the Government's betrayal of our noble firemen. Caption-writers of page 35 say "Support the firemen! Smash the 6% limit! Never bend down in a revolving door!"

Parisian wars . . . and Indian lores

NEIL YOUNG
Hawks & Doves
(Reprise/WEA)

SOME TIME ago, Neil Young produced 'American Stars And Bars' — originally intended as a concept album which would offer one set of songs about American bars contrasted with offerings about American 'stars'/heroes. Things changed; the LP turned out *all* about bars, the escapism of hooch, and its spiritual strip-mining.

But last week, as a personal statement on the eve of another American election (specifically an election which seemed to symbolise the end of an era of dreams with fearful finality), Young delivered that intended album. Its sleeve flaunts one star and bars, but the title is now 'Hawks & Doves', and no longer is it some 'concept'. It is Young's individual attempt (no Crazy Horse to be heard) to come to terms with both his own past and the past of his adopted country.

The title serves notice that this is a work architected from no one point of view. It also suggests that life's meaning is identifiable through relationships with one's fellow citizens and with the common homeland — a meaning Young sees as given depth and resonance by memory. The title track's allusions back to the language and political point-in-time of 'Helpless' are no accident; neither is the album's expansion of the movin'-on-to-continue-the-quest stance of 'Thrasher' and the idiosyncratic *"Marlon Brando, Pocohontas, and me"* universe of 'Rust Never Sleeps'.

Critic Stephen Holden recently commented that with 'The River' 's 'Ramrod', Bruce Springsteen has written an "ultimate car song which out-tools 'Maybelline'." Well, Young's 'Hawks & Doves' track is a formidable *update* of Chuck Berry's 'Back In The USA' — only instead of merely paralleling the earlier song, Young also undercuts it, using very American techniques of economy and irony to flush out every dark, ambivalent truth which lurked within Berry's original vision.

These are truths which time and events have exposed, but the marriage of cryptic intensity and sad sweetness in the lyrics, and the deceptively loose shuffle of the hammerhead hoedown create something which hasn't been heard since the salad days of The Band (also, with one exception, Canadians obsessed by the dream/identity of America).

That single exception, The Band's Arkansas-born Levon Helm, has a lot to do with the accomplishments of 'Hawks & Doves' (technically credited with drumming on one cut, it sounds certain that he contributed in spirit and in fact to all of Side Two). Simply put, the best of this LP is real shitkicker stuff, its intelligence playing peekaboo from behind Good Times/Bad Times sentiments and sawdust floor square-dance band sound. And, of course, Young's familiarly perverse sense of humour.

The most successful example of the latter is 'Comin' Apart At Every Nail': ostensibly the honest country lament of a blue collar worker bewildered by his vanishing lot — only played as if the whole band were flat out on their backs. When Springsteen sings of the "working man" he *believes* — he equates 'work' with *work* (as in 3-hour soundchecks before gigs, shitty summer jobs, and the simpler, everyday sufferings obvious to any observer with a mind behind his eyeballs). But Springsteen's 'blue collar' is also akin to Bobby Vinton's 'Blue Velvet': a valuable part of rock's very rich tapestry and within that context, a workable symbol of romance and its defeats.

Neil Young's working man is at an even further remove (after all, we're talking rock and roll and the best American rock and roll *is* American poetry) from 'reality'. His 'work' is sifting and searching, puttering about Young's singular junkhouse — an unlocked garage stuffed with old Indian charms, lampshades burnt through by the bulbs whose light they embraced, chairs felled by time and fat, mattresses bedbugged by the many sites where they've lain.

Out in front sits Young, strumming and staring off into the polaroid Wilderness, the America of yesterday and today, the place where promises have been broken too freely for most to care. He watches *"Hawks and doves circlin' in the rain"* and dreams dreams both personal and solid — visions that, ever since 'Broken Arrow', are much like those of the First North American, the Red man. Like the Indian (whose complex iconographies of the moon, the bird, and the shadow-self weave a novel, mystic optimism on 'The Old Homestead' — written in '74), Young feels a genuine reverence for his everyday environment even when that environment ingeniously includes telephone booths, garden landscapes, Highway One, and honky tonking. Listening to 'Hawks & Doves' and its erratically poetic visions recalls many records of the Indian experience, particularly these words of Santee Dakota author Ohiyesa: "The first American never claimed that articulated speech was proof of superiority over the dumb creation; on the other hand, it is to him a perilous gift."

'Hawks & Doves' is no completely unqualified success, despite five cuts of major importance (on the acoustic Side One, 'The Old Homestead' and the complex, allusive 'Captain Kennedy'; on electric Side Two, 'Comin' Apart At Every Nail', 'Union Man' and the title cut). Much of the rest is over-whimsical and veers towards the lightweight, but through the whole album runs a peculiar, pervasive sense of closeness to a mothering force. Some might call it an ideal of community, some hope, others the never-fully-explicable stakes of American rock and roll.

Cynthia Rose

Pic: Joe Stevens

Jane and her co-Mo-dettes were having wonderful fun being cute for a living. Then the time came for them to make an album. Now read on . . .

So far, it's rubbish

THE MO-DETTES
The Story So Far *(Deram)*

ON PAPER, in the photos, it's a great idea for an all girl group. It may be a sick reflection on the rock and real world, but a female group is still a novelty, and The Mo-dettes have turned the tables by making an oddity into something really worth staring at.

Four different identities with a strong streak of character and an equally sharp dress sense, they've defiantly flouted their own femininity instead of allowing others to manipulate it for them. The charm of their image is in its lack of defeatism and the way they've naturally felt no need to saddle themselves with wearisome justifications. And musically at one point it looked like The Mo-dettes were set to splash some colour across the dour '80s atmosphere with an eclectic update of punk enthusiasm, pop melody and a dash of '60s frolic and flair.

Unfortunately, according to 'The Story So Far', things haven't worked out that way. This is an irritating, slight and uneven album; with only here and there a trace of the verve and wit that their first single, no less than their visual appearance, led one to expect.

The fault lies not so much in the songs, although there's nothing here so instantly stylish as 'White Mice', but in the way they've been presented. The production has moved away from the smooth pop sound of the first single, and its greater sense of space shows up The Mo-dettes' instrumental inadequacies, so that their music relies too much on Jane's tuneful bass lines and Ramona's warm tones and slurred accent.

At times, as in 'Dark Park Creeping' and 'Bedtime Stories', they've chosen a reggae influenced arrangement that lacks the perfectly orchestrated anarchy of The Slits and just sounds scrappy. Overall, the album is reduced to a series of sketches, imperfectly realised, and with a sound that can't create the *mood* which each of the story-songs cry out for.

All of this is a waste, for if you look at intentions rather than actual achievement, there's a lot here to like in The Mo-dettes' sparkle, their sharp, superficial observations and their attempt to evoke atmospheres.

Their love songs swing from the dismissive and the predatory to the dependant, there's the wry, cautionary tale of the Kray Twins, a cutting send-up of female stereotypes in 'Foolish Girl'; and although there's plenty of sorrowful sympathy in the world of 'Sparrow' — their Edith Piaf tribute — as in the rest of the tracks, an effort to match their imagination with an equally poignant musical backdrop just doesn't work.

The same problems recur on 'Paint It Black' which sounds trite rather than radically rearranged. And 'White Mouse Disco' is nothing of the sort — just a much inferior arrangement; while 'Masochistic Opposite' still sounds a lot better on the B-side of the single.

'The Story So Far' ends up an averagely pleasant collection of pop songs that has dwindled to the shallow dimensions of the vapid Betty Boops on the cover. To match The Mo-dettes it should have been harder, brighter, sharper.

Lynn Hanna

LOL COXHILL & MORGAN-FISHER
Slow Music *(Pipe)*

"IN retrospect," explains Morgan-Fisher in his sleeve-note, "it could perhaps be said that the intention was to produce the minimum 'amount' of music (if such an amount can ever be the same for two different people, or even for the same person at different times) required to hold the listener's attention, without dictating what his/her response should be."

In this respect, 'Slow Music' is a not-too-distant cousin of Eno's ambient musics, both in theory and practice; thankfully, it's one of the most satisfying examples of the genre I've come across so far, being neither overblown nor boring.

Recorded cheaply at Fisher's own Pipe Studios (his flat, I believe), 'Slow Music' is the first example of the kind of interdisciplinary collaborations his Pipe label intends to foster, consisting largely of his treatments and alterations of Coxhill's, sax-playing.

'Que En Paz Descanse', which opens the record, is ten minutes of Coxhill playing soprano over a pre-recorded tape constructed by Fisher from notes and phrases supplied by Coxhill. Based, apparently, on Handel's 'Largo', as remembered by the latter, it's a cool and quite magically peaceful piece, alone worth the price of the album.

The rest of the side is created from fragments of the first track treated by Fisher with a variety of filters, loops, delays and shapers: 'Flotsam' and 'Jetsam', two short, enigmatic interludes, sound quite unlike any sax I've ever heard, but 'Vase' is particularly effective, choirs and choruses of saxes slipping in and out of phase in Reichian manner.

The side ends on a lush — though sombre — note with 'Matt Finish', which has a pleasingly muted orchestral effect, as of massed string sections sadly contemplating the BBC's axe.

Side two is 'Slow Music' itself, wherein sounds emanating from piano, bass, guitar, voice and bells are treated and arranged to form a series of passive and peaceful sound-structures which wash in endless waves and cycles — again, in a very organic, Reichian manner. The side closes with a rendition of 'Pretty Little Girl', sung by Coxhill to the accompaniment of a carillon of bells and street noises.

It's a very long, and very beautiful, record, and one which sees Morgan-Fisher effortlessly shrugging off the twin albatrosses of his past with Love Affair and Mott The Hoople, to make music as interesting and artistically valid (yes!)as any around today.

More power to his pipe, I say . ..

Andy Gill

THE CLASH
Black Market Clash
(Epic Nu-Disk import)

A TEN-INCH budget-price collection for and from America: approximately 35 minutes worth of Clash oddments from the UK version of the first album, assorted B-sides and the outtakes file.

So you get 'Capital Radio One' (the *NME* freebie version, not the 'Cost Of Living' remake), 'The Prisoner' (B-side of 'Hammersmith Palais'), a remixed 'Pressure Drop' (B-side of 'English Civil War'), 'Cheat' (one of four tracks from the first album that got lost between Shepherds Bush and Manhattan), 'City Of The Dead' (B-side of 'Complete Control'), Booker T's 'Time Is Tight' (previously unreleased) and a full side of 'Bank Robber', 'Armagideon Time' and their respective dubs.

Apart from 'Capital Radio' in its disgustingly rare form and the rather undistinguished Booker T cover, there's nothing here for people who've been buying Clash singles as they come out.

Still, as a tidy-up budget package for American Clash fans who haven't been able to dazzle their friends with the British import singles, 'Black Market Clash' more than serves its purpose (at four bucks a throw). At the £3.15 currently being charged at the Virgin Megalostore, it may not seem such a prize for Brit consumers (excluding — *mea culpa!* — the more virulent breed of Clashbore).

The second side — The Clash in their reggae bag (sic) — probably repays the most careful listening. I still wince at the lyrics of 'Bankrobber' (not all villains are heroes) but as far as 'white reggae' goes, The Clash play Jah Music in a way that transcends the whole excrutiating can-blue-men-play-the-whites dilemma.

The Clash get the sharp end of an awful lot of different sticks: they're a thoroughly reactionary rock and roll boys-together fantasy, they sell fake politics, they blanded out for the States, they sold out punk blah blah blah. Well, shove all that. I trust Strummer's instinct for knowing when to have the courage to change and when to have the courage to stand firm, and hearing 'Black Market Clash' makes me want some *new* Clashmusic.

The Clash are not dead, and we want some proof. Where's the blues?

Charles Shaar Murray

THE PLANETS
Spot *(Rialto)*

AFTER THE FIRE
80-F *(Epic)*

TWO FROM that deadliest of contemporary categories — the 'nice' rock album. Both After The Fire and The Planets make tidy, neat and well-behaved music that's superficially faultless but in the end just one colossal drag. After The Fire base their brand of satin-bomber-with-tour-logo workmanship on turgid, early '70s conceptions of "What rock's really about", given a quick lick of commercial pop-paint in a half-hearted hope of chart stardom.

Steve Lindsay, who is the mastermind — well, the mind, at any rate — behind The Planets, relies on an even more antiquated notion of "classic pop", the kind that gets remembered from the '60s through a nostalgic fog and never seems to actually become popular any more. To that he adds a particularly anodyne variety of white reggae, sadly unredeemed by whatever it is that redeems The Police's variety of anodyne white reggae.

It would — to be boringly fair about the whole thing — be most *unfair* of me to dismiss these albums as rubbish (much as I've hated listening to them) because of course they represent a lot of hard work and care and professional competence and all the rest of it. But it's so depressing that such unimaginative mediocrity still makes up a vast proportion of the industry's output.

No schoolkid in 1980 is going to step out feeling a rush of elation because the radio's just played After The Fire or The Planets. Nobody's going to feel very excited at all. But audiences at the more mature sort of venues will probably sit around, and nod, and agree: this is 'nice' music, isn't it?

And rock goes on dying.

Paul Du Noyer

WHITESNAKE
Live . . . In The Heart Of The City *(UA)*
WISHBONE ASH
Live Dates Volume Two *(MCA)*

AS A caricature of posturing machismo, Whitesnake could hardly be bettered. They're a quaint mixture of beer-guts, bombast and bluster. The aim is to pander to the violent sexual fantasies of male adolescents, but Whitesnake do it so ineptly you can't help but laugh.

The main problem is the lyrics of singer David Coverdale which are not just crudely sexist, but also revealingly muddled. Coverdale clearly sees sexual encounters as aggressive skirmishes, but he can't make up his mind whether he's the predator or the victim.

At one moment, he's boasting that he's a "love hunter". At another, he's asserting he'll be "a fool for your loving no more". Male domination is clearly not what it was.

Equally, neither are these musicians. There's nothing wrong with being old, balding and fat if you're not pretending to be young, hirsute, and virile. As illusions go it's on a par with Clayton Moore as a 90-year-old Lone Ranger or Ronald Reagan as President of the USA.

Still, some people will buy anything, and at least Whitesnake's double album is "specially priced", ie cheap, though some people would see the cost as too high at any price.

All that said, if you happen to like brainless heavy metal, then at least Whitesnake work harder at it than Deep Purple ever did. They bash out more riffs to the hour and fewer self-indulgent solos. Mind you, that's probably just another reflection of their desperation to survive in a young man's game.

In contrast, another bunch of '60s refugees Wishbone Ash seem content to grow old gracefully. They write classier muzak than Eno and their guitarists perform it in cool melodic style.

If you buy early, you get two albums for the price of one, but then who needs even one?

Bob Edmands

ARETHA FRANKLIN
Aretha *(Arista)*

SUBJECTIVE impressions: a voice content to glow where once it blazed, a setting of satin cushions in pastel shades, passion muted, anger subdued. Here and there it springs to life, once with a hectic, hustling, fast-as-hell rev-up of Otis' 'I Can't Turn You Loose', twice with 'Together Again', a gorgeous bluesy thing halfway between the church and the alley, thrice with 'School Days', Aretha's only wholly-owned composition of the set, wistful, spooky and eerie.

Four songs produced by Arif Mardin, four by Chuck Jackson and two by Jackson and Franklin herself: the two which Franklin helped produce are both her own songs (one solo,

Pic: Peter Anderson

The Sound with a friend who'd just been helping police with their enquiries.

Moany minor

THE SOUND
Jeopardy *(Korova)*

THIS COULD be a starkly calculated cash in on the seamier, dreamier trends and tendencies of these our favourite post-punk days. Certainly its approach to pressure, culture, circumstance is simplistic, and The Sound noise wavers in the shadows of the sounds of both ends of the Mersey, a passionate echo of the Bunnymen (with teardrop keyboards), a constant process of diving and rising, what is now a comfortable combination of interests (Iggy, Doors, solipsism, human rights, ghastly ends, ghosts, love and more).

Yet The Sound smack not of contrivance but of over-eagerness and a blotchy conviction draws life into music. They're not primarily attracted by the darling decay or romantic gloom of new fashion, but more by the craft and structure, its shapliness and atmosphere.

'Jeopardy' is a smashingly commercial deployment of recent pop shifts and exploits, concerned with having serious fun with form, with exploring interior life and routine gullibility with a scrappy but earnest wonder.

There are lots of songs I want to hear as singles on the Andy Peebles Show right now. 'I Can't Escape Myself', 'Heartland', 'Hour Of Need', 'Words Fail Me', 'Heyday', 'Jeopardy', 'Resistance'. I still think 'Unwritten Law' is their best song — if all the LP streamed along like this it would be more an album and less a crinkly bag of singles.

The Sound stand for nothing. Will never lead the way; a way. They demonstrate the virtues of simple, unadorned form. There's a tickle or two of pretension, an unintentional blob of tackiness, a bit of plebby soul searching, an undisguised and important craving for attention. There's a fascination with misery and certain scenes of impotence, but no insight. The words must remain in the background, a distant, glum appraisal of insecurity and insanity.

The Sound are a minor modern pop group. They have no obvious audience, but this is because Radio One and *TOTP* should make an audience for them — a function Radio One especially and *TOTP* naturally is forgetting to a scandalous degree as they veer into the MOR with sombre stupidity and gross negligence.

Without Radio One speeding and spinning them through their five hit singles in 18 months, the sound will be forced to hang on and hang on through an ignoble anonymity waiting for something to happen which never will and then they'll fall apart. Cheated by a media that is perverting the whole course of pop history.

Paul Morley

MOTORHEAD
Ace Of Spades *(Bronze)*.

FOR ALL their attitudes of maverick lawlessness, Motorhead have been an institution for some time now, and the more redundant they become, the harder they have to push the image.

Their third album for Bronze, 'Ace Of Spades' sees them posing in fringed leather jackets, stetsons and bandoliers to complement their frequent brushes with the law and Lemmy's bullet belt. The music stumbles along the same trail.

'Overkill' did at least have moments of style, but after the dreadful 'Bomber' and now this, it seems those days are long gone. The same old tired old riff underpins the same old tired old voice, reduced now to a chronic gasp as Lemmy grits his teeth and wraps his tonsils around songs with titles like 'Love Me Like A Reptile', 'Live To Win', 'Jailbait' and 'Bite The Bullet'.

It's not the crass lyrics I mind, (Lemmy prides himself on having written half the songs in the studio), or the unrelieved welter of minor chords; it's the way Motorhead revel in the black hole of establishment rock as it closes inexorably around them. Caught in the race to be the biggest, the loudest and the fastest dudes around town, even they must have discovered it's downhill all the way.

This effort won't satisfy even those who still see themselves swaggering around in a mutilated dog blanket fanning a replica 45 — *A Fistful Of Dollars* was made in 1964, fax fans.

Neil Norman

one with Jackson) and those two are both among the three Excellent Moments described above. The implication would seem to be that the more Aretha Franklin has to do with creating and shaping her own music, the better for all concerned.

The urge to come over all '60s at moments like this is as embarrassing and suspect as it is tempting, especially as the general received wisdom concerning white rock critics is that they refuse to acknowledge the existence of any black music which is less than five years out of date. Still and all and however, the music Aretha Franklin made in the last quadrant over the '60s is among the most exciting music this person has ever heard: the sound of passion running high, of music prepared to state its case whatever the opposition. Freedom . . . freedom . . . freedom . . . RESPECT! Music of heat and intensity, music that breathed in your face, music unchained.

This new Aretha music is cooler, for the cooler age. It neither celebrates nor attacks. 'Aretha' presents itself as cosy melancholia, dazzle dimmed.

To reiterate: the foregoing is a subjective viewpoint belonging to a person with preconceptions. White theories of black music have traditionally been based on a theory of Black Performer as Rebel Artist (post-war jazz theory), Noble Urban Underdog (blues theory), Supercool Confrontationist (soul theory) or Oppressed Prophet (reggae theory). Black music which hasn't conformed to one of these or other handy stereotypes has traditionally been attacked on grounds of imminent bourgeoisification by white critics who are infinitely more bourgeois than the artist they discuss.

They — the hell with it, *we* — have always found it too damn easy to attack black performers who 'sell out to the ethics and demands of white showbiz blah blah blah', but what we really hate is that they've not 'sold out' to that branch of white showbiz subscribed to by us white rock and roll types.

Translation: the critic doesn't like the album, but is becoming deeply suspicious of his reasons for not liking it.

Charles Shaar Murray

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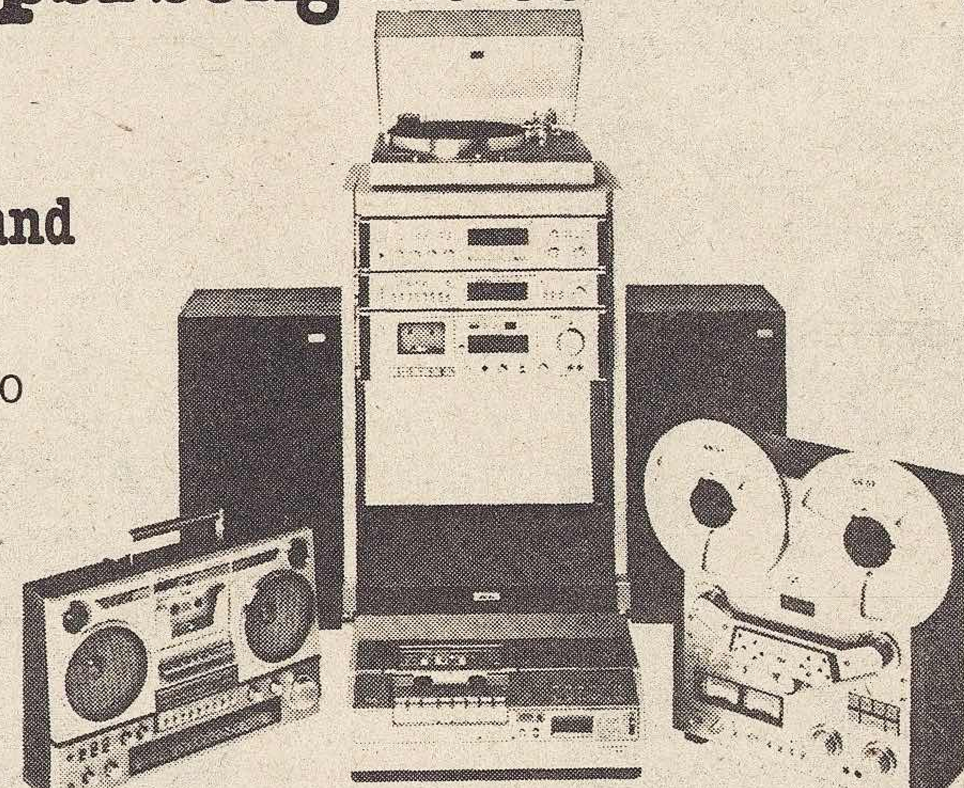

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C. The Everley Brothers reached no. 1 in 1958 with, *'All I have to do is PEPSI'*.
D. Little Richard once suggested that his fans might like to *'PEPSI it up'*.
E. The first Elvis record to make the British Top Ten was *'PEPSI Hotel'*.
F. Chuck Berry was the first to perform the rock classic *'PEPSI B. Goode'*.

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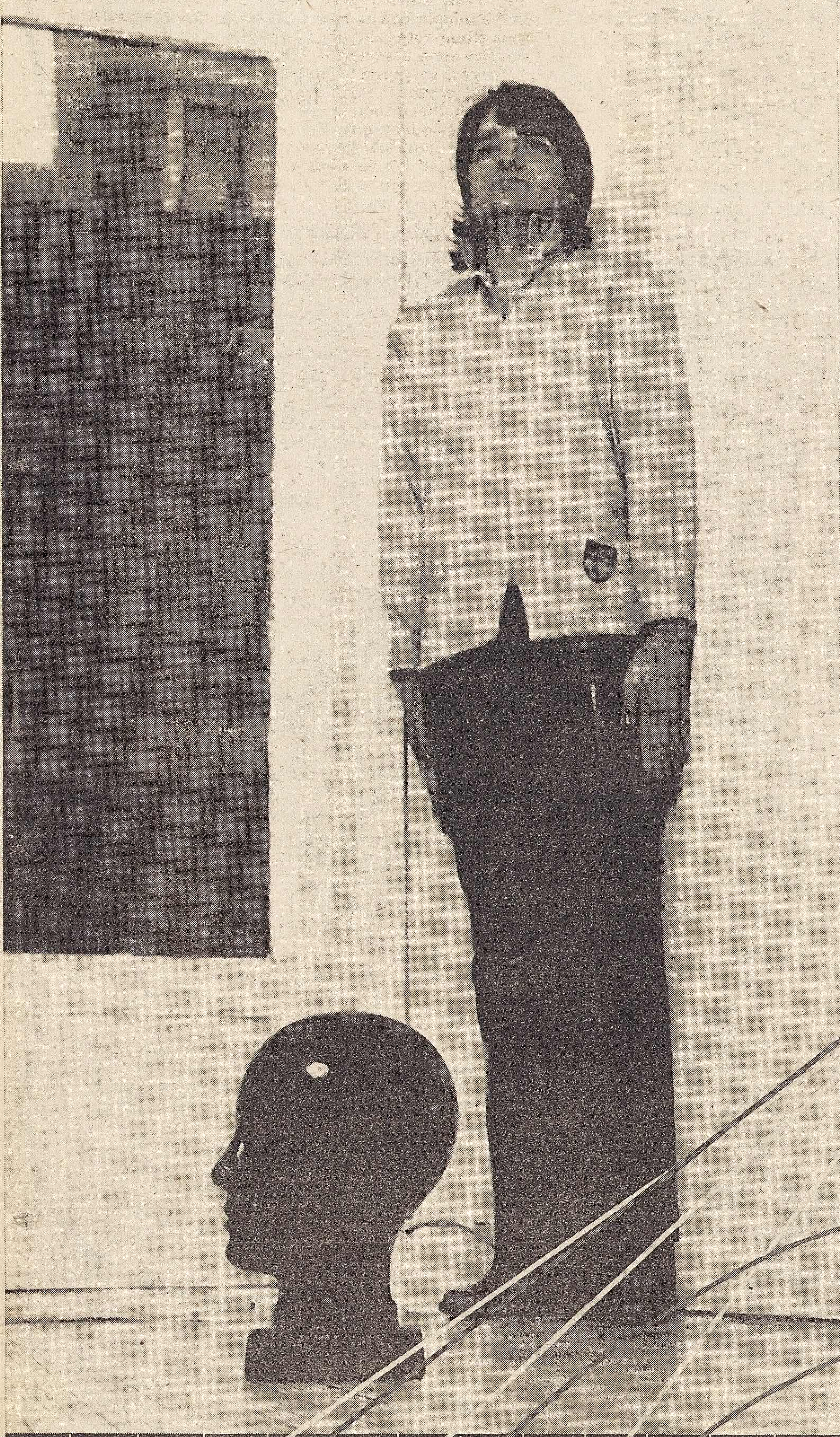

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GENE CHANDLER
Just Be True *(Charly)*
BETTY EVERETT
Hot To Hold *(Charly)*
DEE CLARK
Keep It Up *(Charly)*

Lee Dorsey

MORE Vee-Jay reissues?

Er . . . yes. Boring, you say, remembering just how many times you've been shoop-shooped and Duke of Earled by Joy, Windmill, DJM and the seemingly hordes of others who along the way have shared the rights to Chicago's most plundered catalogue.

First glance at the Everett compilation — like the others listed here, a 16 tracker — indicates that you could be right. For the four solo hits are included — 'It's In His Kiss', 'Gettin' Mighty Crowded', 'I Can't Hear You' and 'You're No Good', along with the Jerry Butler - cuddling 'Let It Be Me'.

But after that, things get more interesting, with six cuts that didn't make it on to DJM's now-deleted 'It's In His Kiss' collection putting in an appearance — the most potent of these being a big band backed stab at 'Hound Dog' that even a Mama Thornton fan would be unwilling to fault, and a jaunty 'Hands Off' that has the soulful Ms E. slippin' on those high heel sneakers to tantalising effect. Classics both.

The Chandler collection is even more rewarding. For it contains not only his Vee-Jay cuts plus the two hits he made with the street-corner lounging Dukays for Nat ('Nite Owl' and 'The Girl's A Devil') but also his later winners for Constellation, providing a total of no less than 10 U.S. chartmakers in all — ranging from the cocksure rock of 'Nothing Can Stop Me Now', one of the octet of Curtis Mayfield songs on offer, through to the inevitable diddy diddy dum dum splendour of 'Duke Of Earl', actually a Dukays recording.

Of the three albums, it's the Dee Clark that offers most opportunity for fresh discovery. A singer of ever-changing style — one moment he was a more than passable Little Richard, the next a Clyde McPhatter or Gene Pitney — the Alabama-born Clark logged several moderate successes but only once made the really big time, with 'Teardrops', a neat bit of slop that Bobby Vee could easily have stuck his fraternity pin into.

He did provide some true ear-grabbers as 'Keep It Up' proves — notably on 'The Convention', a chunk of 'Here Comes The Judge' type hokum that comes replete with Frankie Lymon impression. But, generally, Clark was content to be something of a human Chicago ghetto jukebox, providing re-runs of all the best '60s black sounds. Which, in its way, is no bad thing for today's listeners.

Fred Dellar

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21 Birmingham Top Rank
22 Newcastle University
24 Edinburgh Tiffanys
27 Leeds Polytechnic
28 Slough Centre Ballrooms
29 Guildford Surrey University

DECEMBER
1 Bristol Romeo and Juliets
2 Derby Romeo and Juliets
3 Sheffield Polytechnic
4 Manchester Polytechnic
7 Brighton Jenkinsons

A Right Bunch of Charlys?

— here come the judges

Betty Harris

BETTY HARRIS
In The Saddle *(Charly)*
THE METERS
Second Line Strut *(Charly)*

THERE'S NO need to get reverential about this kind of stuff but unless you've experienced some of the gospel according to Allen Toussaint then you haven't been letting the air into your soul . . .

New Orleans music has extremes, like hurricane and spicey rhythms that shake out diluted taste and leave a thick sauce of melting textures. For Betty Harris the menu is pungent, raw crawfish soul. She sang lean, vital, functional. Now she's a truck-driver in Florida.

If you don't understand what is happening on 'Ride Your Pony' then a second opinion is too late. Lovers and potential balladeers may care to try a little dab of the Harris-Lee Dorsey duet 'Take Care Of Your Love'. It doesn't prove that disco sucks just that most of what passes for *emotional* singing these days is low on teeth.

The Meters are a different kettle of catfish — having a history before and after ten years with Toussaint. 'Second Line Strut' stirs up sixteen helpings of instrumental gumbo from the late '60s when Josie was a record label. The songs retain a timeless feel, principally because of their ingenious simplicity. Take one bass and growl in dirty, slink in the guitar figure, take the melody to the organ man, ask the drummer to punctuate the message.

The Meters play a variety of styles, jazz, funk, West Indian, R&B, with a pertinence that cannot be bettered. For all I know they invented disco as well.

It is wonderful that a funny little label like Charly keeps these soul truths in currency without getting fusty and sanctimonious about it all. These two are sweeter than Angeleno plums. Doodle Oop.

Max Bell

JOHN LEE HOOKER
This Is Hip *(Charly)*
JIMMY REED
Upside Your Head *(Charly)*

THE BASIC blues as played by the late Jimmy Reed and the 62-year-young John Lee Hooker is here given a varied if mainstream airing.

The quick step mixture of the Northern city blues and an influential country infusion keeps Reed's material up on tempo even when the singer is down on luck, yet in all truth this compilation showcases the man as an artist right on the fringes of '50s R&B. His songs are steeped in a near cynical humour, itself the embodiment of the black spirit as positive, enlightened and never resigned. In that sense Jimmy Reed wasn't so far away from Chuck Berry, always delighted to give authority the finger.

'Upside Your Head' contains sixteen cuts that illuminate the populist Reed rather than Reed the transplanted country boy but as that means hits like 'Big Boss Man' and 'Baby, What Do You Want Me To Do' no-one's going to complain.

Like Reed, the Big Hook is an ole Miss' bluesman and a stylist, instantly recognisable and prone to reliance on a well-used formula. A prolific artist even before his belated discovery, the sessions that Hooker recorded for Vee Jay are a deal rougher than his '60s boogie excursions — when the kind of music he pioneered was bowdlerised by too many rich white kids.

Again Charly have given prominence to a cross section of familiar material, integrating the main meal with some rarer delicacies and even a couple of indigestible cuts that the purists will throw up over.

Still, collectors and experts be damned. Any record that contains 'Boom Boom', 'Onions', 'Dimples', 'It Serves Me Right To Suffer' *and* 'Crawling White Snake' writes its own passport. Hooker may be happiest with the boogie chillun, may never have been the most innovative bluesman, but when he's good he most definitely rules his den.

Max Bell

LEE DORSEY
Gonh Be Funky *(Charly)*
ELMORE JAMES
One Way Out *(Charly)*
JERRY BUTLER
Up On Love *(Charly)*

THREE VERY diverse black music styles, all defined by that abused and ultimately weary generic R&B — a term that has served in the description of every sort of pop precocity from Tony Shevaton to Rod Stewart. Did you know that Lulu & The Luvvers were touted originally as an R&B group? A general rule would seem to suggest never believe the music press.

Inevitably, "the good guys at Charly" (testimonial: Joe Strummer) like every other Apeneck Sweeney in business exist to make money. This has not however so far detracted from their apparent policy of making available some very class music during the label's existence, whereas most record companies seemingly thrive on the dispensation of crap dressed up in the Emperor's new clothes. A short silence for ska.

Lee Dorsey, working a pop hybrid of the New Orleans mainstream, represents the most easily accessible of the artists under discussion here, and the only one with any claim to chart status in this country. He emerged at the beginning of the '60s to scale US heights with a reworking of an obscene nursey rhyme on 'Ya Ya', consolidated his arrival with the similarly bouncy 'Do-Re-Mi', and extended his career with further forays into danceable doggerel, including his first UK hit 'Get Out Of My Life Woman', 'Working In The Coal Mine', 'Candy Yam', 'Ride Your Pony' and his supreme moment 'Holy Cow'. At one point in the middle '60s he seemed to be the quintessential of soul. This album rates as a good 16 track compilation, although its novelty aspect soon palls.

There is very little to fault in the music of Elmore James, except perhaps the tendency towards repeated variation on a single theme. During the late '60s British blues boom his bottleneck guitar technique provided a 12 bar rudimentary for every aspiring Fleetwood Mac packing in the greatcoats at Klooks Kleek. His style is that of an amplified Robert Johnson, creating an urgent music; his blistering guitar playing every bit as angry as any one of your impassioned Upper Street dialectics. All the familiar riffs are here: 'Dust My Broom (I Believe My Time Ain't Long)', 'Coming Home', 'Person To Person', the doomy 'The Sky Is Crying', and his lyrical masterpiece 'It Hurts Me Too', one of the best 12 bar blues ever recorded.

The Ice Man Jerry Butler is a greatly neglected artist. His work determines the more sentimental side of the spectrum, and as such was always a little too sophisticated for the brash Craig Douglas loving British audience. It took Tony Orlando to break through with 'He Will Break Your Heart' in this country, Adam Faith with 'Message To Martha' and The Walker Brothers with 'Make It Easy On Yourself'. Alongside The Impressions in 1958, Butler first made impact with the searing 'Your Precious Love', and as a solo artist scored regularly in the early '60s.

Unless Charly can find some way of breaking this record in the secular West Indian market — Jerry Butler incorporating all the best features of the lover's rock genus in his music — I doubt still whether this will prove a commercial release. One small point, whatever happened on this compilation to one of the artist's biggest US hits 'Moon River', the definitive version? Danny Williams remains unforgiven.

Penny Reel

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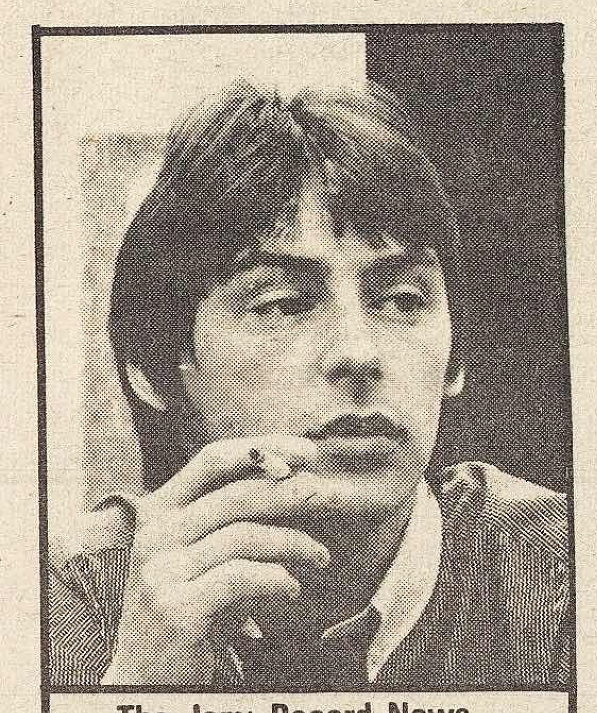


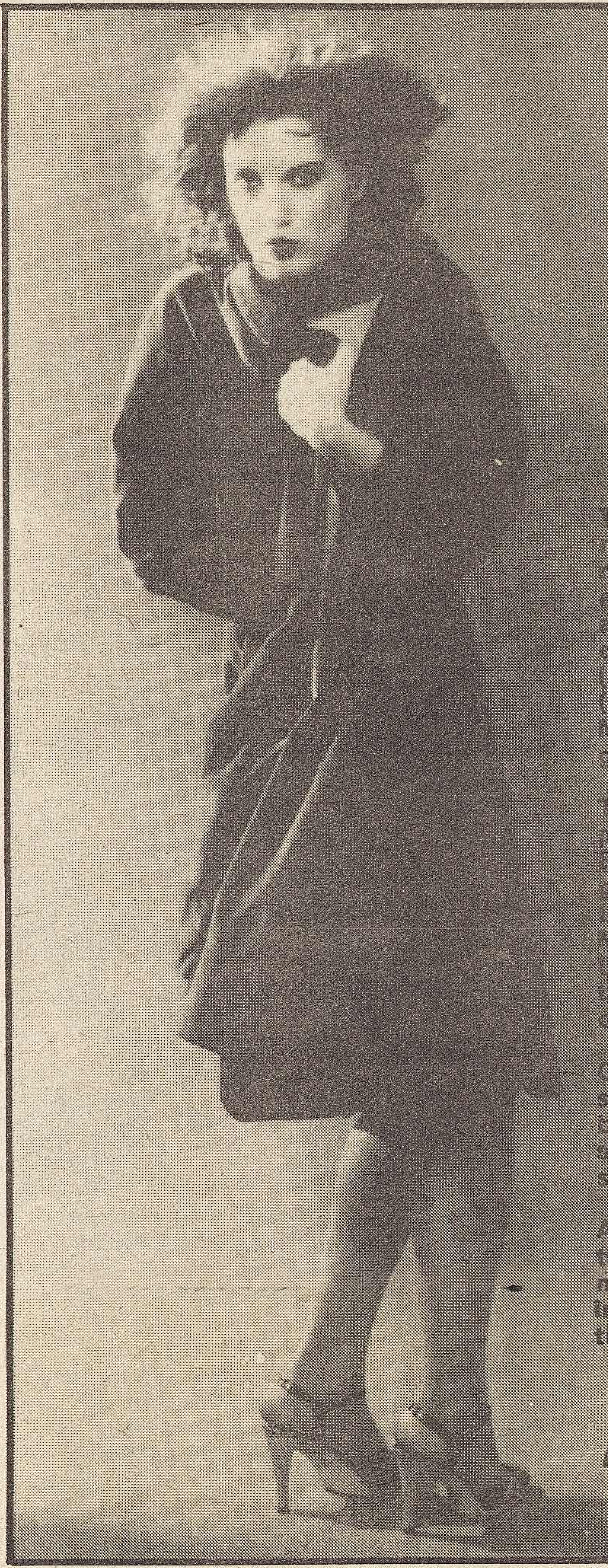
The Jam: Record News

TEN-PAGE HARD INFORMATION GUIDE

This week NME launches a unique facility — DATA CONTROL, our new weekly listings section. What we've done is to separate out all the essential hard information of the rock process — upcoming tour dates, weekly gig listings, record news, independent releases, imports — and deliver it to you in one easily accessible package. We aim to make it the most comprehensive guide available to who's making noises where and how.

● Tour News 41/2 ● Nationwide Gig Guide 43/4 ● Record News 47/8 ● Garageland 48/9 ● Imports 49 ● Information City 50

Taj Mahal: Imports



Motels check in

THE MOTELS return to the UK at the end of this month for a short concert tour, including two major London dates, and a couple of TV appearances. Since they were last here just over a year ago, they've undergone a personnel change and their current line-up is Martha Davis (lead vocals and guitar), Marty Jourard (keyboards and saxes), Brian Glascock (drums), Michael Goodroe (bass) and Tim McGovern (lead guitar).

They open on November 28 at London Victoria The Venue, where tickets are already on sale priced £4, and the following day appear in BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test*. Other confirmed gigs are at Norwich East Anglia University (30), London Victoria Apollo Theatre (December 8), Manchester Polytechnic (9) and Bradford University (10). At least two more dates have still to be finalised, and will be announced in a week or two.

The London Apollo concert is co-promoted by Capital Radio, who are recording the show for subsequent broadcast. And the Bradford gig will be filmed by BBC-TV cameras for one of the shows in a new *Rock Goes To College* series, starting in the New Year.

To tie in with their visit, the band's single 'Days Are OK'/'Slow Town' (both tracks taken from their latest album 'Careful') is being released next week by Capitol, who are planning an intensive promotional campaign to support both the record and the tour.

Left: MARTHA DAVIS

Dury adds two, Hazel in town

IAN DURY & The Blockheads have added two more dates to their extensive 'Song And Dance Tour', reported two weeks ago, and they now become the opening gigs in their schedule which runs through to Christmas. The first is at Aylesbury Friars this Saturday (15), and that's already sold out as regular patrons were given advance notice. The other is at Margate Winter Gardens next Wednesday (19), for which tickets (£3.50) are now on sale at the box-office. The 12-inch version of Dury's new single 'Sueperman's Big Sister' has a different B-side from the seven-inch, titled 'Fucking Ada', and it sells at £1.70.

□ HAZEL O'CONNOR and her band Megahype have now confirmed their major London date, which climaxes their UK tour starting next week — it's at the Dominion Theatre in Tottenham Court Road on Saturday, December 6, with Birmingham band Duran Duran supporting. Also scheduled is the release of Hazel's new album 'Sons And Lovers' — the follow-up to her 'Breaking Glass' set, which has now gone Gold — due out on November 25 on Albion Records.

Magazine at weekends

□ MAGAZINE are lining up a series of pre-Christmas dates, which will be confined mainly to weekends later this month and in December — this is to enable them to devote most of the week to writing and rehearsing material for their new studio album. Dates are at present being finalised and will be announced next week, but a couple of unconfirmed gigs which have already seeped through are at Manchester Ritz (December 6) and Bolton Sports Centre (13).

4"Be2" — Upstarts beano

□ THE 4" Be 2"s and The Angelic Upstarts are co-headlining a 'Beano Tour' of Scotland which, despite its billing, consists of just two dates — an afternoon matinee for teenagers at Edinburgh Nite Club this Saturday (15) and an evening show at Glasgow Tiffany's next Monday (17). Meanwhile, the Upstarts are anxious to hear from any promoter who'd be prepared to book them into a venue in the North East, as they want to play a benefit for a baby girl in Sunderland (aged 11 months) who was born blind — she's now being treated by Soviet specialists, but each trip to Russia costs £1,000.

London date by Chords

□ THE CHORDS have also fixed a London date to round off their recent tour, aiding promotion of their current Polydor single 'In My Street' — it's at London Camden Music Machine tomorrow (Friday).

Bow Wow wowing 'em

□ BOW WOW WOW, Malcolm Maclaren's new band, were thwarted in their attempts to make their stage debut last Saturday at London's Starlight Roller Disco in Hammersmith — because a boiler leak was seeping on to the electricity circuits. But they've now been booked to play every Saturday night at that venue throughout November, with the possibilty of an extension until Christmas. And they're playing another gig this Sunday (16) at London's Comic Strip in Raymond's Revue Bar (8-11.30 pm, teenagers admitted).

The band's next EMI release is on cassette only — an eight-track tape retailing at only £1.99. This is a concession on EMI's part tc the current boom in cassette playing, and at the same time will help to counter illegal taping. And the company says the low price is a step towards closing the gap between the cost of pre-recorded tapes and blank cassettes. It's expected that further EMI artists will follow this trend in the New Year.

DECEMBER UK CONCERTS

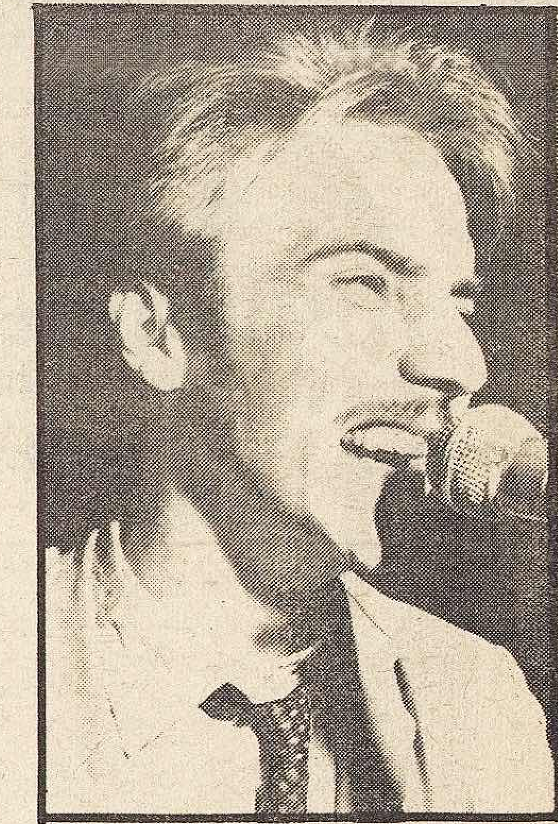
Ultravox populi

ULTRAVOX are to headline their first tour of major UK venues next month. They've just returned from a massive 50-date tour of the States and, for the first time, they're bringing over their full-scale U.S. production — featuring a unique light show.

Their schedule comprises Liverpool Empire (December 4), Manchester Apollo (5), Birmingham Odeon (6), Lancaster University (7), Edinburgh Odeon (8), Brighton Top Rank (10), Southampton Gaumont (11), Canterbury Odeon (12) and London Hammersmith Odeon (13).

Tickets are on sale now priced £2.50 (Lancaster): £3 and £2.50 (Edinburgh); £3 (Brighton); £3.50 (Canterbury); £3.50, £3 and £2.50 (Hammersmith); and £3, £2.50 and £2 (elsewhere).

The band will have a new single released in the New Year — the title of the A-side hasn't yet been decided, while the B-side will be recorded live during the course of their upcoming British dates. After their UK gigs, they record a new album, and in January they begin a European tour — which includes a visit to Austria, where they'll be filmed in concert in Vienna, the city whose name is also the title of the current Ultravox album.



Ultravox vox MIDGE URE

GLITTER IN XMAS SPECIAL

GARY GLITTER — who, as reported last week, has just started an extensive comeback tour around the country — climaxes his travels with a special seasonal show at London Rainbow on December 20. And he has invited The Revillos to be his guests in the event, which is billed as 'Glitter Over Christmas'. Also on the bill will be Paris 9 and Protex.

Evidently, Glitter and The Revillos share a mutual respect for each others' work, and the Rainbow show promises to be an "over the top" occasion. Tickets priced £4, £3.50 a.id £3 are available now from the box-office and usual outlets.

UFO January gigs

UFO are going out on a major New Year tour, it was learned as *NME* closed for press this week. Dates are Newcastle Mayfair (January 16), Stoke Trentham Gardens (18), Bradford St. George's Hall (19), Manchester Apollo (20), Sheffield City Hall (21), Middlesbrough Town Hall (22), Carlisle Market Hall (24), Liverpool Empire (25), Birmingham Odeon (26) and London Hammersmith Odeon (28 and 29). Their new album, as yet untitled will be issued by Chrysalis to coincide. Tickets will be on sale at all box-offices by November 22.

Rainbow seatless try-out

LONDON's Rainbow Theatre is planning an intriguing experiment for the New Year, when the management will be removing all seating from the venue for a three-week period. And it's hoped to arrange a concentrated series of "suitable" gigs for the duration of this trial run.

It's pointed out that, at many rock shows, a large section of the audience don't remain in their seats anyway — and a number of top promoters are now booking appreciably more unseated halls. And of course, there's the additional benefit of not having the seats torn out and ripped apart, as has happened at the Rainbow on several occasions.

A precise period for the experiment hasn't yet been decided — it depends upon the availability of various bands being sought — but it's likely to be around March. And if the idea proves successful, it's conceivable that the Rainbow could become a permanent unseated venue.

Vardis headline own trek

VARDIS, the three-piece hard rock band who are just ending a UK trek as support to Hawkwind, have been lined up for their first headlining tour to aid promotion of their new album '100 M.P.H.' Confirmed dates are at Edinburgh Nite Club (November 20), Sunderland Mayfair (21), Manchester Denton Leisure Centre (22), Chesterfield Hardstoft Shoulder Of Mutton (24), Rugby Benn Memorial Hall (26), Burton 76 Club (28), Nottingham Boat Club (29), London Richmond Brolleys (30), Chatham Town Hall (December 1), London Southbank Polytechnic (2), London Marquee (3), Exeter University (4), Penzance Demelza's (5) and Bristol Granary (6). They'll also be in a three-act bill at London Strand Lyceum on December 7. A further batch of gigs is being finalised through until Christmas.

Span add one — so does Maddy

STEELEYE SPAN — who, as reported two weeks ago, are undertaking a reunion tour next month — have added Manchester Apollo on December 14 to their schedule. And it's just been confirmed that guitarist Michael Chapman and Gem Records recent signing Canis Major will be special guests on all dates. Span's Maddy Prior gave birth to a son, Alexander, two weeks ago — mother and child are both doing well, and she'll be fighting fit in time for the tour.

NEW LINE-UP ON THE ROAD

Punilux lose Bond

PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY, who go back on the road later this month, will be introducing their new-look line-up. This follows the departure from the band of vocalist Brian Bond, due to differences over their musical direction — it seems he was looking for a more commercial approach, which the other members didn't want, so he will now probably follow a solo career. Former Punilux guitarist Malacaballa has now re-joined the outfit, and will share vocals with lead guitarist Nevil Luxury.

First confirmed dates are Newport Harper Adams College (November 21), Retford Porterhouse (22), Manchester Polytechnic (25), Sheffield Limit (27) and Nottingham University (29). A few more November gigs are being finalised, and a second batch of dates is being set up from December 11 to 20. The band are also looking for a new recording deal, after being dropped by Liberty-UA.

BEEFHEART, B-52s EXTRA

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART & The Magic Band, who've sold out two nights at London Victoria The Venue this week, have now added a late night show at The Venue next Tuesday (18) — it starts at 11 pm (following the early evening show by Richard & Linda Thompson), and it will be the final date of their tour. Tickets are on sale now priced £5.

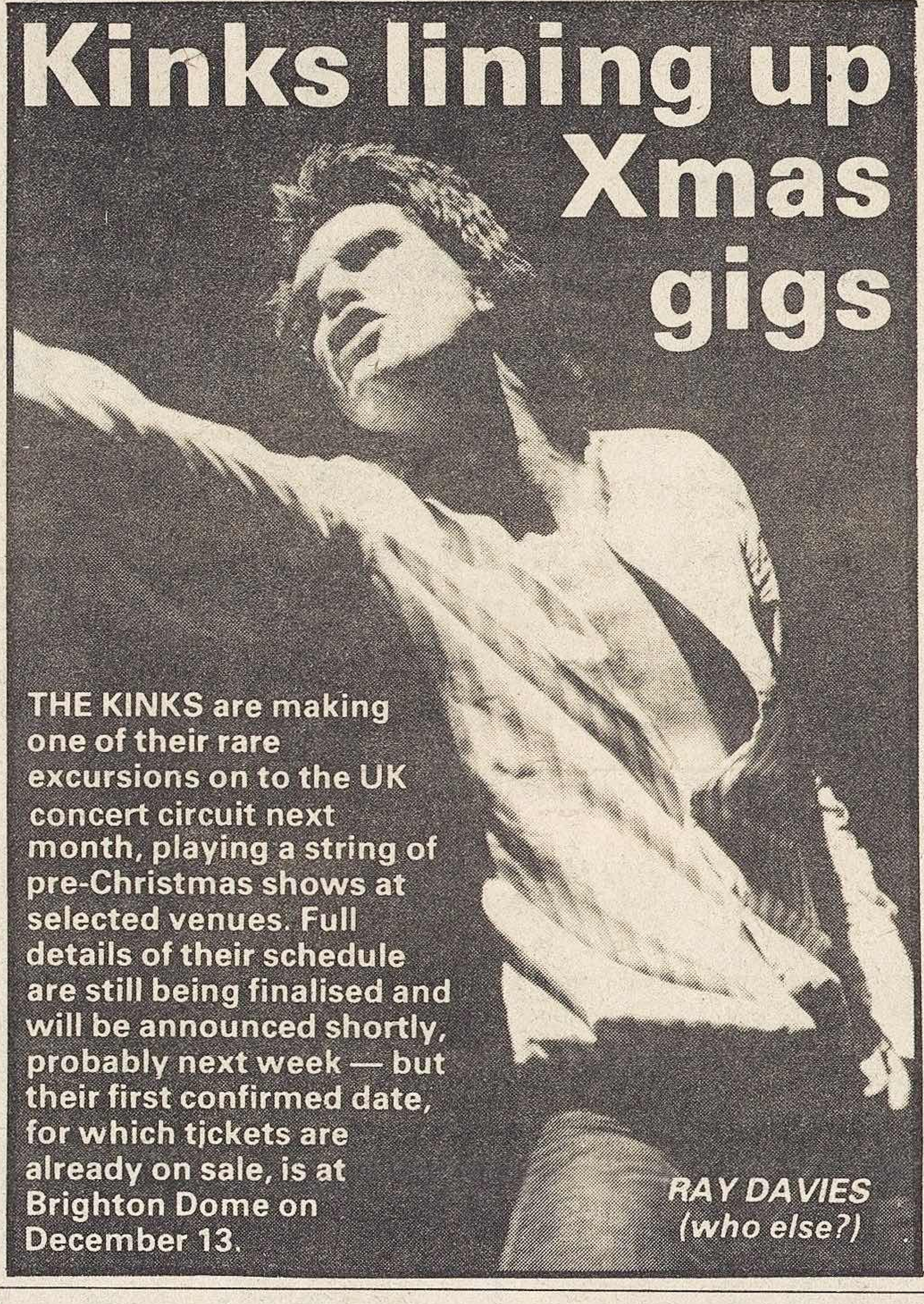
● BLACK SLATE have added two more gigs to their previously reported tour — at Edinburgh Tiffany's (November 24) and Leeds Polytechnic (27). Still more are being set.

● THE B-52's have now been set for a show at Edinburgh Tiffany's on November 23 (all tickets £3.50), immediately prior to their two London shows (announced two weeks ago).

● THE INMATES have been added, as special guests, to the London Rainbow concert by the Charlie Daniels Band on November 21. It will be recorded by Capitol Radio for future broadcast.

● SAD CAFE add Exeter University on November 18 to their current UK tour.

Kinks lining up Xmas gigs



THE KINKS are making one of their rare excursions on to the UK concert circuit next month, playing a string of pre-Christmas shows at selected venues. Full details of their schedule are still being finalised and will be announced shortly, probably next week — but their first confirmed date, for which tickets are already on sale, is at Brighton Dome on December 13.

RAY DAVIES (who else?)

ON THE CIRCUIT

DOWNLINERS SECT have a date this Sunday (16) at a relatively new venue in Sussex, Hailsham Crown Inn, which is "out in the sticks" about eight miles from Eastbourne. Other bookings this month include the Arizone Smoke Revue (23) and The Barracudas (30).

BOOTS FOR DANCING, the highly rated Scottish band, are playing a number of dates to promote their second single 'Rain Song'/'Hesitate' on Pop Aural Records. They're with The Comsat Angels at Brighton Jenkinsons (this Sunday), then they play London Richmond Snoopies with The Last Dance (November 18), London Islington Hope & Anchor (19) and Manchester Rafters again with the Comsats (20). And they support The Talking Heads in their two London dates at Hammersmith Palais (December 1) and Hammersmith Odeon (2).

RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES — not content with guesting in the marathon UK tour by Q-Tips, which has just ended — have now set up a short series of dates in their own right, aiding promotion of their newly released WEA album 'The Label'. In London they play at the North-East Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Herne Hill Half Moon (this Saturday and November 28), Southbank Polytechnic (21) and Stand King's College (27). They also visit Coventry Belgrade Theatre this Sunday (16).

DOLL BY DOLL continue their policy of playing sporadic gigs by slotting in Slough Merrymakers (tomorrow, Friday) and London City Polytechnic (November 26).

JETHRO TULL'S concerts at London Royal Albert Hall on November 20 and 21 have now sold out, but a considerable number of tickets have been held back until the band decide where to position their PA system. Surplus tickets will be put on sale at the box-office on the morning of November 20.

THE PLANETS, whose second album 'Spot' has just been released by Rialto, have headliners at Huddersfield Poly (tomorrow, Friday), Bradford University (Saturday), Hull University (November 21), Sunderland Poly (22), London University College (28) and Torquay 400 Club (29). Further dates are being finalised.

JAPAN play what's expected to be their only British date this year at London Strand Lyceum on November 27 — tickets on sale now. But they're planning a complete set of dates in the New Year, after a January tour of Japan. Their first album and single for the Virgin label, both titled 'Gentlemen Take Polaroids', were issued recently.

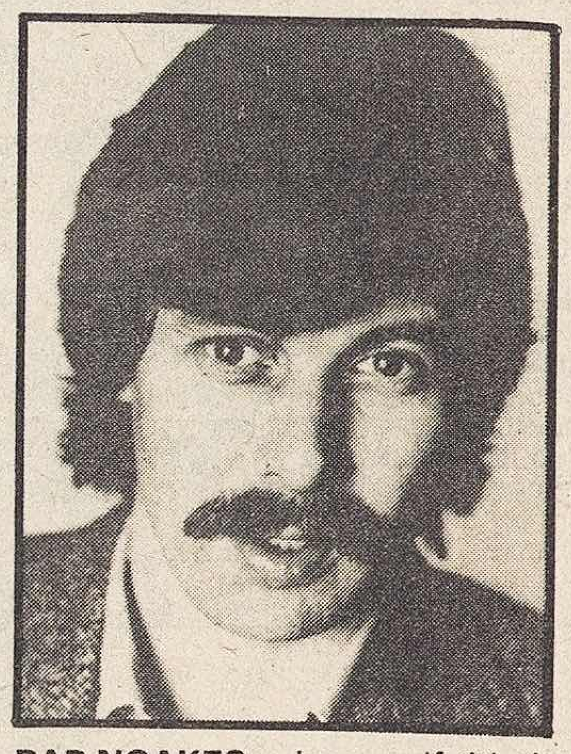
THE ASSOCIATES have been forced to concel all their dates until further notice, including some shows as support to Captain Beefheart, as singer Billy Mackenzie is suffering from a severe throat infection. They hope to resume gigging later in the month.

TRIMMER & JENKINS are playing a series of dates to promote their Christmas single 'I Love Parties', which has just been reissued by Charisma. They're at London Kensington Imperial College (tonight, Thursday), London Woolwich Thames Poly (Friday), Croydon Cartoon (November 19), Dudley J.B.'s (21), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (22), Kingston Poly (26) and London Putney Star & Garter (29), with more being set.

THE COMSAT ANGELS have added another couple of dates to their current headlining trek around Britain — at Liverpool Brady's (November 24) and Canterbury Kent University (25).

GRAND PRIX, whose debut single and album were recently released by RCA, are supporting Caravan on their current British outing — highlighted by a show at London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion on November 23.

THE LOOKALIKES, the Irish band who supported Thin Lizzy on their UK tour earlier this year, headline a string of London gigs early next month — at Islington Hope & Anchor (December 2), Covent Garden Rock Garden (3), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (4), North East London Poly (5) and Fulham Greyhound (8), with more to be confirmed. Provincial dates are being lined up for the New Year. Their new single 'Just What You Got' is released by Riva on November 28.



RAB NOAKES, whose self-titled MCA album is scheduled for early New Year release, returns to the concert platform to guest with Loudon Wainwright III at Brighton Dome (tomorrow, Friday) and London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (this Sunday). And in his own right, he plays two nights at London Victoria The Venue on November 24 and December 10.

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THURSDAY

Belfast Festival: **Billy Connolly**
Bicester King's Head: **Spring Offensive**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Quads**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **The Teardrop Explodes / The Thompson Twins**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Odeon: **Triumph / Praying Mantis**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Titan**
Birmingham University: **Dance**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Uriah Heep / Samson**
Bolton Aquarius Club: **Stalk**
Bournemouth Exeter Hotel: **The League Of Gentlemen with Robert Fripp**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Jasper Carrott**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **B. A. Robertson / The Expressos**
Brighton Centre: **Elkie Brooks**
Brighton Concorde Club: **The Androids Of Mu / Bright Girls**
Brighton Dome: **Chris De Burgh / Chas & Dave**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Bristol Tiffany's: **Girlschool**
Burntwood Troubadour: **Switch 7**
Canterbury Keynes College: **Dolly Mixture**
Cardiff Chivas: **Tanzschau**
Chatham Scamps: **Bernd Weber & The Last Resort**
Cheltenham Town Hall: **The Spinners**
Chesham Elgiva Hall: **Prowler / May West / Craftyhalf**
Corby Festival Hall: **The Dooleys**
Coventry Climax Club: **Close Rivals**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Chainsaw**
Dundee College of Technology: **The Androids**
Dundee Marryat Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Witchfynde**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Jackie Challenor with Jake**
Guildford Surrey University: **Bullseye**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Splodgenessabounds**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Creation Rebel**
Hornchurch The Bull: **Chinatown**
Hull University: **The Stray Cats**
Hull Wellington Club: **The Comsat Angels**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Tangerine Dream**
Keele University: **The Dance Band**
Kingston Art School: **Blurt**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Cooper S**
Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill: **Panther 45/The Custom**
Leeds Fan Club: **The Fall**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Jam / The Piranhas**
Lincoln Drill Hall: **Adam & The Ants**
Lincoln Theatre Royal: **The Enid**
Liverpool Gatsby's: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Liverpool Rotters: **The Human League**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Acton White Hart: **Gun Control**
London Bayswater Downstairs at the Plaza: **Inversions**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Polecats**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Telemacque**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Exciters**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Sad Among Strangers / Broadcast**
London Covent Garden Seven Dials: **John Stevens' Away**
London Dalston Pembury Tavern: **Avenue**
London Enfield Middlesex Polytechnic: **Red Rage**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Young Jazz Big Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Famous Four / The Spoilers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Ram Jam Band / Tangent**
London Hackney Deuragon: **Park Avenue**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Weather Report**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Fruit Eating Bears**
London Hayes Brook House: **Zitz**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Selecter (sold out)**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Scoop**
London Kensington De Villers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington Imperial College: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
London Marquee Club: **The Spectres**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Kraze**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Night Doctor**
London Putney White Lion: **Sole Distributors**
London Richmond Brollys: **Martian Dance/Red Box**
London Richmond Snoopies: **Duffo/The Splitting Muscles**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **The Munchies**
London Soho Pizza Express: **WASO**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **'Groovey' Joe Poovey/Blue Cat Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Chuck Farley**
London Strand King's College: **Various Artists/The Shoes/The Untouchables**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
London Victoria The Venue: **Chris Hill**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Jo Broadbery & The Standouts/El Seven**
London Wimbledon Dog & Fox: **George Melly & The Feewarmers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Skavengers/Moontier**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Hit Factory**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Inversions**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun/The Swinging Lampshades**
Manchester Rafters: **Ludus/Eric Random-/Diagram Brothers/Dislocation Dance**
Norwich Cromwells: **Gary Glitter**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**

RUTS D.C. (right) on tour

YES (below) debut new line-up

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Oxford Stage Club: **Sonic Tonix**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Those French Girls**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Motorhead**
Preston Warehouse: **The Stiffs**
Seaford Great Dane: **Suspect**
Sheffield Limit Club: **U2**
Sheffield University: **Sexual Lotion/The Chant/The Parts**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Wild Boys**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Sad Cafe**
Southampton The Eagle: **The Strollers**
Stirling University: **Steel Pulse/Jimmy Lindsay**
Swansea Brangwyn Hall: **Willy & The Bosscats/Nerve Centre/The Hoggs /Ohibo Paronti/Page Four/Quatara/The Ak Band**
Weybridge National College of Food: **Twelfth Night**
Willenhall The Cavalcade: **Sub Zero**
Workington Down Under: **Budgie**

FRIDAY

Bath Walcott Village Hall: **Streets Ahead**
Belfast Festival: **Billy Connolly**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Birmingham Aston University: **Girlschool**
Birmingham Barrell Organ: **Willy & The Poorboys**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Au Pairs / Fast Relief**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Odeon: **Chris De Burgh / Chas & Dave**
Birmingham Polytechnic: **Vision Collision**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Top Rank: **Eclipse**
Birmingham University: **The Cure / The Stop**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Wasted Youth**
Bolton British Aerospace: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Bolton Technical College: **God's Gift**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Jasper Carrott**
Bradford Palm Cove: **Kraken**
Bradwell-on-Sea Queen's Head: **Low Profile / Vieux Chapeau / The Belvedons**
Bridgend Railway Inn: **John James**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Ammonites**
Brighton Centre: **Don Williams**
Brighton Dome: **Loudon Wainwright III**
Brighton Stanford Arms: **Ijax Allstars**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Spinners**
Bristol University: **Dangerous Brothers**
Canterbury Kent University: **Eric Blake**
Chelmsford Tracks: **Watch With Mother**
Chippenham Neeld Hall: **The Scoop**
Corby Festival Hall: **The Dooleys**
Coventry Matrix Ballroom: **Geoff Gough Band / The Geriatric Trio**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Crawley Technical College: **UK Subs**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Tangerine Dream**
Doncaster Gaumont Theatre: **Uriah Heep / Samson**
Dudley and Wheatslade Club: **Erogenous Zones — The Grip**
Dumfermline Northern Road House: **Panther 45 / The Custom**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Fall / The Androids**
Edinburgh University: **Aswad**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Travelling Shoes**
Farnham College: **Prime Suspect**
Gospost John Peel: **Chinatown**
Guildford Surrey University: **The Apocalypse**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Downliners Sect / Lynk**
Hastings St. Clement's Caves: **The Rumpy Bouncing Dentists**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Planets**
Hull Queen's Gardens: **Adam & The Ants**
Kidderminster Town Hall: **U2**
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: **Inversions**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **B. A. Robertson / The Expressors**
Liverpool The Dolphin: **Stun The Guards**
Livingston Mews Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
London Acton Windmill: **Bad Publicity**
London Brixton George Canning: **E.T.A.**
London Camden Royal Exchange: **Seven Year Itch**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Ian Mitchell Band**
London Central Polytechnic: **Split Rivitt / Modern Man**
London Chiswick John Bull: **L. A. Hooker**
London City University: **Various Artists / The Shoes / The Untouchables / The Stingrays**
London Clapham 101 Club: **T.V. Smith's Explorers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Mobster / X-Effects**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Supercharge**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Ram Jam Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Soft Boys / The Lines**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Weather Report**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **No Meen Feet**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Kicks**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Resistance**
London Marquee Club: **UFO**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Simms Mellor Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Geroge Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **Shadowfax**
London Plumstead Prince Albert: **Avenue**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Carter-Jones Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Sam Mitchell Band**
London Rainbow Theatre: **After The Fire / The Fabulous Poodles / The Lasers**
London Regents Park Bedford College: **On The Air**
London Richmond Snoopies: **Codename Borealis / Tel Aviv Quartet / En Route**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Stephane Grappelli**
London Soho Pizza Express: **WASO**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **Orson Blake**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **The Reluctant Stereotypes**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Fizzz**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **AC/DC**
London Victoria The Venue: **Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Blurt / The Pinkies / Vendino Pact**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Twice Shy**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Caravan / Grand Prix**
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **J. G. Spoils Rock Band**
Manchester Comanche Students Union: **A Certain Ratio / Sector 25**
Manchester Millstone: **The Whipps**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Mandy Morton Band**
Manchester Portland Bars: **The Critics**
Newcastle Henderson Hall: **Siletto**
Mansfield Masons Arms: **Spoonfull**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **The Stray Cats**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Steel Pulse / Jimmy Lindsay**
Newcastle-under-Lyme The Hempstalls: **Firing Squad**
Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College: **Black Slate**
Northampton MFM Club: **Religious Overdose**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Moonstone**
Oxford New Theatre: **Sad Cafe**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Never Never**
Oxford Westminster College: **The Dance Band**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Comsat Angels**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Budgie**
Scarborough Taboo: **Head-Hunter**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Buzz**
Slough Merrymakers: **Doll By Doll**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Motorhead**
Stockport College: **Private Sector**
Sockport Jackson's Lane High School: **Zanathus**
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: **Night Doctor**
Weymouth Dorset Institute: **The League Of Gentlemen with Robert Fripp**
Wokingham Rock Club: **Midnight Sun**
York University: **The Teardrop Explodes / The Thompson Twins**

SATURDAY

Basingstoke Sinatra's: **Sweet Sensation**
Belfast McMordie Hall: **The Virgin Prunes**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Bogarts (lunchtime): **Manitou**
Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel: **Reality / The Private**
Birmingham Cedar Club: **Dance**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Private Dicks**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Barbara Dickson**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Bolton Cresterlee: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Elkie Brooks**
Bradford University: **The Planets**
Bristol Docklands Settlement: **Metro Glider**
Bristol Exhibition Centre: **The Paynkillers**
Bristol Green Rooms: **Juan Foote'n'The Grave**
Bristol Polytecnic: **U2**
Bristol N.U.S. Conference at the University: **Stiletto / The Accidents**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **The Liberators**
Caterham Youth Centre: **The Strike / The Daleks**
Chigwell White Hart: **Oral Exciters**
Colchester Essex University: **Split Enz**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Adam & The Ants**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Seven Year Itch**
Derby Ajanta Cinema: **UK Subs**
Dunoon Tor-Na-Dee Hotel: **H20**
Durrington Gunn Club: **Chinatown**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **Panther 45 / The Custom**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Stray Cats**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **The Kicks**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **Aswad**
Freshwater Youth Centre: **Feedback**
Glasgow Apollo Cenre: **Pallas /Mad Avenue / Indoor Games / Fast Lix / Chasar / Pretty Boy Floyd / The Ak Band**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **B.A. Robertson / The Espressos**
Guildford Surrey university: **Girlschool**
High Wycombe Bucks College of Higher Education: **On The Air**
Hull Endyke Club: **Head-Hunter**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Keighley Funhouse Bar (luchtime): **New Model Army**
Kidderminster Boars Head: **Bad Publicity**
Lancaster University: **The Cure / Tarzan 5**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Fabulous Poodles**
Leeds University: **Steel Pulse / Jimmy Lindsay**
Liverpool Brady's: **Wasted Youth**
Liverpool Polytechnic: **Eclipse**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Tangerine Dream**
Liverpool University: **The Teardrop Explodes / The Thompson Twins**
London Bayswater Downstairs at the Plaza: **Inversions**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Split Rivitt**
London Chiswick John Bull: **The Chevrons**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

Gig Guide continued

HAZEL O'CONNOR (right) goes on tour for the first time since her film *Breaking Glass* boosted her into the big league. Together with her band Megahype, she plays a couple of Irish dates in Belfast (Friday) and Dublin (Sunday), then opens her UK tour at Cardiff (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday).

Two bands who've undergone drastic line-up changes in recent months, both pictured on the previous page, start tours this week. RUTS D.C., now minus Malcom Owen, kick off in Sheffield on Tuesday. And YES, with the two Buggles man replacing Messrs. Wakeman and Anderson, set out in Bristol on Sunday.

● Also starting tours this week are SPLIT ENZ and ROY HARPER. And JOHN McLAUGHLIN & Friends play acoustic guitar concerts in London (Monday) and Brighton (Tuesday).

London Clapham Two Brewers: **Kleen Heels**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Gas / Significant Zeros**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **X-O-Dus / Trax**
London Crystal Palace Hotel: **The Kraze**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Bluesblasters**
London Fulham Greyhound: **No Dice / Nuthin Fancy**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Triumph / Praying Mantis**
London Hampstead Starlight Club: **Motley Crew**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Twelfth Night**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **The Nolans**
London Marquee Club: **UFO**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Spring Offensive**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Roberto Campoverdi's Cayenne**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Duffo**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Jam / The Piranhas**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Cilla Fisher & Artie Tresize**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bob Wilber / Pug Horton / Lars Ertrand**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **Equinox**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Fizzz**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **AC/DC**
London Victoria The Venue: **Supercharge**
London Waltham Forest North-East Polytechnic: **Bully Wee**
London West Hampstead Moonlight club: **Bernd Weber & The Last Resort / Dumb Blondes**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Basil's Ballsup Band**
Loughborough University: **Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band**
Luton Kingsway Tavern: **Toad The Wet Sprockett**
Malvern Nags Head: **Shader**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Uriah Heep / Samson**
Manchester Millstone: **The Stiffs / Sigma**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Out On Blue Six / The Diagram Brothers / Monoconics**
Newcastle University: **Splodgeness abounds**
Norwich Keswick College: **The Stingrays**
Norwich Whites: **Dangerous Girls**
Oldham The Lancashire Vaults: **The Zorkie Twins**
Oxford New Theatre: **Chris De Brugh**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **Sonic Tonix**
Ramsgate Raphael's: **Naughty Thoughts**
Reading Bulmershe College: **The League of Gentlemen with Robert Fripp**
Rochdale (Whitworth) Rawstrons Arms: **The Swinging Lampshades**
Scarborough Futurist Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
Seaford Great Dane: **Rokwattz**
Sheffield University: **Roy Harper**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Denizens / Crosswords**
Shipley Civil Service Club: **The Elements**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Weather Report**
St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Don Williams**
Sutton Bonnington School of Agriculture: **The V.I.P.'s**
Swindon Oasis Centre: **The Spinners**
Torquay 400 Ballroom: **Black Slate**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Kraken**
Watford Red Lion: **The Car Thieves**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverhampton Gifford Arms: **Doctor Max**

SUNDAY

Aberdeen University: **Aswad**
Bath Tiffany's: **Wasted Youth**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bournemouth Royal Exeter Hotel: **Twelfth Night**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **The Accelerators**
Bradford Princeville Club: **Head-Hunter**
Brighton Jenkinson's: **The Comsat Angels**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Sad Cafe**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Yes**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff New Theatre: **The Nolans**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Girlschool**
Chigwell White Hart: **Park Avenue**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Chris De Burgh/ Chas & Dave**
Croydon Star Club: **The Laughing Apple**
Darlington Arts Centre: **X-Press**
Dublin Grand Cinema: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Stephane Grappelli**
Eton Christopher Hotel (lunchtime): **The Gatsby Five**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **The Alternative British Army**
Harrogate Royal Hall: **The Dooleys**
Hatfield Forum Centre: **Barbara Dickson**
Huddersfield White Lion (lunchtime): **The Whipps**
Hull City Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Leeds Fan Club: **The Notsensibles**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **The Fabulous Poodles**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Knife Edge**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leeds (Rothwell) Windmill Youth Club: **Shake Appeal**
London Acton King's Head: **White Light-/The Attendants**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Rank Amateurs**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Supercharge**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Red Ruise**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Bottles (Ruts D.C.)**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Red Rage/Malchix/The Wind-Ups**
London Ealing Abbey Youth Centre: **The Chevrons/B-Film/Red Box**
London Finchley Torrington: **The Lemons**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chicken Shack**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Nash The Slash**
London Hackney The Queens: **Avenue**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Triumph/ Praying Mantis**
London Kensington Imperial College: **Caravan/Grand Prix**
London Marquee Club: **UFO**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Jo-Ann Kelly**
London Putney Half Moon: **Seven Year Itch**
London Putney White Lion: **Juice On The Loose**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Jam/The Piranhas**
London Richmond Brollys: **Mothers Ruin**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Shader**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Robert Cushman's Tribute To Vernon Duke**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Ojah**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Teardrop Explodes / The Thompson Twins / Josef K / The Fire Engines**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **AC/DC**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Root Jackson & The GB Blues Co/The Hit Factory**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Ronnie Scott Quartet**
London W.1. Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Harry Gold's Pieces Of Eight**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Paz**
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **The Swinging Lampshades**
Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre: **Budgie**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Oedipus Complex**
Manchester Portland Bars: **The X-Offenders**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Split-Enz**
Oxford New Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **42nd Street**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Panther 45/The Custom**
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: **The Axe Band**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Bernard Wrigley**
Ramsgate Raphael's (lunchtime): **The Record Players**
Ramsgate Sands Wine Bar: **Centrepoint**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Roy Harper**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Adam & The Ants**
Somerton Red Lion: **Black Slate**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Don Williams**
St. Albans Goat Inn: **Jim Sharp**
Stamford Danish Invader: **Time Out**
St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Motorhead**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Asylum**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Sub Zero**
Weymouth Gloucester Bars (lunchtime): **The Skavengers**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Nightdoor**
York Forge Inn: **UK Subs**

MONDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Briton-/Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Angelwitch**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Adam & The Ants**
Boston Folk Club: **Bill Caddick**
Brighton Dome: **Weather Report**
Bristol Locarno: **Hazel O'Connor / Megahype**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Talon**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **The Axe Band**
Canterbury Odeon: **Caravan/Grand Prix**
Carlisle Market Hall: **Uriah Heep/Samson**
Coventry Belgrade Theatre: **Team 23/L'Homme De Terre**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **H20**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Budgie**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **The Zitz**
Ewell The Grapevine: **Avenue**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **The 4"Be 2"s**
High Wycombe Bucks College: **The League Of Gentlemen with Robert Fripp**
Side Stompers
Leamington Royal Spa Centre: **Girlschool**
Leeds Marquis of Granby: **Heaven 17**
Leeds Warehouse: **New Musik**
Leicester De Montford Hall: **Motorhead**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Chris De Burgh**
London Acton White Hart: **L.A. Hooker**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Queen Ida**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Atrix/720**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **New Dior/The Escorts**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun/Motley Crew**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Sad Cafe**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Bad Publicity**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Barracudas**
London Marquee: **UK Subs**
London N.4. The Stapleton: **The Syndicate**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Panchito & The High Rockers**
London Palladium: **Royal Variety Show with Aretha Franklin/Peggy Lee/Sheena Easton, etc.**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Richmond Snoopies: **The Nuggets/Missing Presumed Dead/The Molecules**
London Royal Albert Hall: **John McLaughlin Al di Meola/Paco De Lucia**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **C-Sharps**
London Stratford Green Man: **Telemacque**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Wizz Jones**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **The Cure/Classix Nouveaux/The Visitors/The Obtainers**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Killer Hertz**
London Victoria The Venue: **Peter Straker**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Bottles/Steel Survivor**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Pulsators**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Jasper Carrott**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Drones**
Manchester Rotters: **Split Enz**
Newcastle Gosforth Hotel: **Dancing Lessons**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Oxford New Theatre: **Yes**
Penzance Demelza's: **Black Slate**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Nolans**
Sheffield City Hall: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Southend Zero 6: **The Comsat Angels**
St. Albans Horn Of Plenty: **Twelfth Night**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **Splodgenessabounds**
Welwyn Garden City The Fountain: **Lol Coxhill**
York University: **Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band**

TUESDAY

Aberdeen Arts Centre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Aberdeen Ruffles: **The Delmontes**
Bath Technical College: **Night Doctor**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bournemouth The Woodman: **The Skavengers**
Brighton Art College: **The Mets/Nouveau-a-go-go**
Brighton Dome: **John McLaughlin/Al Di Meola/Pasco de Lucia**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Don Williams**
Bury The Derby Hall: **The Whipps**
Canterbury School of Art: **Blurt**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Cardiff University: **The Cure/Housewives Choice**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Len's Seattle Six**
Glesgate Brewer's Arms: **Prefab Sprout**
Gravesend Red Lion: **The Klones**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Dangerous Girls**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Uriah Heep/Samson**
Helsnbro' Naval Base: **B. A. Robertson/The Expressos**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Leeds (Guieseley) Fieldhead Youth Club: **Shake Appeal**
Leicester de Montfort Hall: **Motorhead**
Lincoln Drill Hall: **Girlschool**
Liverpool Brady's: **Spoldgenessabounds**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Asylum/Overlord/Dick Smith Band/Dawn Trader/I.O./Shattered Dolls/The Ak Band**
London Camden Brecknock: **Shader**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Queen Ida**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Bouncers / Limehouse**
London Covent Garden community Centre: **Rubber Johnny**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Barracudas/Billy London & The Regulars**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Metro Glider**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Atrix/The Blinders**
London Greenwich White Swan: **The Kicks/Bad Publicity**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Jam/The Piranhas**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Transit Company**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Toys**
London Marquee Club: **UK Subs**
London New Barnet Dule of Lancaster: **Suttel Approach**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The City Gents**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Fashion**
London Palladium: **Peggy Lee**
London Putney Half Moon: **Sound Of Seventeen**
London Putney White Lion: **Social Security Blues Band**
London Richmond Snoopies: **The Last Dance/Strong Silent Types/Boots For Dancing**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-star Jazzband**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Significant Zeros**
London Stratford Green Man: **Jackie Challoner Band**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Crying Shames**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Aretha Franklin (for six nights)**
London Victoria The Venue: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Embryo/Licence/The Vommits/Praxis**
London Wooolwich Tramshed: **Monty Sunshine Band**
London W.1 Whiskey AGoGo: **The City Limits**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Zitz**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Jasper Carrott**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **No Mystery**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Adam & The Ants**
Middlesbrough Grangetown Club: **Sweet Sensation**
Newcastle King's Head: **The Green Eyed Children**
Norwich Cromwells: **The Comsat Angels**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Motley Crew**
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **Black Slate**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Wasted Youth**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **The Nolans**
Reading University: **U2/Medium Medium**
Rosyth Lions Club: **Budgie**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Ruts D.C.**
Sheffield University: **Caravan/Grand Prix**
Slough Studio One: **The Mighty Strypes**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Swansea White Swan: **Sam Stephens & Anne Lennox-Martin**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Arrogant**

WEDNESDAY

Aldenham Red Lion: **Oral Exciters**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Dansette Damage**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M.S. Nightwork**
Birmingham Odeon: **Yes**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Bolton The Last Drop: **The Swinging Lampshades**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Barbara Dickson**
Bradford St George's Hall: **Uriah Heep-/Samson**
Bristol The Berkeley: **Splodgenessabounds**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chichester Festival Theatre: **The Enid**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Panther 45/The Custom**
Coventry Theatre: **Motorhead**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Elkie Brooks**
Doncaster Gaumont Theatre: **Girlschool**
Durham University: **Ruts D.C.**
East Kilbride Village Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Thumper**
Ewell The Grapevine: **Avenue**
Exeter University: **Wasted Youth**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Chris De Burgh**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **Rhesus Negative**
Grimsby Central Hall: **Adam & The Ants**
Helensbro' Trident Club: **Budgie**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Barracudas**
Kings Lynn Norfolk College: **Night Doctor**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Sad Cafe**
Liverpool Rotters: **Caravan/Grand Prix**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Asylum**
London Acton King's Head: **The Nuggets / Room For Humans**
London Camden Music Machine: **Straight Eight**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Kraze**
London Central Polytechnic: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Form/Spittin Mussels**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Patrik Fitzgerald Group/Transmitters**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Julian Dawson's Hit Factory**
London Fulham Greyhound: **TV Smith's Explorers/The Imports**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Park Avenue**
London Marquee Club: **UK Subs**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **New Iberia Stompers**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Metro Glider**
London Palladium: **Peggy Lee**
London Richmond Snoopies: **Five Or Six / The Low Countries / The Several**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Robert Cushman's Tribute To Vernon Duke**
London Stepney Hospital: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Back To Back**
London Stratford Green Man: **The Cobras**
London Victoria The Venue: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Blue Orchids/The Decorators**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Queen Ida**
London W14 The Kensington: **Southern Comfort**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Manchester Beach Club: **El Voag / Gell**
Manchester Comanche Students Union: **Girls At Our Best**
Newcastle Balmbra's: **The Sabrejets**
Norwich William IV: **The Stingrays**
Nottingham Albert Hall: **Bert Jansch & John Renbourne**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **The Prams**
Oxford Scamps: **The Crew**
Pontypridd Wales Polytechnic: **Black Slate**
Ramsgate Sands Wine Bar: **Naughty Thoughts**
Salford University: **B.A. Robertson/The Expressos**
Sheffield Brincliffe Oaks Hotel: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Capital Letters**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stoke (Burslem) Bowler Hat: **Firing Squad**
Swinton The Towpath: **The Whipps**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **U2/Medium Medium**

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Friday 14th November	**THE SOFT BOYS** + The Lines	£1.25
Saturday 15th November	**NO DICE** + Nuthin' Fancy	£1.50
Sunday 16th November	**NASH THE SLASH** + Blancmange	75p
Monday 17th November	**MOBSTER** + Motley Crew	75p
Tuesday 18th November	**ATRIX** + The Blinders	£1.00
Wednesday 19th November	**TV SMITHS EXPLORERS** + The Imports	£1.00

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Tuesday 25th November
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Wednesday 26th November
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Thursday 4th December
STRAY CATS
LATE BAR — 9 to 2 am

BROADWAY TICKET AGENCY
Tickets on sale now for
BOB SEGER & THE SILVER BULLET BAND
IN CONCERT
20th November
QUEEN
IN CONCERT
8th, 9th & 10th December
IAN DURY
IN CONCERT
21st, 22nd & 23rd December
DIRE STRAITS
IN CONCERT
22nd & 23rd December
"BROADWAY" TICKET AGENCY
8 Claybury Broadway, Clayhall, Ilford, Essex
Phone 01-551 4138/9

CAROLINE Roadshow

Fri 14th Nov	GREYHOUND, CROYDON

with special guests of the Caroline Roadshow
ATOMIC ROOSTER
Adm. £2.20

Sat 15th Nov	CORN EXCHANGE, MAIDSTONE, KENT
Fri 21st Nov	TALK OF THE EAST, LOWESTOFT
Sat 22nd Nov	CASTLE HALL, HERTFORD, HERTS

with Special Guests — Live on stage
ATOMIC ROOSTER + Bastille

Fri 28th Nov	CHANCELLOR HALL, CHELMSFORD
Sat 29th Nov	ST IVO CENTRE, ST IVES, CAMBS

with **ATOMIC ROOSTER** Rob Eden & Bastille

Sat 29th Nov	SLOUGH COLLEGE, SLOUGH, BERKS

with **WHITE SPIRIT** Brian Martin + Tom Anderson

CAROLINE BRITAIN'S BEST ROCK ROADSHOW WITH DJs ROBB EDEN, BRIAN MARTIN AND TOM ANDERSON
Doors Open 8pm — Bar — Admission £2.00

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
ADAM AND THE ANTS
CUDDLY TOYS
GODS TOYS
The Ant Disco

LYCEUM STRAND, W.C.2
SUNDAY 23rd NOVEMBER at 7 — sold out

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DOMINION THEATRE
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD LONDON W1
Derek Block presents
THE CURE
CLASSIX NOUVEAUX
THE VISITORS
MONDAY 17th NOVEMBER 7·30pm
TICKETS £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE (01-580-9562) PREMIER BOX OFFICE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & TICKET MACHINE

YES
HARVEY GOLDSMITH BY ARRANGEMENT WITH SUN ARTISTS PRESENTS
IN CONCERT

NOV	22nd	Deeside Leisure Centre (0244 817000) (from Deeside, Piccadilly Records Manchester and Mike Lloyd shops, Stoke)
	27th	Glasgow Apollo (041 332 9221/2)
	28th	Glasgow Apollo
	29th	Edinburgh Playhouse (031 557 2590)
	30th	Edinburgh Playhouse
DEC	2nd	Newcastle City Hall (0632 20007)
	3rd	Newcastle City Hall
	4th	Newcastle City Hall
	9th	Southampton Gaumont (0703 29772)
	10th	Southampton Gaumont
	11th	Brighton Centre (0273 202881)
	12th	Lewisham Odean (01 852 1331/2)

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British airways cargo — wea — YES DRAMA K50736
Also available on cassette

MCP presents
Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark
plus the FATAL CHARM
APOLLO VICTORIA LONDON
THURSDAY 13th November 8.00pm
Tickets £3.50 £3.25 £3.00 Available from B/O Tel. 01 834 2819
L.T.B and Premier B/O

PORTERHOUSE PROMOTIONS *Presents*

Monday 17th November
SPLIT ENZ
+ Distractions
at Manchester Rotters
Tel 061-236 4934
Adv Tickets £2.50

Wednesday 19th November
CARAVAN
+ Special Guests
at Liverpool Rotters
Tel 051 709 0771
Adv Tickets £2.50

Tuesday 9th December
XTC
+ Special Guests
at Liverpool Rotters
Tel 051 709 0771
Adv Tickets £2.50

Sunday 14th December
DEF LEPPARD
+ Special Guests
at Doncaster Rotters
Tel 0302 27448
Adv Tickets £2.50

Monday 15th December
SLADE
+ Special Guests
at Manchester Rotters
Tel 061 236 4934
Adv Tickets £2.50

FOR TIMES & TICKETS OUTLETS SEE LOCAL PRESS
Must be over 18 years of age. No dress restriction
NO MEMBERSHIP REQUIRED

PCLSU
Presents
SPLIT RIVITT
+ Modern Man
Friday 14th November 8 pm — *Cheap Bar*
Polytechnic Central London, Wells St, W1 (Oxford Circus Tube).
Students £1 Others £1.50 on door or in advance on 636 6271

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

JAPAN

THE SMART

LOCAL HEROES S.W.9.

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2

THURSDAY 27th NOVEMBER at 8·00

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STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

ROY HARPER

DOMINION THEATRE
TOTTENHAM COURT RD. W.1.

SATURDAY 29th NOVEMBER at 7·30

TICKETS £3·50, £3·00, £2·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL. 580 9562, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, EDWARDS & EDWARDS TEL. 734 9761

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

KILLING JOKE

wasted youth

FAD GADGET

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2

SUNDAY 30th NOVEMBER at 7·30

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STARLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane, West Hampstead, N.W.6

NO MEEN FEET

+ Support

Friday 14th November — Adm. £1.50

THAMES POLY, WOOLWICH SE18
Tel 01-855 0618/9

JOHN COOPER CLARKE

+ Special Guests
FASHION

£2.00 (Advance) £2.50 (Door)

SPLIT RIVITT

DINGWALLS
SAT NOV 15TH

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 13th November — 60p
RELEASE
+ Fibreclass

Friday 14th November — £1.00
* THE IAN MITCHELL BAND *

Saturday 15th November — £1.00
THE JACKIE LYNTON BAND

Sunday 16th November — 70p
SUNFIGHTER
(Ex R D B Band)
+ Chinese Wasps

Monday 17th November — 60p
THE MONSTERS
+ TWIG & The Kicks

Tuesday 18th November — 60p
ANDROIDS OF MU
+ Plain Characters

Wednesday 19th November — 60p
THE KRAZE + 7.20

RAMPANT RECORDS
'GET STUFFED' TOUR 80
Moonlight Club, West Hampstead
Tuesday 18th Nov.
featuring

EMBRYO
+ CASE
+ THE VOMITS
+ Praxis

GET STUFFED AT THE MOONLIGHT

HELP!

STIR IT UP A BIT

Rock Against Thatcher

Bands with a view to playing a new live venue in Arbroath, please contact Gary at — 26 Newton Cres., or phone Arbroath (0241) 78814 or 77241.

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

DEREK BLOCK presents

THE HUMAN LEAGUE

RESTRICTED CODE

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

THURSDAY 4th DECEMBER 7·30pm

TICKETS £3.50 £3·00 £2.50

AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01·748·4081/2
PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS and USUAL AGENTS

BLURT Moonlight Club Friday 14th Nov.

THE CHORDS

Appearing at

MUSIC MACHINE

Camden High St LONDON

Friday November 14th

Tickets available for all London Concerts of the following

NOVEMBER
13, 14 Weather Report
14 After The Fire
15 Triumph
16 The Teardrop Explodes
16 Loudon Wainwright
17 Sad Cafe
17 The Cure
17 John McLaughlin
21 Otis Rush Blues Band
21 Charlie Daniels Band
21 Bob Seger
21, 22, 23 Aretha Franklin
22 John Williams
23 Adam & The Ants
23 Caravan
23, 29 Adam & The Ants
24, 25 B52's
26, 27, 28, Motorhead
27 Japan
27 Dooleys
28 Hot Chocolate
28 The Drifters
29 Roy Harper
30 Roches
30 Killing Joke

DECEMBER
1 Jon Anderson
3 Uriah Heep
3 The Damned
4, 5 Split Enz
6 Hazel O'Conner
7 Girlschool
8, 9, 10 Al Stewart
11, 12 Sky
12 The Enid
13 Ultravox
14/18 Yes
15, 16 Undertones
18 Steeleye Span
19 Saxon
21 Steve Harley
21, 22, 23 Ian Dury
22, 23 Madness
22, 23 Dire Straits
27, 28, 29 Black Sabbath
30 Siouxsie & The Banshees

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General enquiries Tel 01-439 3371. Instant Credit Bookings 01-240 1369/0681. Postal Bookings 96 Shaftesbury Ave. W.1. Personal callers 31 Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus and 42 Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square, Tel 01-437 5150

THE Venue

160 VICTORIA ST. SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 5882

Tickets from The Venue Box Office and the Ticket Machine in the Virgin Megastore, 14 Oxford Street, W.1. Postal Applications (P.O's only) from The Venue.

Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing 7pm-3am.

Wednesday 12th November — £4.00
CAPTAIN BEEFHEART & HIS MAGIC BAND

Thursday 13th November — £2.00/£3.00
CHRIS HILL

Friday 14th November — £4.00
CAPTAIN BEEFHEART & HIS MAGIC BAND

Saturday 15th November — £3.00
SUPERCHARGE + support

Monday 17th November — £2.00
WHITE HEAT

Tuesday 18th November — £3.50
RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON

Special late show
(Doors open 11.00pm
CAPTAIN BEEFHEART & HIS MAGIC BAND

Wednesday 19th November — £3.50
RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON

Thursday 20th November — £2.00/£3.00
CHRIS HILL

Friday 21st November — £3.00
ASWAD

Saturday 22nd November — £3.00
JOHNNY MARS 7TH SUN + Will Gains

Monday 24th November — £2.25
RAB NOAKES

Tuesday 25th November
RING BOX OFFICE FOR DETAILS

Wednesday 26th November — £2.50
MODERN MAN + Cheap Thrills

Thursday 27th November — £2.00/£3.00
CHRIS HILL

Friday 28th November — £4.00
THE MOTELS

Saturday 29th November
RING BOX OFFICE FOR DETAILS

Monday 1st December — £3.00
BERT JANSCH AND JOHN RENBOURNE

Coming soon

Saturday 6th December
OSIBISA

Friday 12th December
JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT

Venue late night parties

Wednesday 19th November — £2.00
AMERICAN GRAFFITI PARTY

Wednesday 26th November — £2.00
PIMP AND WHORE PARTY

ZITZ

Nov 13 —
Brook House, Hayes

Nov 17 —
Christopher, Eton

Nov 18 —
Kensington, London W.14

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane, West Hampstead, N.W.6.

Wednesday 12th November — £1.50
ANOTHER PRETTY FACE/ ANIMAL MAGNET

Thursday 13th November — £1.50
JOE BROADBERY & THE STAND OUTS + L7

Friday 14th November — £1.50
BLURT + The Punkies + Vendino Pact

Saturday 15th November — £1.50
THE DUMB BLONDES + Bernd Weber + The Last Resort

Sunday 16th November — £1.50
ROOT JACKSON & THE G.B. BLUES CO + The Hit Factory

Monday 17th November — £1.50
THE BOTTLES + Steel Survivor

Tuesday 18th November — £1.50
GET STUFFED TOUR 80
EMBRYO + LICENCE + THE VOMITS + PRAXIS

Wednesday 19th November — £1.50
BLUE ORCHIDS + The Decorators

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101 CLUB
101 St John's Hill. Tel: 01-223 8309

Wednesday 12th November
THE IVORY COASTERS

Thursday 13th November
THE EXCITERS

Friday 14th November
TV SMITHS EXPLORERS

Saturday 15th November
THE GAS + SIGNIFICANT ZEROS

Sunday 16th November
THE BOTTLES

Monday 17th November
ATRIX + 720

Tuesday 18th November
THE BOUNCERS (featuring John Dumner) + Limehouse

Wednesday 19th November
THE FORM + Spittin Mussels

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:~

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

SAD AMONG STRANGERS
THU.13. Earnest gentlemen who give "Tangible pop that enthusiastically pushes elsewhere." RECORD MIRROR

"MOBSTER"
FRI. Reggae band who's ska beat is pure Jamaican rather than Coventry punk. And even if the songs are unfamiliar, the feel & spirit is downright infectious.

X-O-DUS
SAT. More reggae but the lyrics are social instead of religious and the dub rhythms have a distinctly hard edge which makes the music fresh and attacking.

SUN. RED RAGE + MALCHIX + WIND UPS

MON. NEON DIOR + THE ESCORTS

BARRACUDAS
TUE.18. Surf's up and none of the songs shows any respect for Brian Wilson.

PATRICK FITZGERALD BAND
WED. Dapper new wave singer/songwriter who's always had the edge over contemporaries

BLUE ORCHIDS
THU.20. New band put together by ex-Fall guitarist, Martin Bramah & keyboard player, Una Baine. + Drums, bass and 2nd guitar.

The Doors open 8·45 till late, except Sunday when it's 7·30 till 12. Real Ale & Cocktails right thru. Our restaurant is open 7 days a week ~ 8·30AM till 6·00AM. Most days. Phone for details. We are on the corner of King St. & James St. old Covent Garden (100 mt. from tube Station).

PHONE: 240·3961

JAMES ROBERTSON AND JOHN MUNDAY
present

AFTER THE FIRE

in concert

Plus Special Guests The Lasers

CENTRE BALLROOM, SLOUGH
(Enquiries ring Slough 21256)
Saturday 15th November 8pm

Tickets will be available on door £2.50
20 mins from Paddington by BR

BRIGHTON ROCK PRESENTS

COMSAT ANGELS

7.30 pm
Sunday, November 16th
£1.90 adv — £2.50 door

JENKINSONS, KINGSWEST, SEAFRONT, BRIGHTON.

TICKETS FROM JENKINSONS, VIRGIN RECORDS, FINE RECORDS (WORTHING), & ATTRIX RECORDS.

JOHN BULL
590 Chiswick High Road, London W4
(Opposite Gunnersbury Station)

Fri 14th Nov — £1
J A HOOKER ROADSHOW

Sat 15th Nov — £1
CHEVRONS

Sunday 16th Nov £1.50
SUPERCHARGE

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts

Friday 14th November — £2.00
COMSAT ANGELS
+ Support

Saturday 15th November — £2.00
THE FIST + DARK STAR
+ Baileys Roadshow

THE NUGGETS

WILL BE PLAYING

SNOOPIES, RICHMOND — MON NOV 17
KINGS HEAD, ACTON — WED. NOV 19
101 CLUB, CLAPHAM — FRI. NOV 21
SNOOPIES, RICHMOND — MON NOV 24

RING 01-572 9459

LEWISHAM ODEON LOAMPIT VALE, LONDON SE13

Derek Block presents

THE FRONTIER TOUR PLUS ANT MUSIC REVIEW

featuring

ADAM & THE ANTS

GOD'S TOYS

PLUS THE ANT DISCO

SATURDAY 29th NOVEMBER 7·30pm

TICKETS £3·00 £2.50

AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE (01-852-1331), PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS and TICKET MACHINE

RECORD NEWS 1

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
URIAH HEEP
With Guests SAMSON
LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
WEDNESDAY 3rd DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

STARLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane, West Hampstead, NW6
Thursday 13th November £1
THE WHOLE WORLD (Jazz)
Friday 14th November £1.50
NO MEEN FEET (Rock) + Support
Saturday 15th November £1
MOTLEY CREW (Rock)
Monday 17th November £1
FOLK & BLUES NIGHT
Tuesday 18th November £1
TRANSIT CO. (Jazz)
Wednesday 19th November £1
O-JAH (Reggae)
For information ring Pete 01-624 7611. Peter of the Starlight Club likes to hear from groups who play the following music: Reggae, Soul, Jazz & Blues. Please write enclosing s.a.e. for reply form to complete. Ring 01-624 7611.

REGGAE AT THE 100 CLUB
100 Oxford St., London W.1.
Thurs. November 13th
NIGHT DOCTOR
+ Support
8 till 1 am
NEW WAVE AT THE 100 CLUB
Tues. November 18th
FASHION
+ Dance
8 till 12. Adm £1.75

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
DEREK BLOCK presents
THE DAMNED
PLUS THE STRAPS
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
WEDNESDAY 3rd DECEMBER 7-30pm
TICKETS £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01 748 4081/2
PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS and USUAL AGENTS

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17th
IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
(Ticket Holders please note change of date from November 14th)
Tuesday, November 18th £1.00
TOYS
Wednesday, November 19th £1.00
BOOTS FOR DANCING

DODGERS CLUB
The Trafalgar
Shepherds Bush Precinct
Saturday November 15th
VICTIMS OF PLEASURE
+ Empty Vessels
Wednesday November 19th
NO SWEAT
+ Dirty Strangers

TO ADVERTISE PHONE 01-261 6153

Kevin Draper for Rainbow Concerts presents
SAXON
Thursday 20th November Tickets £2.75.
St. Austell New Cornish Riviera
Friday 21st November Tickets £3.25, £2.75, £2.25.
Taunton Odeon
Saturday 22nd November Tickets £2.75.
Swindon Oasis
Sunday 23rd November Tickets £3.25, £2.75, £2.25.
Chelmsford Odeon
Thursday 18th December Tickets 3.00.
Malvern Winter Gardens

● The previously reported new single by **The VIP's** — coupling 'I Need Somebody To Love' and 'One More Chance', which comes complete with a free three-track EP — is now available on Gem Records.

● **Chas & Dave** are launching their own Rockney label, with distribution by Pinnacle. They've already released some product under this label, including their 'Gertcha' hit last year, but this is the first time they've used the name for a fully-fledged independent label. The first single, out this week, is the double A-sider 'Rabbit'/'Sideboard Song' — the former title being their current TV jingle for Courage beer.

● **Dan-I** has been signed to a long-term contract by Aura Records, who release his single 'Let's Be An Animal' this month. His album, 'Nicely, Nicely' follows early in the New Year.

● The first **Matumbi** single since their 1979 chart entry with 'Point Of View' is issued by EMI this week — titled 'Nothing At All', it comes in both 7" and 12".

● Blackburn band **The Stiffs** have a single called 'Volume Control' — a protest about noise level regulations at gigs — released by Zonophone next week.

● The original version of Blondie's current hit 'The Tide Is High' is reissued by Virgin this week — it was written by John Holt, and recorded in 1966 by **The Paragons**, with whom Holt sang at the time. The B-side of the single is another version of the same song, recorded by **U Roy** in 1971.

● Canadian weirdo **Nash The Slash**, who guested on the recent Gary Numan tour, has been signed by Dindisc. His debut single is planned for January, and is expected to be his version of Jan & Dean's 'Dead Man's Curve', with his album 'Children Of The Night' following in mid-February.

Mutual Distraction

THE DISTRACTIONS' contract with Island Records — which resulted in three singles and an album — has been terminated by mutual consent, and they are now considering offers from other companies. And **Linton Kwesi Johnson** is also leaving Island, now that his contract with the label has expired, because he's planning to launch his own independent label LKJ Records — for distribution by Rough Trade and similar outlets.

Jam's hot new LP

EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW by PAUL DU NOYER

THE NEW Jam album is on its way. Called, with punning cunning, 'Sound Affects', it's their fifth LP to date and will be released by Polydor on November 28, at the end of the band's current UK tour. The album's 11 tracks are all Paul Weller compositions except for 'Music For The Last Couple', credited to all three Jammers. And this is what you get:—

'**Pretty Green**' opens and is perhaps the most immediate track; stark, rhythmic, hard. '**Monday**' which follows is very different: wistfully romantic and another stand-out. '**But I'm Different Now**' is more traditional Jam in style, energetic and intense, while '**Set The House Ablaze**' could be from the 'Setting Sons' period, reminiscent in feel of 'Eton Rifles'. Then there's the single, '**Start**', and that's followed by '**That's Entertainment**' which polishes off side one. 'Entertainment', incidentally, is one of Paul Weller's maturest songs so far — the lyrics turn viciously back upon the title as smooth harmonies cover a bleak depiction of England '80; the verses spit anger and the chorus gently mourns.

Side two begins with a minute of taped weirdness, soon punched aside by the violent '**Dreamtime**', a heavy rumbling number. '**Man In The Corner Shop**' consists of wry social observations, very English, very tuneful. '**Music For The Last Couple**', with minimal lyrics, essentially a studio piece, playing with sounds and sound effects. '**Boy About Town**' could almost be from last year's mod crop of youth anthems; it's discreetly enhanced with a touch of the 'Penny Lane' trumpet voluntaries. '**Scrape Away**' which closes is a return to yer average Jam, abrasive and raw.

On first hearing, 'Sound Affects' ranks with The Jam's very best work. It's extremely melodic, from the vocal back-ups to Bruce's bass, and it's thoughtful, but the old attack is still there. It's neither escapist nor revivalist, whatever impressions 'Start' might have given — it's every bit an album of this decade, a point which won't need labouring after the release day. 'Sound Affects' is more than a pun. It's a promise.

Paul Du Noyer

Live double by Mac

FLEETWOOD MAC have their long awaited live double album finally scheduled for December release by WEA. The precise date and full details are expected next week.

● Atlanta-based band **The Fans** have their second single released by Albion Records tomorrow (Friday), a double A-sider coupling 'True' and 'Deathwish', and the band will be coming to the UK in the New Year to promote it. One the same day and label comes the first British single by new U.S. outfit **The dB's**, 'Dynamite'/'The Fight', both titles taken from their album '. . . Stands For Decibels' (referring to the group's name) which follows in late January.

● Future pressings of **Monty Python's** 'Contractual Obligation Album' will not include the track 'Farewell To John Denver'. This follows a complaint from Denver about the nature of the track, say Charisma Records.

JAMES BROWN PREACHED TO THESE TWO MEN

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THIRD 101 LP COMPILATION

'BEYOND THE GROOVE' is the third compilation album to be released by 101 Records (through Polydor), following hot on the heels of the 'Warts 'n' All' set. Acts featured are **The Flatbackers, The Fix, Modern Man, The Mechanics, RPM, Endgames, God's Toys, Electric Eels, Thane, Nautyculture, Shrink** and **John Dummer & Helen April.** The album, issued on November 28, again features a competition on the sleeve — with a portable TV cassette player as first prize.

● **The Yobs** release their 'Christmas Album' on the Safari label, at the special price of £1.99. It features their versions of 14 seasonal songs, including 'White Christmas', 'Silent Night' and 'Jingle Bells'. It's significant that the catalogue number is RUDE 1.

● **Light Of The World** follow their chart hit single 'London Town' by releasing their second LP on the Ensign label. Titled 'Round Trip', it's out tomorrow (Friday).

Embarrassing Madness

MADNESS — recently returned from four weeks in Europe, and with two 'Blanket Coverage' charity gigs at London's Hope & Anchor under their belts — have a new single released by Stiff this weekend in readiness for their 'Twelve Days Of Madness' Christmas tour. The A-side 'Embarrassment' is taken from their current hit album 'Absolutely', but the B-side 'Crying Shame' is a new track.

● Renowned bassist and Sky member **Herbie Flowers** has signed a deal with EMI for the release of his first-ever solo album 'Just A Little Potty', due early in the New Year.

● **The Saints** have a new single 'In The Mirror'/'Always' released by New Rose Records this week, and at the same time the label reissues their last 12-inch single, the five-track 'Paralytic Tonight Dublin Tomorrow'. Currently touring Australia, the band will have their fourth album out in January, to be followed by further UK dates.

● **Judy Mowatt,** a member of Bob Marley's vocal back-up trio The I-Threes, has her solo album 'Black Woman' issued by Grove Muzic (via Island) next Monday. It includes contributions from such reggae luminaries as Freddie McGregor, Cat Coore, Tyrone Downie, Leroy 'Horsemouth' Wallace, Geoffrey Chung and Earl 'Wire' Lindo.

● **The Books,** fresh off their UK tour with The Skids, have their debut album 'Expertise' confirmed for release this weekend by Logo Records. It contains nine numbers (the title track has already been issued as a single), all penned by the band's singer Stephen Betts.

● Latest oldies to be reissued on Lightning Records' Old Gold label are 'Nut Rocker' by **B. Bumble & The Stinger,** 'Sugar Sugar' by **The Archies,** 'Louie Louie' by **The Kingsmen** and 'Freight Train' by the **Chas McDevitt Group with Nancy Whiskey**. This brings the total to 104 reissues now available via this label.

● Britain's top top goalkeepers, **Peter Shilton** (Nottingham Forest) and **Ray Clemence** (Liverpool), have made a record together. It's 'Side By Side', for Polydor release on November 28.

● **Thompson Twins,** currently touring with The Teardrop Explodes, have their second single 'She's In Love With Mystery' out this week on the independent Latent label.

● MCA have signed four-piece London band **The Look,** and release their debut single 'I Am The Beat' this week.

● U.S. jazz-funk outfit **Level 42** have their new single '(Flying On The) Wings Of Love' issued by Polydor this week, in both 7" and 12". From the same label comes 'If You Feel The Funk' by Michael Jackson's sister **La Toya,** also 7" and 12". And coming next week is the single 'Let's Do It Again' by **Fatback.**

Rod: self-penned LP set

ROD STEWART'S previously reported album 'Foolish Behaviour' — his first new studio set in two years, since 'Blondes Have More Fun' — is now officially scheduled for November 21 release by Riva. It contains ten self-penned tracks, including his current single 'Passion' — though the cassette version has an additional live track titled 'I Just Want To Make Love To You', recorded at the Los Angeles Forum in July. Also on the cassette is an extended 7½-minute version of the new single, different from the one on the album. The LP, which comes with a free giant poster, is to be the subject of an intensive TV advertising campaign — starting at the end of this month, and introduced by Rod himself.

Siouxsie single

SIOUXSIE & The Banshees have a new single released by Polydor on November 28, three days before they return from their first American tour, playing major venues on the East Coast. It's called 'Israel', penned by Siouxsie herself and produced by Nigel Gray. The B-side is 'Red Over White'.

Steely — at last

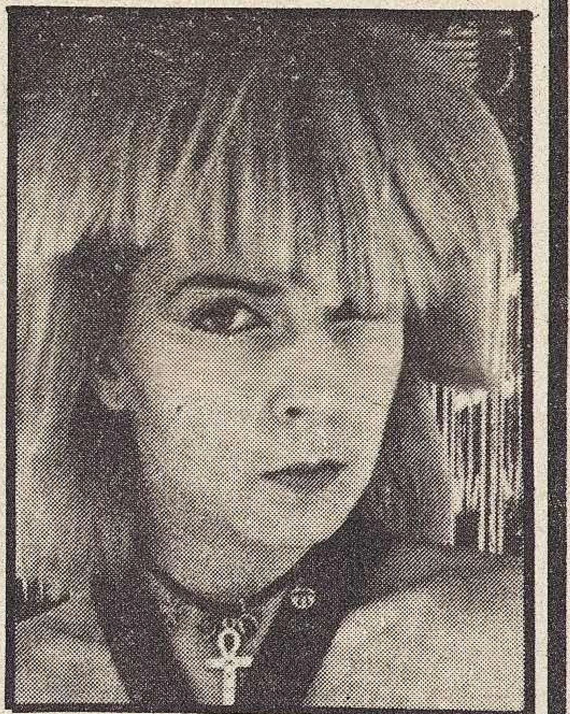
STEELY DAN are to have their new album 'Gaucho' rush released by MCA, and it should be in the shops by November 21. It's Walter Becker and Donald Fagen's first LP since 'Aja', and it contains seven new songs penned by the duo. Release has been delayed by protracted legal disputes in America, which have now been resolved, so the album is being issued simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic.

● Following Scratch Records' distribution switch from Pye to RCA, **Denny Laine's** delayed solo album 'Japanese Tears' is now set for release at the end of this month. At the same time, Scratch will issue a **Jackie Lynton** live album — recorded at London's Golden Lion in Fulham — titled 'A Bit Near The Mark'. And the label is also putting out the umpteenth version of 'White Christmas' — this one's by comedian **Jim Davidson** in his colourful disguise as Chalky.

● **Plylon** — the highly-rated U.S. Band who've recently guested with the likes of The B-52's, Talking Heads and PiL in America — are due in Britain for a short series of dates next month. And as a foretaste, Armageddon release their debut album 'Gyrate' this week. It will be followed in January by a four-track ten-inch EP.

● **Small Hours** have signed to WEA subsidiary Automatic Records, and intend to concentrate solely on EPs, to the exclusion of albums and singles. Their first 'Small Hours — 1', released this weekend, contains four tracks — including 'The Kid' and their anthem 'Midnight To Six'. It comes in both 7" and 10" formats, and sells at the normal singles price of £1.15.

● **Brian Brain** have a four-track 12-incher called 'Culture' due out next week on the independent Secret Records label.



TOYAH's new single, released by Safari this weekend, is a live version of 'Dance' recorded at Wolverhampton Lafayette — and there are two other live tracks on the B-side, 'Ghosts' and 'Neon Womb'. The song 'Danced' was the number she performed in a recent episode of BBC-1's *Shoestring,* and the Wolverhampton version was also filmed by ATV for an upcoming documentary. It's taken from her upcoming live album 'Toyah! Toyah! Toyah!' — the follow-up to her debut LP 'The Blue Meaning' earlier this year — to be issued shortly.

By Adrian Thrills

WITH independent cassette singles and albums continuing to flourish nationwide, one of the new companies which have sprung up — Salford's **Terminal Music** — are expanding their activities to cover tape distribution as well as manufacture.

They intend to compile a mail order list of independent tapes and are interested in hearing from any other companies and bands interested in such a set-up.

Says Terminal's Colin Robinson: "We think that the current cassette scene is very healthy, giving lots of people the chance to get their creative ideas out to others, at very little cost. However, anyone who buys or contemplates buying an independent cassette is buying blind — he or she has no idea of the musical content or style or even of the recording quality.

"We hope to change this by only stocking cassettes of good recorded quality and by describing and reviewing them all to let the dog see the rabbit!"

Terminal have themselves already put out cassette albums by The Night Visitors and 262 and have others in the pipeline, including a Manchester compilation.

Groups interested in the distribution deal can contact Terminal at 133 Lower Seedley Road, Salford M6.

THE latest cassette compilation album hails from Huddersfield and features seventeen bands from the west Yorkshire region.

'Only A Northern Song' is the first tape venture by the town's Snark Music label and comes packaged with a twenty page booklet containing biographies of the groups nvolved.

It costs £2.50 and is available from Snark at Peaceworks, 58 Wakefield Road, Aspley, Huddersfield, HD1 3AJ.

According to Snark's Gris Boojum, the tape concentrates

GARAGELAND

on bands playing the club, pub and college gig circuit in the area.

"Unlike compilations from many provincial towns that prove to be random quantities of semi-industrial self-indulgent noise, this is a celebration of music that's fun rather than dirgeful."

The new bands featured on the tape are **The Guests, Treatment, Chapter V, Gentle Thor, Boolean Operation, The Noise, Glossy Mags, The Xpozez, Or Was He Pushed, Jab Jab, Private Dicks, LED, Triangular Hour, The Floor, Big Fat Women Wot Can't Add Up** and **E2R**.

■ **Stagnant Seamen**: 'The Spitz Tapes', available for a blank C90 plus SAE from AM-FM, c/o William Hepple, 32 Clarks Hill Walk, Hareside Estate, Newburn-on-Tyne, Newcastle.
■ **The Fractured**: 'Thoughts', a five-track cassette available from January from Minsck Tapes, 28 Tilson Road, Tottenham, London, price £2.15.
■ **Those Helicopters/Singing Brains/Strangers And Brothers**: Three separate tapes, available at 90p each or £2 for the set from Steve Maughan, 155 High Road, Tottenham N15.
■ **The Bastoids/Vital Third/Jiving Daleks/Gang Of Three**: A compilation cassette available for £1 from Alan Sharples, 63 Oaklea Avenue, Chester. Also individual cassettes by each of the four bands at £1 each.
■ 'Granny's Hieland Hits': A seven-track compilation featuring tracks by **The Nancy Boys, The Big Jessies, The Pink Pansy** and **Broughty Ferry And The Long Weekend**, available for £2 from T Kennedy, 15 Burnsyde, St Catherines Cottages, Forres, Moray.
■ 'From Nuclear Fallout Shelters': An hour-long poetry/humour cassette costing a mere 50p from Colin Webb, Knill Cross House, Higher Anderton Road, Millbrook, Torpoint, Cornwall.

SINGLES

■ **Idol Death**: 'New Lesson'/'Sticky Death', available for £1 from John Irvine, 67 Arodene Road, Brixton Hill, London SW2.
■ 'Eight From '80': An eight-track compilation from Carlisle, pressed as a single and featuring eight different bands — **The Spivs, The Pedestrians, Mr Bulder, No Support, Velot, Toolbox Murderers, Kirsty And The Husbands** and **The Limps** — available for £1 from Matchbox Classics, 60 Broad Street, Carlisle, Cumbria.
■ **Another Pretty Face**: 'Heaven Gets Closer Everyday'/'Only Heroes Live Forever', the first APF single since the abrupt termination of their Virgin contract nine months ago. It is available on the band's own Chicken Jazz label, based in Edinburgh, and is to be distributed through the usual independent channels.
■ **Harvest**: 'Fashion Parade', available for £1.20 from David Docherty, 4 Mount Hope, Henderson Street, Bridge Of Allan, Scotland.
■ 'The Potent Human EP': A four-track EP featuring tracks by **The Manchester Mekon, The Liggers, The Spurtz** and **Bathroom Renovations,** available for £1.20 from L'Aventure, c/o 012 Burton Road, Withington, Manchester.
■ **Art Objects**: 'Showing Off To Impress The Girls', available from Bristol's Heartbeat Records and the usual outlets.
■ **The Blip**: 'Shake Ya Money' (Nice Ice Records).
■ **The Commendables**: 'London E1', available for £1 from Clockwork Addition, c/o Stephen Fissler, 42 Antrim House, Bow, London E5.

Another Pretty Face (See below). *Pic: Laurie Evans*

GARAGE LAND

IMPORTS

Chris fiddles while Debbie burns

THOSE WHO STILL believe that violins mean gypsy serenades, men in tailcoats and tea-shoppe quartets, might care to tune their deaf-aids in to catch **'Walter Stedding' (Passport),** the undoubtedly diverse doings of the latest rock'n'roll Strad grad, whose album comes produced by Chris Stein of Blondie.

A veritable laboratory of experimental ideas, 'Walter Stedding' contains such tracks as 'Landing', a probable joke in which a bee seemingly lands to the strains of 'Zarathustra'; 'Incident Of Experience', a 10 minute-long aural experience that hops from an oblique rendition of 'Water Boy' into a world of sonic roars and scatter-bang percussion; 'Druid Ragg', a Celtic romp which The Chieftains could easily have kicked around; and re-runs of 'Hound Dog' and 'Shout', receiving guitar assists from Robert Fripp and Richard Lloyd respectively. An oddball release, but one which heads towards a few places you may well have never visited before.

More violin, albeit jazz-flavoured, comes from **Michael Urbaniak**, whose **'Serenade For The City' (Motown)** finds him wending his warm way through a range of mainly self-penned melodic material, though he also provides a nod in the direction of Weather Report via a tender, lyricon-flavoured version of Wayne Shorter's beautiful 'Fall'. Mildly MOR it might be. Goo it most definitely is not.

A reminder next that **Taj Mahal** is to be heard on the compilation set **'The Great Hudson River Revival (Flying Fish)** providing a joyous 'Casey Jones' in the company of two kora players from Gambia. The rest of the album — cut from some 110 hours of music recorded at a concert held to support Hudson River environmental programmes — features zydeco bands, Argentina's answer to Joan Baez, young Californians who play dated Jewish party music, Persian traditional musicians, acapella blues 'n' gospel singers like Bernice Reagon, Irish folkies such as De Dannan and festival stalwarts that include Paul Geremia and John Hartford. Something for everyone. But, perhaps, not enough for anyone in particular.

'Stars Of The Streets' (Egg) offers more of the same, being a collection of tracks recorded by various New York street musicians. Some of them are hysterically inept, but easily the best is **Sugar Blue,** the harmonica player who jammed on the Stones' 'Some Girls' album. His opening 'Pontiac Blues' features the kind of harp that's guaranteed to rock your speakers clean off the sideboard. *"We're still hustling,"* you hear him claim in a spiel to the sidewalk punters, *"so if you dig the music, put some money in the box."* No tax exiles on this one.

Pacific Records are currently lugging in various 10" Nu-Disks, released by **Epic** in the States, the one likeliest to succeed being **'Found All Parts'** by **Cheap Trick,** an item which contains four previously unreleased tracks: 'Day Tripper', 'Can't Hold On', 'Such A Good Girl' and 'Take Me, I'm Yours', plus a free single, 'Everything Works If You Let It'.

The same company are importing **Suicide's** reissued first album on **Red Star,** which now has a different sleeve and three extra tracks — with a free, limited edition flexidisc featuring 23 minutes of a Brussels gig as an extra incentive.

FRED DELLAR

IMPORTS TOP 12

1. **Clash**............Black Market (Epic)
2. **Elvis Costello** . Taking Liberties (Columbia)
3. **Richie Rome**............Deep (Elektra)
4. **Psychedelic Furs** Psychedelic Furs (Columbia)
5. **Herbie Hancock** ....Mr Hands (Columbia)
6. **David Coverdale** ....Whitesnake (Vogue)
7. **David Bowie**............Special (Jap RCA)
8. **Beatles** .... U.S. Rarities ('Butcher' cover) (French Parlophone)
9. **Eric Gale** ....Touch Of Silk (Columbia)
10. **Geraldine Hunt**............No Way (Prism)
11. **English Beat**.......... Just Can't Stop It (Sire)
12. **Peter Gabriel** Ein Deutsches (German Phonogram)

Clash pic: Pennie Smith

Also selling:— **Stranglers** 'Stranglers IV' (Jap IRS), **Vangelis and Irene Papas** 'Odes' (Polydor), **Cameo** 'Feel Me' (Chocolate City), **Selecter** 'Too Much Pressure' (Benelux-Ariola), **Sex Pistols** 'Very Best Of' (Jap. Mercury), **Latoya Jackson** 'Latoya Jackson' (Polydor), **Cheap Trick** 'Found All Parts' (Epic), **Leon Huff**, 'Here To Create Music' (Phil. Int).

Chart courtesy HMV Oxford Street, Virgin Marble Arch, Bonaparte Kings Cross.

DATA CONTROL INFORMATION CITY

The One Minute Bender

CAN you provide any info on such disappearing acts as the members of The British Lions and ex-Mott man Ariel Bender?
MIKE GRORUZI, Dundee.

● **We caught up with British Lions and Mott keyboardist Morgan Fisher, who revealed: "The Lions' John Fiddler has done a deal with EMI and already has had two singles out this year. The records have got more of a Medicine Head feel — he's gone back to that now — and they're great! Ray Major has been working with him — Ray's writing a lot these days and has just bought one of those amazing Teac four-track cassette machines that's just like a portable studio. He does the odd gig or two but mainly he's working from home now. Then, Buffin and Overend Watts have formed a production company called Grimstone Productions and are producing a few bands. They did Slaughter And The Dogs' last album, on which I played, and they've also worked with a band known as Department S. Then too, they've compiled a Mott The Hoople album formed from previously unreleased stuff from the Island vaults — it's a very interesting album but it's not out here yet, though I believe it's out in Europe. There's some good stuff on the album and nothing that anyone's got anything to be ashamed of. Certainly it's not just a question of someone exploiting old tapes just to make a few bob."**

Fisher who added that he believed Luther Grosvenor (Ariel Bender) to be "out of the rat race at present and living a family life" has himself been up to his neck in lucrative chores since the demise of the Lions, mainly working from his home studio, where he's recorded albums for his own Pipe label — these included 'Slow Music', with Lol Coxhill, and 51 track 'Miniatures', with Andy Partridge, Kevin Coyne, The Residents, Neil Innes, Robert Fripp, R. D. Laing, David Cunningham, Fred Frith, Robert Wyatt and innumerable others — and various other projects for Cherry Red, the most potent of these being Hybrid Kids' 'Collection of Mutant Classics', a release which purported to be a compilation of tracks by various new bands but was, in actuality, a Morgan Fisher solo album!

ARE the Holy Modal Rounders still together?
J. DALTON, Carlisle.

● **Last news I heard of Peter Stampfel and Co. came last year, soon after the release of the band's 'Last Round' album on Adelphi, when it was announced that no further reunions were to take place, Stampfel moving on to form a new band with John Parrot. So the reign of psychedelic country-blues would now seem to be at an end, though the Rounders continue to prosper individually, one-time drummer Sam Shepard recently turning up in a leading role in *Days Of Heaven*, the Terrence Malik-directed movie, the soundtrack to which is now available on Mike Nesmith's Pacific Arts label.**

Pic: Rob Hall

Simple Minds. (See below)

CITY By Fred Dellar

The competition that sounds perfect.

1st Prizes Two Toshiba Aurex System 12 Audio Systems complete with SRQ 660 turntable and SS40 GB speakers.

2nd Prizes 10 Toshiba RT 8000S Stereo Radio Cassette Recorders.

3rd Prizes 20 Toshiba 1950 Compact Cassette Recorders.

4th Prizes 1000 Agfa Superferro C90 + 6 Cassettes.

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Agfa CASSETTES+6 SOUND PERFECT

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Illustrations A & B
Number of differences spotted. ☐

Complete your entry and send together with your name and address and proof of purchase from ONE Agfa + 6 index card to:-

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Name ____________________

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____________ Post Code ________

Complete the following tie-breaker in no more than 8 words. "Agfa Cassettes sound perfect

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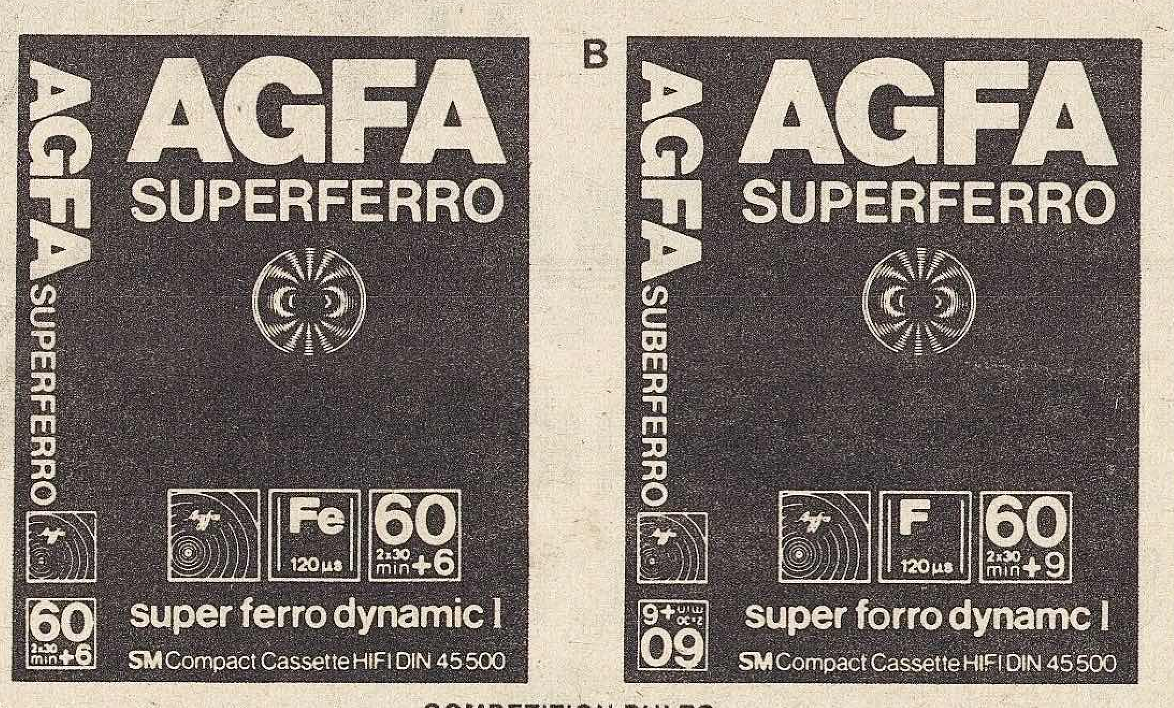
A B



COMPETITION RULES

1. The competition is open to anyone resident in the U.K., except employees and their families of Agfa-Gevaert Ltd., Toshiba Ltd., their associated companies or anyone directly associated with the competition.
2. Each entry must be on the official entry form and be accompanied by proof of purchase (index card from any Agfa + 6 blank cassette).
3. Prizes will be awarded in order of merit, to those entrants who have correctly identified the differences in the illustrations of the cassettes and who, in the opinion of the judges, have completed the tie-breaker in the most apt way.
4. The judges decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.
5. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, damaged or delayed in transit. Damaged, illegible or late entries will be disqualified.
6. Closing date for receipt of entries is 31st December 1980.
7. Winners will be notified by post. Winners names and the winning results will be available on 22nd February 1981 by sending a stamped addressed envelope to the competition address marked "WINNERS."
8. No person may win more than one prize.
9. There will be no cash alternative to the stated prizes.
10. Copyright on all entries will belong to Agfa-Gevaert Limited.

HAVING recently been unsuccessful at obtaining 'Life In A Day', Simple Minds' first album, from my local record shop, I wondered if it had been deleted. If so, where can I obtain a copy from?
MALCOLM MAIR, Banff.

● **According to those in the know at Arista, 'Life In A Day' is still in the catalogue and readily available to any retailer who takes the trouble to order album ZULP 1 from their local Arista-Ariola rep. If this info proves incorrect, then all stink-bombs, threatening letters etc., should be sent to Arista-Ariola at 48 Maddox Street, London W.1.**

COULD you list the placings The Doors achieved in the American singles charts?
IAN STEWART, Glasgow.

● **According to Joel Whitburn's invaluable, if somewhat expensive, series of *Top Pop Records* books, available from Record Research, P.O. Box 82, Menomonee Falls, Wisconsin 53051, USA, The Doors logged the following hits: 'Light My Fire' (No.1 1967), 'People Are Strange' (12 — 1967), 'Love Me Two Times' (25 — 1967), 'The Unknown Soldier' (39 — 1968), 'Hello I Love You' (1 — 1968), 'Light My Fire' (87 — 1968), 'Tough Me' (3 — 1968), 'Wishful Sinful' (44 — 1969), 'Tell All The People' (57 — 1969), 'Runnin' Blue' (64 — 1969), 'You Make Me Real' (50 — 1970), 'Love Mer Madly' (11 — 1971), 'Riders On The Storm' (14 — 1971), 'Tightrope Ride' (71 — 1971), 'The Mosquito' (85 — 1972), all positions quoted being those achieved in the *Billboard* Hot 100. Meanwhile, back in Britain, the band only achieved any real breakthrough with 'Hello I Love You', which got into the Top 20 here, though both 'Light My Fire' and 'Riders On The Storm' have figured in the lower reaches of some charts. Possibly the different reception that the band got here was caused by a psychological problem, the result of our parents being too often cooped up in Morrison shelters!**

THIS MAY seem a bit of a liberty (and probably is) or a cheap attempt to get publicity (which it definitely is). Anyway, we used to run the Rocks Off stall in London's Soho Market until we were recently forced to leave by the Sandringham flats development. We were there for five years and had many regulars who could not find our kind of stock (R&B, Rock'n'Roll, Soul and various collectors' records) anywhere else in the West End at such reasonable prices. So we'd be grateful if you could give them the news that we have now opened at 36 Hanway Street — same staff, better stock. After all, we reckon we provided a service that many punters would like to continue.
STAN BRENNAN, London W.2.

● **Now let me see ... Records For Sale ads are charged at the rate of 25p per word and I reckon that there's about 125 words in this blatant ad — which means that you owe us around £31.25.**

ARETHA FRANKLIN SOLD A SANDWICH TO THESE TWO MEN

3 BELLS IN A ROW

THE SINGLE BUY98

TENPOLE TUDOR

STIFF

LIVE!

Peter Perrett pleases people. Pic Peter Anderson.

INBETWEENIES THE BLANKETS

Madness

Hope and Anchor

"It's a bit different to playing to 11,500 people in Turin," mused Madness manager Kelloggs of the group's return to their original stomping-ground.

Without the *"credibility"* of their original ska-mates The Specials, and not renowned for the same "social virtues" as the Coventry crew, Madness have still cleaned-up commercially. It's what is close to a world-wide surrender to the Nutty Sound's capacity for rubbing itching powder into the soles of your feet.

Along with Ian Dury And The Blockheads, the group's success has helped keep Stiff Records in business and finance their frequent aberrations of taste. And the similarity to Dury's mob doesn't end there, either. Though it's believed Madness appeal to young teenagers, the ga-ga reaction of the grown-ups comprising the majority of this Hope audience showed that their sales figures are just as dependent on quasi-hip young marrieds.

Though stirring, jolly versions of 'The Prince', 'One Step Beyond', and the Prince Buster number from which they took their name were included in the set, those songs already sound like period pieces.

"Thank you for a good review," says Suggsy. Pic David Corio.

Ska is strictly last year's thing for the group. Going by Memphis they have come up from the East End and congealed, like a plateful of jellied eels, into an artful vaudeville band; their second LP is so strongly in the Blockheads' tradition that on several of the songs they play from 'Absolutely' you can shut your eyes and imagine you're at a Dury gig.

Without too much trimming, for example, the lyrics of the Billericay Kid's 'Inbetweenies' can be tailored into a trim fit on Madness' 'Overdone'. Co-written by saxist Lee Thompson — tucked away stage-left at the Hope and in his bow-tie, stained dinner-jacket and greazy cap looking like a sleazy sex-offender more used to down-at-heel nightclub bands — his stabbing, blurting playing held together the third number 'Disappear' almost on its own. In fact for the first few songs the group were sufficiently unco-ordinated to show they had difficulty adapting to a smaller stage.

Easily as mature as Thompson's playing was that of keyboardsman Mike Barson, who on the second album has emerged as a major writing force. Tucked away at the Hope in the very distant rear corner stage-right, he flitted between piano, pounding that ol' 88 to supremely delicious effect on 'Close Escape', and organ. The interplay of Thompson's sax and Barson's organ on 'Not Home Today' — the first number in which the group completely gelled as a playing unit — was stunning.

It's the soulful inter-action of those two instruments, unself-consciously drawing on infinite tomes of rock'n'roll and jazz history, that provides the solid core about which the rhythm section and Chris Foreman's guitar leap and bounce, transofrming Thompson's and Barson's knowledge into superb contemporary pop dance music. When the essential Chas Smash — whose stage movements offer hints of how Lee Brilleaux might've turned out if he hadn't got himself such a beer gut — abandoned his role as second vocalist to join in on tawdry trumpet for 'Embarrassment' (the group's next single), the results were as perfect as a '50s Wurlitzer jukebox.

The constant in all this consideration of musical heritages is, of course, lead singer Suggs, in whom Madness have a superb frontman. As a vocalist it is his oddly plaintive voice draws out this obscure melancholy at the heart of much of Madness' most recent music. So buoyantly mournful are many of the group's melodies that listening to them is rather like being at an Irish wake where the deaths and re-births of all the musical forms absorbed by the septet are celebrated.

It's an odd that Madness should be dismissed so readily as lacking True Musical Merit.

Chris Salewicz

The Only Ones

Hope and Anchor

METALLIC but languid The Only Ones' sound is rooted in the '70s while gazing wistfully back into the '60s. It's the dull coal eyes of Peter Perrett which do the looking, and they do so from underneath that rock'n'roll museum piece — the Keith Richards ragged bouffon. It curls with synthetic (and unintentionally comic) evil, the evil of the rock'n'roll goodtime turned sour during which petulant dandies fend off vampiric women, say fond farewells to drugs and generally the masochism of it all.

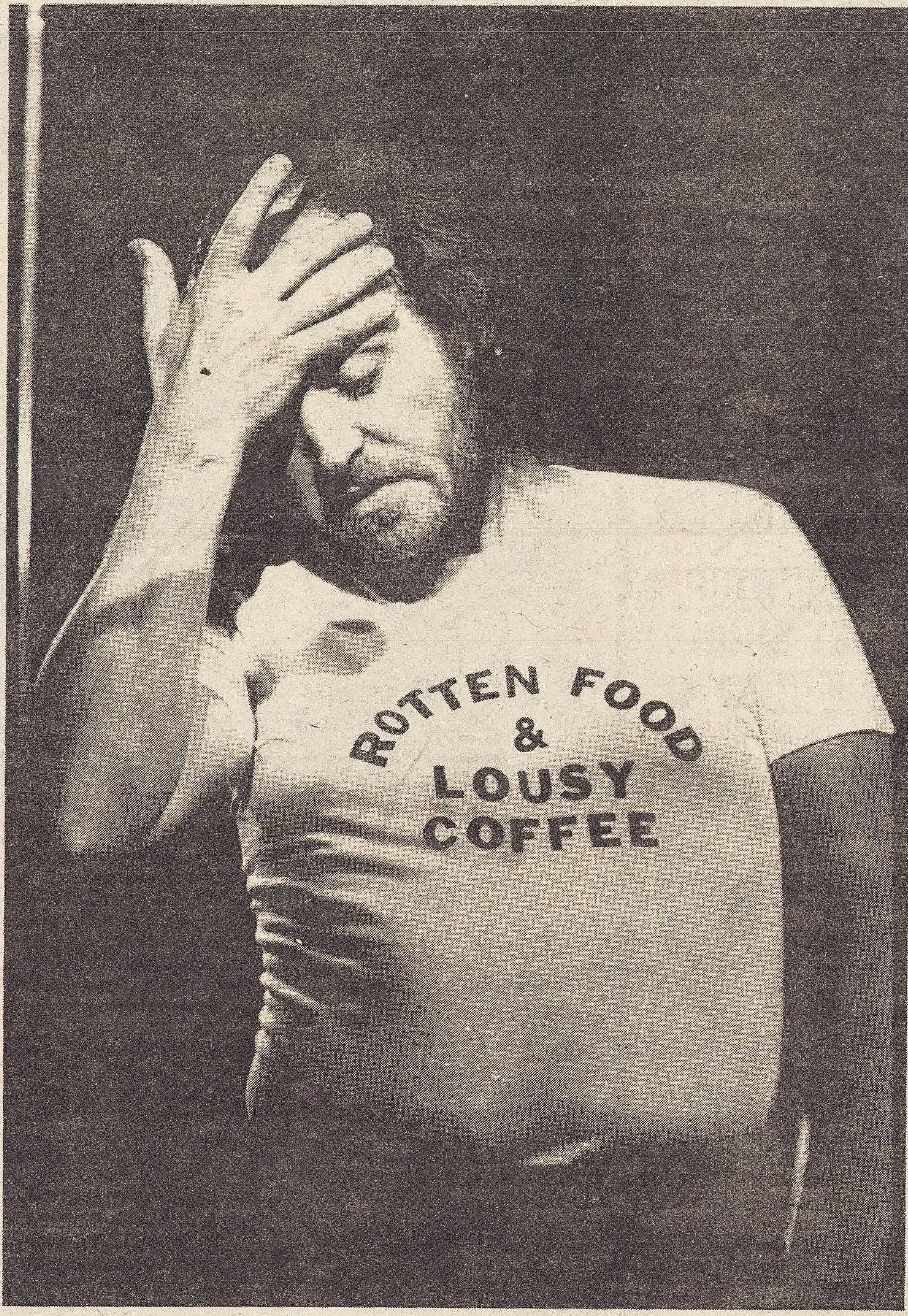
At one point in the set, appropriately after 'No Peace For The Wicked', Perrett comes close to rubbishing the perversity of all this celebration in reverse. He starts to pull an impish face, like Just William might after reading de Sade. But the expression fades, and the ironies remain bottled up.

That's the story of The Only Ones: could've-beens rather than has-beens. They cling to the darker, but no less traditional, rock mythologies, and a-muso-ing they will go, led by John Perry's guitar, hard rather than heavy metal. The rhythm section represents a similar set of values, though in this case pulling you along against your will. Remember that over the years drummer Mike Kellie has become virtuoso: he gracefully tears apart the mathematics of beat: white rock can't be pushed further towards syncopation.

This percussive force fills you with a false hope that some New Value will arise, just like there's the continuing intrigue of whether Perrett will break out . . . There he goes again, almost doing it on his favourite song 'Why Don't You Kill Yourself', where Dylanesque put-down meets Lou Reed meets Keving Ayres taking a walk on the very Anglo-Saxon side. But the music refuses to explode in spite of these inputs: even the edgy 'Another Girl' remains lifeless.

The half-full Hope doesn't care: they're Only Ones freaks, the higher rock-philes. They don't even notice that the very smallness of the venue, which would enhance the performance of most bands, lessens their impact of their favourites whose dynamics belong in the rock hall of fame — sorry, Peter, infamy.

The encore came slowly, a rousing 'Curtains For You'. Earlier 'The Big Sleep', in spite of its title, had been similarly lively — wakeful. The band run on such slight paradox, far from the vigorous contemporary irony which the structure and



Joe Cocker advertises rotten food, lousy coffee and dodgy entertainment. Pic Anton Corbijn.

Joe Cocker

Venue

SHELL-SHOCKED and somewhat slightly dazed Joe Cocker was ushered onto the Venue stage as the strains of that popular K-Tel classic 'Wagner's Ride of the Dacquiris' died in the wings. The return of Ulysses, or just a pathetic old ploy? Cocker's devotees, of whom there were many in attendance, will insist that the gravel-voiced gas fitter made good is still in possession of a distinctive voice, that he has always had natural emotive and interpretative qualities which set him apart amongst British blues singers. Not that the competition was ever very fierce.

Maybe 12 years ago Cocker buffs had their point. The fact that I have never found him a particularly innovative singer is beside the point. What I fail to comprehend is the slavish dedication to a performer whose salad days and artistic peaks are so obviously behind him. Of course it's sad but only the most nostalgic masochist could believe that Cocker was anything other than a painful shadow of his former self.

Sure, he's an emotional singer but not even a roll call of the hoariest old chestnuts managed to convince me that Cocker has any business stepping onto a stage in 1980. The sight of someone crying over spilt drinks and wasted opportunities is never a savoury prospect, not even on the dependable burger and tourist run.

Mind you, the diabolical band didn't help. Cocker's back-up singers were approximately as funky as the women who shriek the odds on Benny Hill shows, his guitarist was extremely well versed in all the old Woodstock poses. Some fans even flashed peace signs.

Cocker was adequate with the better material, Dave Mason's 'Feelin' Alright' (a sublime song for Traffic) and the odd number like Allen Toussaint's 'Fun Time' were an indication of his ability to stamp an identity on a beat despite the heavy handed riffing. Mostly, though it was just juke-box memory jogging, selections of past hits like 'A Whiter Shade Of Pale' and 'With A Little Help From My Friends' which now sound like quaint examples of '60s trivia, dated and dull.

Cocker was cajoled into the obligatory encores by a vociferous crowd. As 'I Heard It Through The Grapevine', was getting its customary dusting down I turned to clock a particularly noisy fellow whooping and hopping with unbridled abandon. This was none other than Mick Jagger, sporting what appeared to be a fetching afro wig. A poignant moment.

Max Bell

Ludus
Decorators
Dislocation Dance
Eric Random

Moonlight

WITH EVERYONE fashionably herding around Factory, the current New Hormones package tour (brought to you by the makers of The Buzzcocks) serves as a reminder that other things go on in Manchester — and, in the case of the Decorators, in West London. The bag is varied rather than exciting and could probably do without its post-situationist, anti-consumerist propaganda: "I like shopping" and "Shop till you drop". Coy passe advertising to *you!*

Imagine Vini Reilly with a stodgy sense of rhythm and a horseshoe for a plectrum; that's our Eric Random. At least his backing tapes have improved over the last year, even if his ego has taken a turn for the worse: he now stands with his back to the audience and tucks his trousers into his boots. Abruptly, he's not there anymore, taking his 'just so' atmospherics with him. Asking yourself if you like Eric is like trying to remember whether the last pub you were in had beer mats.

Dislocation Dance invite just what their name says, making a virtue of their studied disintegration but with none of the mock-amateur pretentiousness of a Scritti Politti (remember them?). DD's loose-tripping rhythms can suddenly change into something tighter and more spare, guided by guitarist Ian Runacres' neuropathic vocals. Andy Diagram's trumpet gives the band a lot more strength and scope than they displayed on their debut EP, which has new muso's co-op written all over it.

By the end of their set they might even have been fun, a sort of contemporary circus orchestra, complete with ridiculously low-slung Sootie drum-kit. Unfortunately, in the current musical climate, they'll probably be consigned to Peel sessions and other margins: another sort of wallpaper.

The Decorators at first found it difficult to follow DD's '80s beatnik quirkiness, and soon split for dynamically wide, if conventional, horizons, as rhythm guitarist Mick Bevan got the soulful better of his Lou Perrett phlegmatic voice and Joe Sax came over heavy and brash as a tuba. Typical of the band are mid-tempo rocking songs like 'Without You' (nothing to do with Nilsson) which manage to burst with emotion and be very precise at the same time. The Decorators ended up putting their first single to shame and sounding quite bold and Americanised on 'We Know It', a piece of ring-road soul pop which makes Uxbridge sound poetic.

Ludus are now a trio with vocalist Linder, dressed like a Ming Dynasty vamp, playing bass. Mostly her sweet jazzy voice gets blotted out, so you never discover whether her lyrics square with what she's saying elsewhere in a lot of her excellent graphic work: that sexual relationships are based on a contract which only sadists and masochists sign. What words are decipherable (cherries, beetles and anatomies) sink into foggy song structures: a year later and Ludus are still failing to find a focus for their ethereal sinuosities.

The shoppers thought so, too, and left in droves: you can't keep on taking the hormones, when it's genetic engineering a band needs.

Paul Tickell

DESERT ISLAND DISCO

presentation of their music cries out for. But men in bouffons have never been that good at irony, unless they're great B-movie stars like The New York Dolls. Meanwhile The Only Ones unwittingly think they're in a feature called 'One Of The Last Great Conventional Rock Bands In The World'.

Paul Tickell

Peter Perrett. Pic Anderson.

Bad Manners

Hope and Anchor

BUSTER Bloodvessel sucks his breath back in, wipes a pint or two of sweat off his ample features, and tells the cellar that Bad Manners are "a serious band". Hoots of derision thrown back at him suggest that nobody is particularly convinced. Not all that surprising really.

Whatever the hidden depths, the subtle beauties of , say, 'Ne Ne Na Na Nu Nu', 'Lip Up Fatty' or even 'Scruffy The Huffy Chuffy Tug Boat' (which, sadly, they didn't perform) — all appreciation of the music's finer points does tend to be demolished by the sight of Bloodvessel (wackily pseudonymed Doug Trendle), eyes rolling and bulk heaving, infamous toungue threatening the first four rows. Not that his cohorts in the band help much to re-establish any perspective of thoughtful analysis: Winston Bazoomies on harmonica and anything else that comes to hand, Marcus Absent Marson on hat and saxophone, not to mention the other six (no room here and precious little on the Hope's tiny stage either).

A joke then; but Bad Manners aren't without a few punch-lines of their own. In some confused shambolic way the components of this ungainly outfit can all fall together and deliver music as effective as it's simple. 'Woolly Bully', 'Tequila' and 'Monster Mash' prove as suited to the group's cartoon loony-tune rush as originals like 'Inner London Violence' and 'Special Brew' — the common denominators being irresistable rhythm'n'idiocy.

My own favourite, though, remains the big band swing of 'Caledonia' — so demented a perversion of the big band ideal that you expect Glen Miller to appear at the door dripping with seaweed and demanding an apology. It even beats their excursions into rock'n'roll proper (well, almost proper) and their more regular territory of ska'n'b.

Very little new material was unleashed tonight, so it remains to be seen where Bad Manners will go from here. I'll watch with an appalled curiosity.

Paul Du Noyer

Bounty Boy Bobby. Pic Peter Anderson.

Robert Palmer
Straight Eight

Dominion

THEY came in search of paradise . . . for the music with the totally tropical taste . . . for the right one, the bright one . . . for Robert Palmer!

And they got him, too: tanned and smiling, Carribean T-shirt, careful hair, trousers tucked in boots (deplorable practice) and generally reminiscent of those expensive adverts which make visits to cinemas like the Dominion such an ordeal at the best of times. But however much of a Miss Selfridge daydream he might have looked, and despite the laid-back ambience created by one of the smoothie-est audiences outside of The Venue, what we all got and couldn't fail to get, was *the voice*.

Nothing had quite prepared me for what a fine singer Palmer turned out to be — with a voice that's both hard and soft to the touch, warm and throaty, and marvellously controlled. Even if Palmer himself never looked that relaxed, and doesn't move with much fluency or expertise, and doesn't communicate with a crowd too easily — at least the voice could show us assurance, real and complete.

It was, in many respects, the definitive 'class' act (middle class, to be specific) with all the strengths and the pitfalls which that implies. The set moved into gear with Lennon & McCartney's 'not A Second Time', then 'Sneakin' Sally Thru The Alley', and the latter song was more or less typical: like "Best Of Both Worlds', 'Every Kinda People' and so on, the feel was of rocky, loose-limbed funk, all played with a predictable kind of super-competence by the band. Christopher Bishop (bass), Michael Dawe (drums) and Alan Mansfield (guitar) were workmanlike; synth player Jack Waldman was a distraction and a constant irritation, a frustrated frontman doing dumb dances in an even dumber hat.

Too much fail-safe chunka chunka chunk of the 'Bad Case Of Loving You' variety began to take its toll on my attention. The two exceptions to this rule were 'I Dream Of Wires' and 'Johnny And Mary', both off 'Clues', where the hackneyed rhythms are given a miss and Palmer takes time to build up songs with atmospheres unique to themselves. Here Waldman's keyboards did come into their own: under Palmer's care 'Wires' far surpasses anything its writer Gary Numan could have done with it, and the emotion and technology combine poignantly, while 'Johnny And Mary' is acquiring instant classic status. For a man who's been around so long, Palmer's in the enviable state of having his new material respected in preference to the old.

Straight Eight, who supported, were friendly and hard-working, like supports are meant to be. A very conventional four-piece, they seem to be one of those mid-'70s acts uncertain where to go: too staid or too old to go with punk, too earnest to go completely HM (although the lead guitarist betrayed his fantasies a few times), they're left to plough an old-fashioned furrow of 'reliable' rock'n'roll.

With their cuddly haircuts and Sting costumes, they offer nervously jokey patter, then lead us through their set: trad raunch, Chuck Berry riffs, a touch of singer / songwriter sensitivity, a bit of Beatley balladry, some posturing over on the flying V, pleasantly unmemorable songs, peculiar images of women *("When you run/Your engine feels so smooth/I am a needle/Stuck in your groove")* as anything from car engines to devils from hell, very odd. They're not for me, but I hope they make a living. I hope we all do.

Paul Du Noyer

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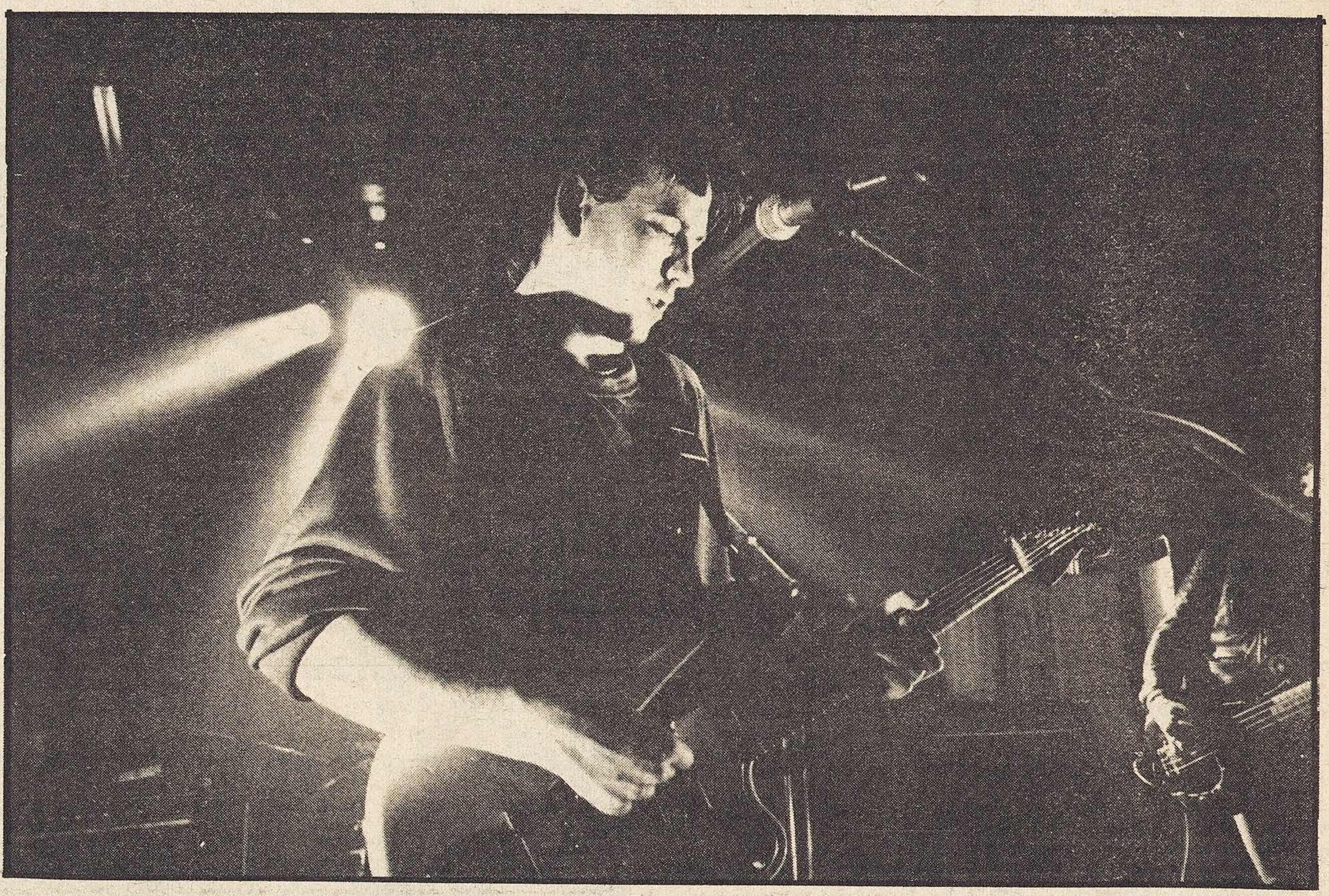

The Cure's Robert Smith. Pic Kevin Cummins.

Epic Cure For Gloom

The Cure

Manchester

I'M STANDING in a shadowy alcove where no one can see me. I'm waiting for The Cure. In the dim, smoky hall a swarming mass of shabby romantics wait more patiently than I. But then, they're probably in love.

Robert Smith ambles casually on stage and looks with glazed eyes at the audience, faintly distorted reflections of himself. He smiles weakly, seems to be feigning impassivity and begins to pick out a very simple though deceptively hypnotic guitar riff. Within seconds the listeners are totally involved in The Cure's music, absorbed beyond distraction, engrossed beyond belief. Smith possesses those intangible qualities that make him A (potential) Star; immediately he has assumed total control, is in complete command. He is the archetypal modern romantic, a cynical lover, the ultimate hero for this dour age of gloomy imperfection. But he is growing tired . . .

Tonight's gig is like a condensed scenario that unfolds the development of Smith's art as songs from the vaguely optimistic 'Three Imaginary Boys' era and those from the far more stern and pessimistic 'Seventeen Seconds' album are mingled together and paralleled. It's easy to see how the almost starry-eyed naivety of the early pop songs has gradually been choked by the fatalistic melancholy that dominated the last album.

So disconsolate and despairing did The Cure seem then that it was no surprise to find that mood of uncheery pessimism still prevailing. The few new (as yet untitled) compositions they played tonight, were all joyless songs of mournful discontent, dreary anthems of frightening intensity. As The Cure approach that accursed third album period they seem to have few fresh ideas. Perhaps they have been strangled by cynicism.

Not that the events of this tour would kindle any young hopeful's heart with optimism's flame. In Europe they suffered a PA blowout and the loss of two roadies through physical injuries. They had their main truck impounded as they were about to board a ferry to Sweden and became involved in a bar brawl in Brussels. Back in good old Blighty, the day before this gig, the band treated themselves to a new jacket each which today had just been stolen. Little comfort for a combo who have only recently sustained the loss of their keyboard player, Matthieu Hartly, but such is the perilous world of the modern romantic.

Back as a three piece and without keyboards, The Cure cope adequately if not spectacularly well. Smith tries frantically hard to fill the gaps left by Hartly by producing some impeccable and alarmingly versatile guitar playing. Yet despite his best efforts, the swirling mass of colourful noises that was once The Cure's sound is often reduced to a very ordinary, very plain, monotonous drone; it's a dangerous and discomforting deficiency.

When The Cure have left the stage I remain standing, benumbed in my spot and worry a little. I think of Robert Smith and the corny but perhaps only slightly inappropriate cliche, "This world was never meant for one as beautiful as you". But then, more seriously, I think of the gloomy hopelessness that seems to be sucking The Cure dry. I see them retreating into an introverted and defeatist's shell where no further artistic development may prosper.

The Cure are standing in a shadowy alcove where no one can see them. They're waiting . . . for themselves.

Mick Duffy

The Urge
The Mix

Coventry

WHATEVER else it may have achieved — quite a bit, actually — the advent of 2-Tone did little to boost the careers of those Coventry bands *not* of the New Ska persuasion, despite all the media and record company interest concentrated in the city.

Take The Urge, one of the many groups to have emerged from the same musical background that produced the initial outbreak of 2-Tonism — drummer Billy Little and bassist Nigel Mulvey were in Squad with Terry Hall, while guitarist Kevin Harrison had a spell in one of those notorious club-trooping soul outfits with John Bradbury and The Selecter's Neol Davies.

But The Urge, though they've played regularly for the past three years and secured themselves a major contract with Arista in doing so, are still virtually unknown outside the West Midlands.

This particular gig could hardly have been more lowkey. A benefit for the Right To Work campaign, it took place in a smallish pub-cum-youth club which the band claim is virtually the only place in the city where they can get live work.

"We don't want to apologise for the tuning up, but we will," grins singer Lynda Wulf, explaining away a series of sound problems which tended to spoil an otherwise spirited performance.

Their sound is dense and rhythmic, far more dynamic onstage than their independent single 'Revolving Boy' would suggest, with Lynda sharing the singing with saxophonist Dave Wankling, the latter having nothing to do with The Beat person of a similar name.

But their fullness of spirit, enhanced by Harrison's constantly engaging guitar, does little to hide an underlying lack of vision which could ultimately hold them back: they seem to have no overall idea of what they want to sound like and come over at the moment as a pot-pourri of their influences, which range from Bowieisms to a smattering of the inevitable reggae.

Support band The Mix seem to have similar problems in that they have yet to find their niche. A three-piece with The Urge's Billy Little standing in on drums, they play sharp, driving punk, veering, like The Ruts, towards more mainstream rock, with subtle dub undercurrents.

With a little more originality, they could still make enough of an impact to get themselves sent from Coventry.

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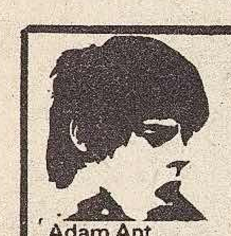

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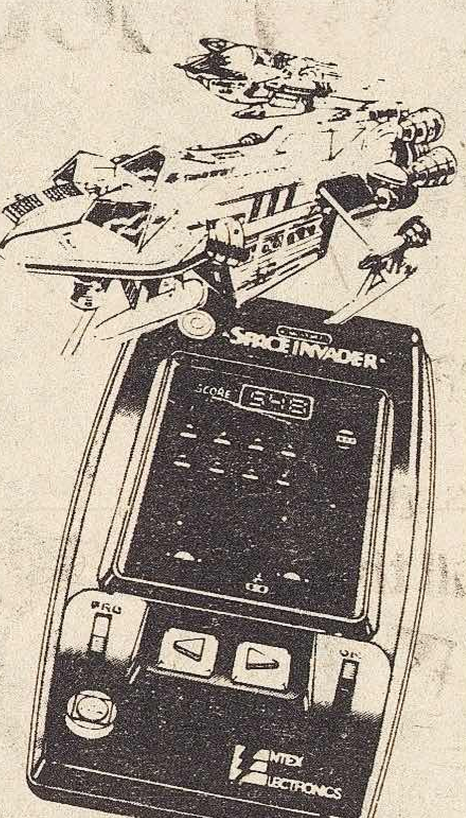

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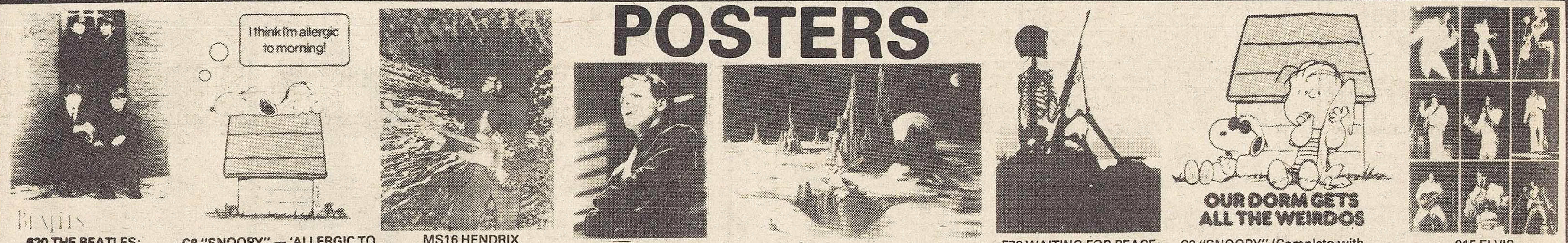

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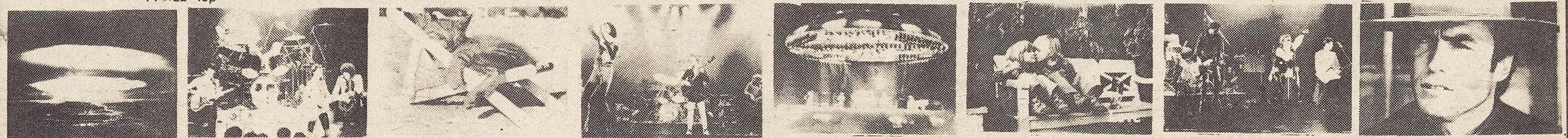

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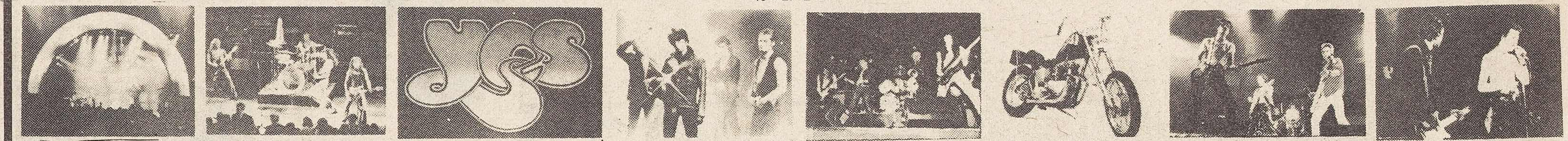

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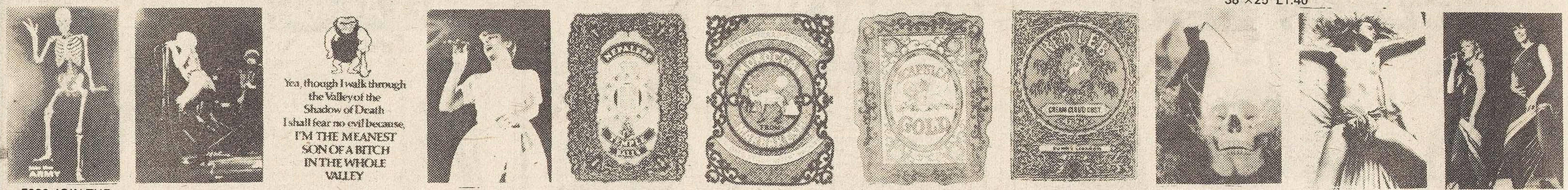

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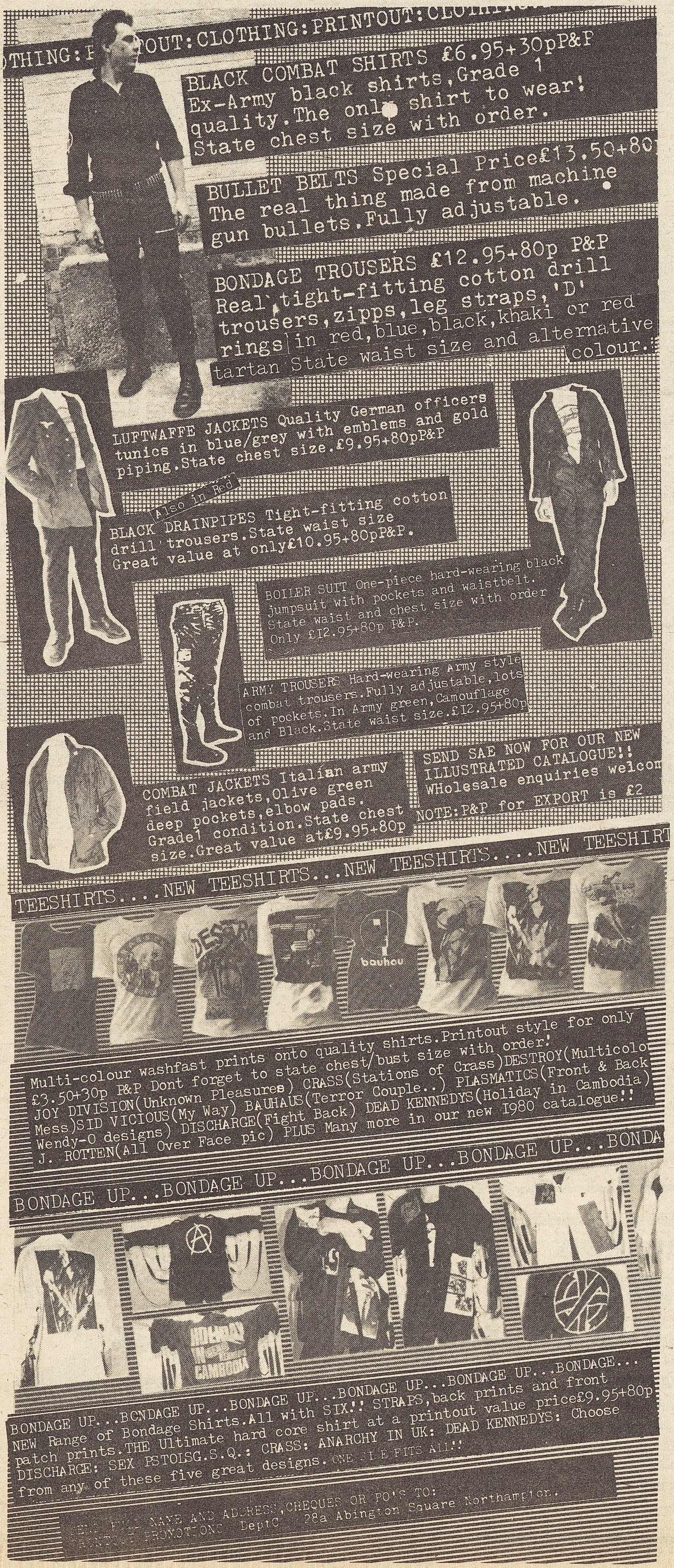

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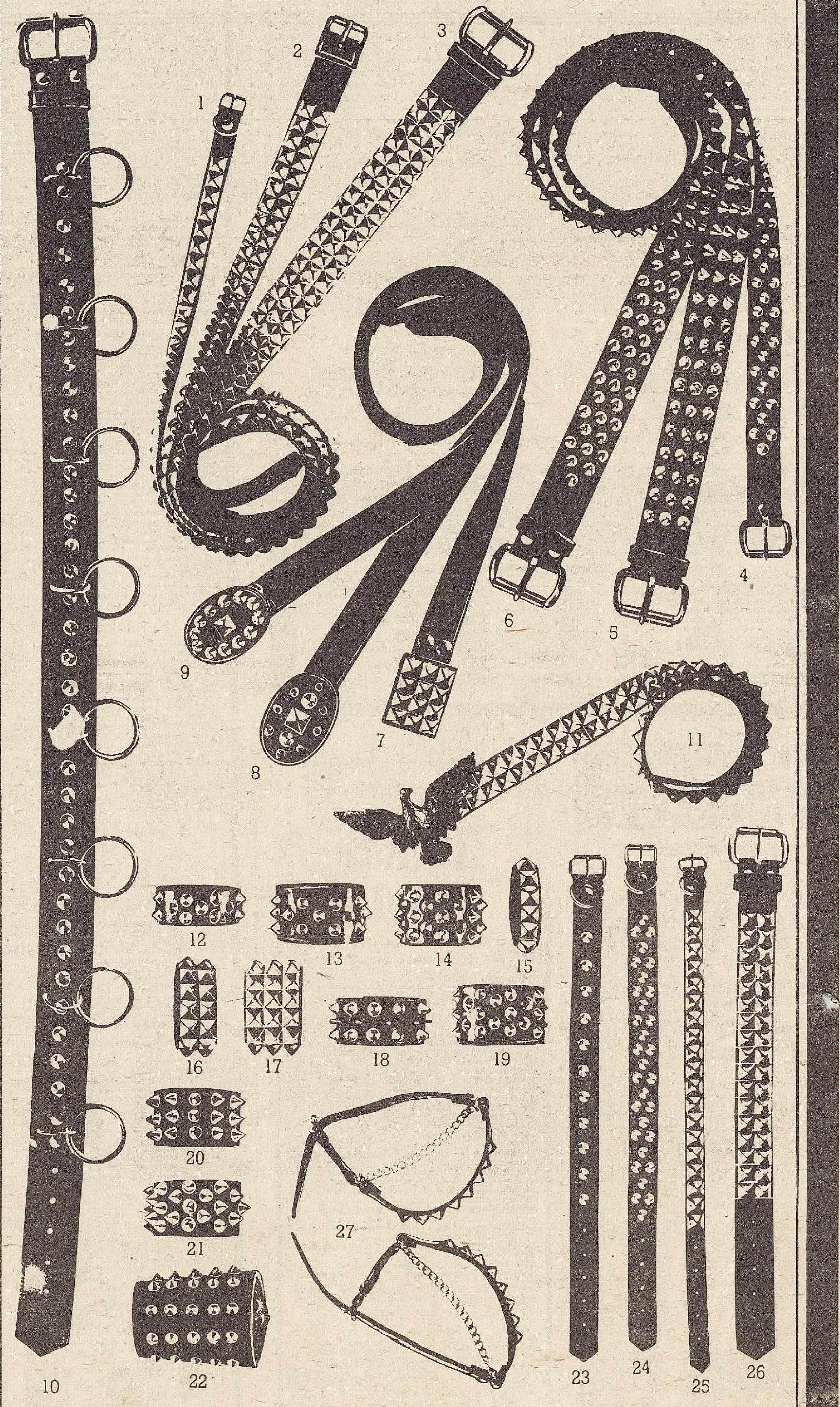

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ANNOUNCING ATTITUDES (Young Marble Giants, PS, Swell [illegible]

POSTAGE AND PACKING

[illegible]

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Each section listed here can show only a small sample of records available from our catalogues and shop. For just £1 (overseas £2) you can join the mailing list for the most exciting and comprehensive collector's catalogue in the country.

BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE

7" BOWIE Fashion/It's no game (Jap I + lyrics to both) (Pic. unlike any other single available . . . similar to 'Scary' L.P. sleeve) 2.75
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7" BOWIE Ashes/It's no game (I) (P) 1.25
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The above is a small selection from over 170 Bowie goodies

JAPAN JAPAN JAPAN

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7" JAPAN Quiet life/Halloween (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JAPAN Sometimes I feel/Love infect. (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JAPAN Unconventional/Lovers on main (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JAPAN Second that emotion (Red vinyl) (P) 1.25
7" JAPAN Gentlemen take polaroids (dble 7") (Gateford pic) 1.25
12" JAPAN 2nd that emotion/European son (remix)/Life in Tokyo / Stateline / Adolescent sex (re-corded) (I) (P) 3.99
12" JAPAN (Live in Japan) Deviation/Obscure alternatives (6.05) / In vogue (6.10) / Sometimes I feel low (I) (P) 3.49
12" JAPAN Life in Tokyo (Red vinyl) (P) 1.99

METAL METAL METAL METAL METAL METAL

12" IRON MAIDEN Women in uniform/Invasion/Phantom (P) 1.99
12" OZZY OSBORNE Mr. Crowley/Suicide solution + 1 (P) 1.60
7" VARDIS Too many people + FREE 7" 'Blue rock' (P) 1.15
12" WHITESNAKE Live in heart of city (P) Due out next week
7" WHITESNAKE Long way from home (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
LP WHITESNAKE Live at Hammersmith (Jap I + lyrics) 6.50
LP JUDAS PRIEST Best of (PICTURE DISC) 4.99
12" SAXON 747/Stallions (P) 1.15
7" MOTORHEAD Motorhead (Pink vinyl) (P) 1.15
7" D. COVERDALE Snakebite e.p. (White vinyl) (P) (V. Rare) 3.99
12" JUDAS PRIEST Take on the world + 2 (P) (British Orig.) 4.99
7" GILLAN Trouble + 14 mins previously unreleased material (double single) (gatefold pic) (V. Ltd.) 1.25
12" MOTORHEAD Golden years live e.p. (P) 1.99
12" JUDAS PRIEST Living after midnight + 2 (P) 1.15
7" THIN LIZZY Killer + 3 (dble single) (P) 1.15
LP TRIUMPH Rock & Roll machine (Chromium plated) (I) 3.99
12" AC/DC T. Too much/Live wire/Shot down (12.26 total) (I) (P) 2.99
7" MOTORHEAD Motorhead (White vinyl) (P) 1.50
7" AC/DC Girls got rhythm/Plf you want blood/Hell ain't/R & Roll damnation (rare gatefold pic) 2.50
LP CHEAP TRICK Dream police (PICTURE DISC) 4.99
L.P. D. COVERDALE Snakebite. (Come on/Bloody Mary/Ain't no love/Steal away/Queen of hearts/Only my soul etc...8 tracks) (I) 4.99
12" M.SCHENKER Cry for nation/A & Ready (live) + 1 (P) 1.99
7" WHITESNAKE Sweet talker/Ain't gonna cry no more (I) 1.20
7" M.SCHENKER Cry for nation (clear vinyl) (P) 1.25
7" U.F.O. Couldn't get it right (clear vinyl) (P) 1.25
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12" 12" 12" TOP 20 DISCO 12" 12" 12"

12" STEPHANIE MILLS Never had love like this before (E) 1.99
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WE HAVE 2 RECORD SHOPS IN WICKFORD!!!
Adrians 'OLD SHOP' is now open Sats 9-30-4.30 & Mons & Fris 9.00-1 p.m. for secondhand bargains, rare promos, cheapies, oddities, 50s &60s R & Roll originals, plus many 'one-off' goodies.

CLASH CLASH CLASH CLASH CLASH

10" CLASH L.P. Black market Clash (I) . . Cap. radio/Prisoner/Pressure drop/Cheat/City of dead/Time is tight/Bankrobber + dub/Armag. time/Justice tonight . . . kick it over. (Good pic) 3.50
(Note . . . In line with our policy this record has not been offered for sale before it became available. It is IN STOCK NOW)
7" CLASH I fought the law/White man (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" CLASH London calling / Arma . . time (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" CLASH Bankrobber (Jap I + lyrics (P) 2.75
7" CLASH Train in vain / London calling (I) 1.20
7" CLASH I fought the law '/ Capital radio e.p. (P) 1.60
7" CLASH L. Calling; T. Gun; City Rockers; Remote control; Complete control; White riot; English civil; Bankrobber (all pic); Hammersmith (Clash logo) each 1.10
7" CLASH BOX SET 8 singles in pics + lyric sheets (Jap I) 12.50 + 75p P&P
L.P. CLASH (1st) + FREE 7" 'Groovy times' / Gates of West. Choice of Green or Blue sleeves (I) each 5.49
L.P. CLASH Pearl Harbour '79 (As above, with free 7" but different pic and lyrics to tracks) (Jap I) (Diff. Pic above) 9.99
12" CLASH London calling / A. Time (long version) (P) 2.99

12" ALLSORTS 12" ALLSORTS 12"

12" ROBERT PALMER Looking for clues + 2 1.99
12" SIMPLE MINDS I travel (6.13 remix) (P) 1.99
12" SPANDAU BALLET Cut a long story short (6.30) 1.99
12" GANG OF FOUR Outside the trains + 3 (I) (P) 3.49
12" UB 40 Earth dies screaming/Dreama lie (E) (P) 1.99
12" ORCHESTRAL MANOEVRES Enola Gay (P) 1.25
12" MOTORS Forget about you (Red vinyl) 1.50
12" DAMNED History of the world (P) 1.99
12" GEN X Dancing with myself (P) (+ FREE Poster) 1.99
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12" MADNESS My girl (+ extra tack, not on 7") (P) 1.49
12" M. OLDFIELD T. Bells (5 mins live)/Guilty (6 mins live) (I, P) 3.49
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12" JOY DIVISION Love will tear (Diff. pic to 7") 2.20
12" BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN Rosalita (7.02) (I) (P) 3.49
12" TOYAH Leya (8.14) (P) 1.99
12" HUMAN LEAGUE Empire state human (P) 2.25
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12" KRAFTWERK Showroom dummies/Space lab/E. Europe (P) 1.99
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12" QUEEN Crazy little thing called love/We will rock (I) (P) 3.99
12" E.L.O. Showdown/Roll over Beethoven (P) 1.99
12" E.L.O. Shine a little love (White vinyl) 1.99
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12" P. McCARTNEY Temp. sec/Secret friend (10 mins) 1.99
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12" CLIFF RICHARD We don't talk anymore (6.45) (I) (P) 2.99
12" WINGS Goodnight tonight (7.25) (P) 1.99
12" IAN DURY Hit me with your rhythm stick 75p
12" ELVIS PRESLEY Won't seem like Xmas (pic label) 1.99
This is a selection from our catalogue of over 2000 12"

GOODIES GOODIES GOODIES GOODIES

7" SKIDS Goodbye civilian (Pic Disc) 1.99
7" E. COSTELLO New Amsterdam e.p. (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
L.P. KATE BUSH Never forever (+ insert with Jap lyrics) (Jap I) 9.99
7" RAMONES Wanna be sedated/Return of Jackie & Judy (I) 1.20
L.P. TOURIST Luminous basement (+ Ltd. 7" in Luminous v.) 3.99
7" P. GABRIEL Shosholoza/I don't remember (I) 1.20
7" KINKS You really got me/Attitude (Both live) (I) 1.20
7" P. BENATAR Best shot/Heartbreaker/We live for love/Better run (Ltd. Red vinyl) (P) 1.15
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L.P. STYX Pieces of eight (Picture disc) (I) 5.99
L.P. JEFFERSON STARSHIP Gold (Picture disc) (I) 5.49
KEVIN COYNE BOX SET Dandelion years (3 Recs) (P&P £2) 10.00
7" E. COSTELLO Radio Sweetheart / G. Mighty crowded (I) 1.20
7" ROCKPILE Wrong way (Yellow vinyl) 1.99

7" GEORGE HARRISON Faster (Pic Disc) 1.99
LP STEVE HILLAGE Green (Green vinyl) 2.99
7" CARS Just what I needed (Blue Pic Disc) 1.99
LP DEVO Are we not men (Pic Disc) (+ Free flexi disc) 3.99
7" XTC Towers of London (Ktd. double 7") + 3 tracks (P) 1.15
LP DARTS Amazing (20 hits) (Orange vinyl) (I) 1.50
7" PRETENDERS Stop sobbing/Kid/The wait (I) (P) 1.99
LP BEATLES Tell all (Interviews etc) (I) 5.49
LP GENESIS Genesis to Revelation (I) 5.49
7" SPECIALS Gangsters (I, P) + Mesage to your Rudy (I, P) each 1.50
LP QUEEN Queen 1, Queen 2, Day at races, Opera, Heart attack, N.O. World (all Jap 1 + lyrics) 5.99 each Set of 6 30.00
7" LAMBRETTAS Da-a-ance (Picture dsic) 1.99
7" BRITT EKLAND Do it to me (Nude picture disc) 1.99
7" MATCHBOX Midnight dynamos (Picture disc) 1.99
7" O.N. JOHN Magic (V. Ltd. picture disc) 1.99
LP E.L.O. Joyride Soundtrack (Has 6 E.L.O. tracks) (cut-out, I) 2.99
7" TIGER LILY (ULTRAVOX) Monkey jive (P) 1.15
LP WHO Magic bus/My generation (2 rec) (I) 6.99
7" XTC Generals and Majors (dble single 4 tracks) 1.20
10" E.L.O. All over the world (Blue vinyl) (P) 1.99
5" (Yes, 5") SQUEEZE Another nail/If I didn't love (I) (P) 1.40
7" SEX PISTOLS Holiday (with original Banned British pic) 1.50
7" ROXY MUSIC Flesh & blood/In the midnight hour (I) 1.20
L.P. BEATLES Songs & pictures of (VJ label) (I) 4.99
L.P. BEATLES 20 Greatest hits (Arcade label (I) 4.99
7" BAD MANNERS Special brew (picture disc) 1.99
L.P. SLADE Story of (2 records) 24 hits (I) 6.99
7" E. COSTELLO New Amsterdam (picture disc) 2.99
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L.P. SPLIT ENZ True colours (ltd laser etched vinyl) 4.99
L.P. PHIL SPECTOR XMAS ALBUM (orig. slve, on Philles lbel) (I) 3.99
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7" QUEEN Another one bites (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" KATE BUSH Them heavy people/Man with child (Jap I + lrics) (P) 2.75
7" KATE BUSH Symphony; W.Heights: Breathing (Jap I + lyrics) (P) each 2.75
7" SQUEEZE Cool for cars (pink vinyl) (P) 2.25
7" SQUEEZE Up the Junction (mauve vinyl) (P) 1.99
7" COSTELLO Can't stand/Girls talk/2nd mod./Kings horse (I) (P) 1.25
7" U.K. SUBS She's not there (green vinyl) (P) 1.50
7" DICKIES Give it back (white vinyl) (P) 1.99
L.P. SEX PISTOLS Very best of (Jap I + lyrics + pics) 7.99
7" SPECIALS Gangsters/SELECTER The selecter (I) (P) 1.99
L.P. JIUCY LUCY (Classic L.P. with 'Nude in Fruit' pic) (I) 4.99
L.P. M. FAITHFUL This little bird —Early L.P.) (I) 4.99
L.P. DAVE, DEE, DOZY, etc. If music be the food of love (I) 4.99

12" 12" 12" DISCO CLASSICS 12" 12" 12"

12" PATRICK HERNANDEZ Born to be alive (E) 1.99
12" GAP BAND Oops! Upside your head (E) 1.99
12" KELLY MARIE Feels like I'm i love (E) 1.99
12" BOB MARLEY Could you be loved (E) 1.99
12" STACY LATTISAW Jump to the beat (E) 1.99
12" CHANGE Lover's holiday (E) 1.99
12" JACKSONS Shake your body (8.40) (drilled) (P) 2.25
12" JACKSONS Blame it on the boogie (7 mins) (drilled) (P) 2.25
12" GLORIA GAYNOR I will survive (E) 1.99
Hundreds of 12" disco classics in stock

CRASS LABEL CRASS LABEL CRASS

CRASS flexidisc (with fanzine) NOT RELEASED YET
L.P. POISON GIRLS Chappaquidick bridge (P) £3.00
12" CRASS Feeding of 5,000 (2nd sitting) (+ new Poster slve) £2.00
L.P. CRASS Stations of (2 recs) (P) (Postage as for 2 L.P.s) £3.00
7" CRASS Reality asylum/Shaved women (P) 45p
7" CRASS Persons unknown/Bloody revolutionaries (P) 70p
7" HONEY BANE You can be you + 3 tracks (P) 65p
7" ZOUNDS Subvert (P) 75p

STRANGLERS STRANGLERS

L.P. STRANGLERS Xcerpts (Jap I + lyrics) (+ free 7" of 'Choosey') 10.50
12" STRANGLERS Bear cage (6.30)/Shah (5.20) (V.Rare Brit. pic) 3.50
7" STRANGLERS Duchess/Raven (I) (Diff. P to British) 1.25
12" STRANGLERS Bear cage / Who wants world/Men in black/Bear cage (6.30)/Shah shah (5.22) (Jap 1 + lyrics) (P) 4.99
12" STRANGLERS Don't bring Harry / Sverige / Wired / Crabs (live)/In the shadows/Don't bring Harry (French) (Jap 1 + lyrics) (P) 4.99
LP STRANGLERS IV (latest) 10 tracks (+ Free 4 track e.p. with 'Choosey', 'Straighten out', 'European', 'White room') (I) 4.99
7" STRANGLERS No more heroes (Jap 1 + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" STRANGLERS Something better (Jap 1 + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" STRANGLERS Duchess (Jap 1 + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" STRANGLERS Sometimes/Go buddy go (Jap 1 + lyrcis) (P) 2.75
7" STRANGLERS All quiet on Eastern front (I) (P) 1.99
7" STRANGLERS Don't bring Harry (in French) (I) (P) 1.60

JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM

7" JAM Start (Jap I + lyrics) (Diff. P to Brit) 2.75
7" JAM Sat's kids/Heatwave (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JAM Eton rifles (Jap I + lyrics) (Diff. P to Brit.) 2.75
7" JAM Going underground (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JAM David Watts (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JAM Sats kids/Heatwave (I) 1.25
7" JAM Going underground (orig. dble single) (P) 2.99

12" BARGAINS 50p each 12" BARGAINS

L. LOVICH Lucky no; ELTON JOHN Bite your lip; M.GAYE Got to give it (E); HI TENSION British hustle; M.DIBANGO Big blow; D.SUMMER Back in love + 2; TELEVISION Foxhole (red); W.ERIC Hit & Miss (orange); RODS Life on the line; MANKIND Dr. Who; CHANSON Don't hold back; L.FERNANDEZ Lay love on me; E.HENDERSON Prance on; RICK JAMES You & I; B.PAUL Bring family back; I.Matthews Shake it.

POLICE POLICE POLICE POLICE POLICE POLICE

7" POLICE Message in a bottle (Green vinyl) (P) 4.99
12" POLICE Roxanne/Can't stand (I) (PICTURE DISC, shaped like Police badge) complete with brown folder with pics 15.00
12" POLICE Message (live) (I) (PICTURE DISC, star shaped badge) Complete with black & white folder 10.00
10" POLICE Regatta (2 × 10" recs + Colour poster (I) (plus FREE 'Zenyatta' orange carrier bag) 4.99
7" POLICE Don't stand so close (+ lim. poster sleeve) 1.15
7" POLICE Message/Landlord (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" POLICE Roxanne/Can't stand (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" POLICE Walking on moon/Visions (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" POLICE De do do do de da da (I) (in special Police slve) 1.20
7" POLICE PACK 6 singles in wallet £6.99 + £1 for good P&P (U.K.)

Following several enquiries, ADRIANS RECORDS would like to reassure all their customers that they have no connection with any company using a similar tyle of advertising, or indeed with any other company.

BLONDIE BLONDIE BLONDIE BLONDIE BLONDIE

LP BLONDIE Parallel lines (I) (PICTURE DISC) 15.00
BLONDIE VIDEO 'Eat to the beat' (VHS or BETA system) 29.95
7" BLONDIE Call me (Diff P. to Brit. + 12") (Jap I + lyrics) 2.75
12" BLONDIE Call me (Vocal + Inst.) (I) (different pic) 3.99
12" BLONDIE Atomic/Die young/Heroes (live) (P) 1.49
12" BLONDIE Heart (Voc. / Inst.) (P) (British Original) 3.50
12" BLONDIE Sunday girl (Eng. & Fr.)/I know (P) 1.99
7" NEW YORK BLONDES Little G.T.O. (I) (P) 1.99
This is a small selection from our large BLONDIE catalogue.

GARY NUMAN/TUBEWAY ARMY/GARY NUMAN

7" G. NUMAN I dream of wires/Remind me to smile (I) 1.20
12" G. NUMAN Complex (British original) (P) 3.95
L.P. NUMAN/T.ARMY Tubeway Army (1st), Replicas, Pleasure principle (Jap Imports, gatefold lyric sheets in Jap & Eng.) each 10.50
L.P. G. NUMAN Telekon (I) (+ 7" I die in white or orange or green or blue or yellow vinyl 3.99 each or set of 5 £18
7" GARY NUMAN I die, you die (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
L.P. G. NUMAN Telekon (I) (L.P. in yellow, green, blue or red vinyl) each 4.99
7" GARY NUMAN We are glass (Jap 1 + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" G NUMAN Complex/Disconnect Bombers (Jap 1+lyrics)(P) 2.75
7" GARY NUMAN Cars (Jap 1 + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" T. ARMY Are friends/We are so fragile (Jap 1 + lyrics) (P) 2.75
CASSETTE G NUMAN Telekon (+ 'Glass' + 'I die') 3.99
7" T. ARMY Bombers/That's too bad (dbl single) (P) 1.60
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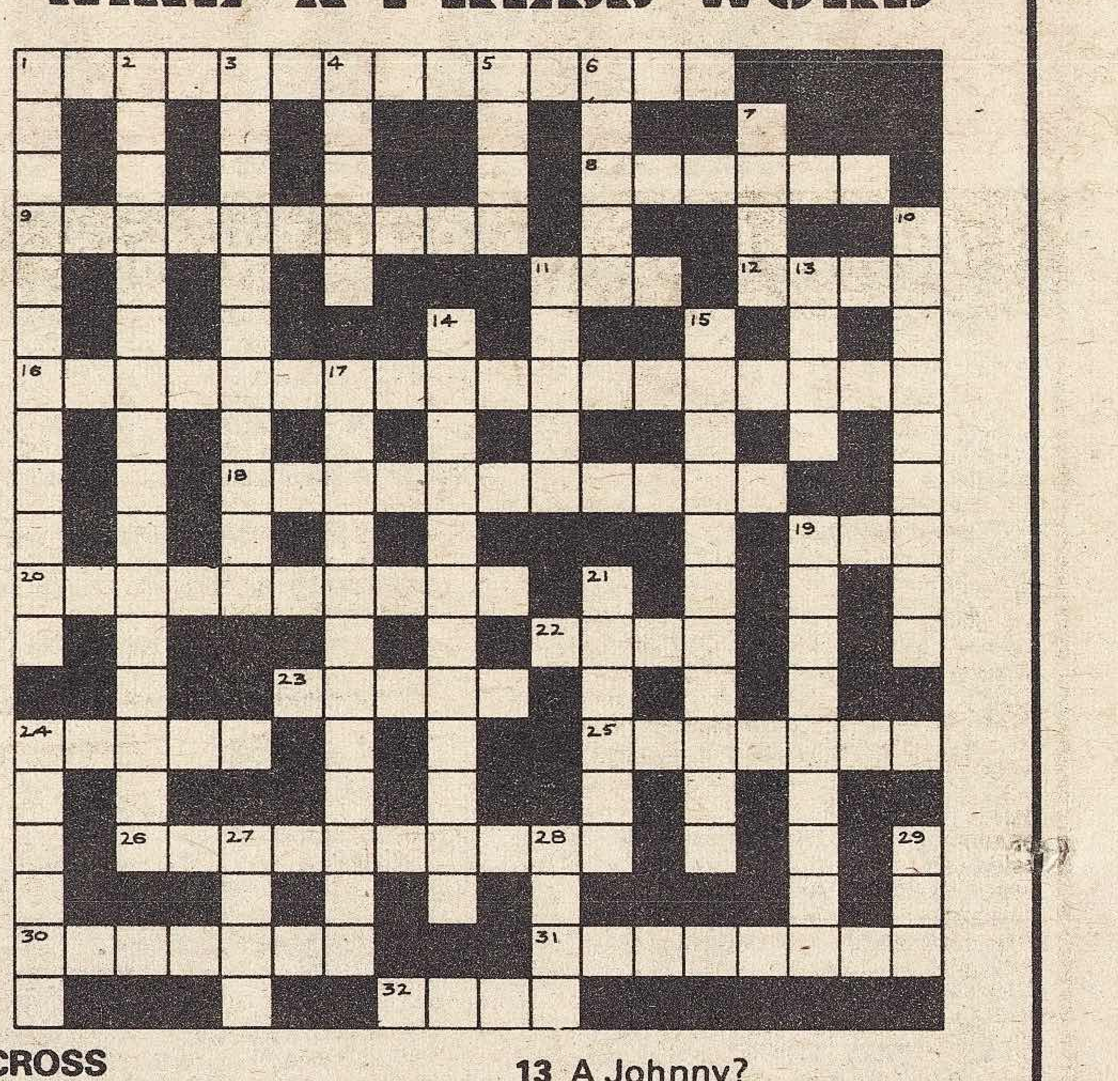

ACROSS

1 A club I am pacing (anag. with radio connections, 2 words)
8 Group in which could spend the night(s)
9 Replaced K. Moon (5,5)
11 & 24 down. Any more songs like 'All Out Of Love' and we'll cut theirs off!
12 As in Martha Martha Martha Martha . . .
16 John Lennon's wit is OK (anag. 3 words)
18 Left 10cc at same time as Lol Creme (5,6)
19 Jackson or Public
20 Jonathan Richman classic (4,6)
22 Somebody famous?
23 See 32
24 Roxy album which featured Jerry Hall on the cover
25 Jacksons' tribute to famous name in British motoring?
26 They cut the original 'Guns Of Navarone'
30 Dour Lee is highly confused (3,4)
31 Cliff's current chart winner (2,2,4)
32 & 23 Not a normal cab! (4,5)

DOWN

1 Liverpool band (4,8)
2 Third rated LP in 1979's *NME* critics' poll (7,9)
3 Founder-mainstay of Procol Harum (4,7)
4 Dave or Perry
5 Smash person
6 Tony, guitarist with Black Sabbath
7 & 10 Swop the end ten (anag. 2 words)
10 See above
11 Black Slate 45
13 A Johnny?
14 Elton John associate (6,6)
15 William Friedkin movie which started demonic trend (3,8)
17 Dexys awkward bugger frontman (5,7)
19 Fleetwood Mac bassist (4,5)
21 & 29 Veteran headbangers with '60s pop past
24 See 11 across
27 Sensational (sic) Mr Harvey
28 Wreckless— — — —, Burdon.
29 See 21

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 'She's So Cold'; 9 Rough Trade; 10 *Cruising;* 11 'Off The Wall'; 12 David Byrne; 13 (Otis) Redding; 15 'Oxygene'; 16 Aswad; 17 Ian Gomm; 18 'Pyjamarama'; 21 Sid Vicious; 24 Solo; 26 Southside Johnny; 28 Rick Wakeman; 30 (Eddie) Cochran; 31 Bob Harris; 32 Otis (Redding).
DOWN: 1 'Seconds Of Pleasure'; 2 Swinging Cats; 3 (Arthur) Conley; 4 Drifters; 5 (Prince) Buster; 6 'The End'; 7 *Breaking Glass;* 8 'Jet'; 14 Grammy; 16 'Army Dreamers'; 19 'Biko'; 20 John Foxx; 22 (Orange) Juice; 23 The Who; 25 Orange (Juice); 27 'Shout'; 29 Neil.

● Apologies for being so clueless last week. The omission of a couple of clues (and corresponding numbers) was really for the benefit of those who've been asking for more difficult crosswords. Well, that's our excuse.

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2102	PINK FLLOYD	Another brick in the wall
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SINGLES

➧ From page 17

which might be symbolic here), "a complex mutant disco song" and "a dreamy hypnotic early hours of the morning sad romance". I'd never have guessed any of this unaided. They seem to go in descending order of horrible-ness, ending up semi-tolerable. On average, therefore, they're ghastly. Ideal for the man who has everything — it'll teach him to be so bloody smug.

Even more Xmas-oriented are The Barron Knights (*"Christmas turkey, you can stuff it!"* and so on) who exercise their rumoured humour upon 'Another Brick In The Wall', 'Day Trip To Bangor' and 'The Sparrow' — three songs well capable of sounding ridiculous without any help from the BKs, I would have thought. Not a very funny record, as it happens.

Luciano Pavarotti, meanwhile, is a dodgy-looking Italian opera singer (known as "King Of The High C's") who ropes in the Wandsworth Boys Choir to render 'Ave Maria' just in time for the Yuletide rush. Played 25 times in a row, it'll kill that hour between closing time and Midnight Mass, and may sober you up as well. A must for collapsed Catholics everywhere.

STRAY CATS: Runaway Boys (Pin-Ip).
BLUE CATS: I'm Gonna Die (Charly). The merest perusal of the sleeve credits should convey the flavour of this Stray Cats debut: "Brian Setzer strummin 'n' croonin'! Lee Rocker slappin'n'howlin'! Slim Jim Phantom bangin'n'yellin'!" Couldn't have put it better. Dave Edmunds produces and the rest of us should enjoy. The Blue Cats, too, do a lot to prove the feasibility of modern rockabilly, not a little assisted by some great instrumentals.

THE PARAGONS: The Tide Is High (Virgin). It's more than snob cult-ism which leads me to prefer this re-issued original over the current Blondie blockbuster. How Debs and co make such a turgid dirge out of such a dreamy, insinuating song I really don't know. B-side features another revived version of the song by U-Roy.

FUNKIN'

➧ *From centre spread*

today. Shit, but don't let that go down in print as though I'm touting for a radio job — believe me I've turned down countless offers — (FACT!) — but there is this mafia of jocks with this enormous clout, there is the press, there's these thousands and thousands and thousands of kids . . . and nobody knows fuck all about them."

SKETCH AND DAVID of Linx bump into me in The Royalty. Drunk?

"Hi maa-a-a-an. We just stepp' orf the plane from LA, y'unnerstand. Say I'd really precciate any, uh, coke-hain you might have up yo' sleeve. See we gots t'get so laid back for our fanzzz!" And they both slide down the wall and onto the carpet.

Punch drunk. Black kids, white kids reeling in the funk night treatment. The music that makes this city never sleep. Chris Hill leads the chant: "WHERE THE FUCK IS PHIL-A-DELPHIA? WHAT THE FUCK IS PHIL-A-DELPHIA! WHAT THE FUCK IS PHIL-A-DELPHIA!!" A couple drenched in sweat sit exhausted against the wall. They are decked down in the badges of past crusades — the all dayers, the weekenders, the beach parties. The faith akin to Northern Soul?

He: "The what? Y'mean the geysers with the trousers? They like all the old stuff, the right old records. This is all (unintelligible). Right now."

She: "It's just great. Really good laugh. Fantastic music. Y'know the records I buy are all new. Old records aint worth it are they?"

He: "Nah."

What can I tell you about the music? It's superficial and right enough. It's gutsy, optimistic and plentiful. It requires no written exams, perm any two from that week's ten and you're away. It's music without obligation, constructive and yours. It's best bought for the price of admission to The Goldmine, Canvey Island. It's feel.

The tone of this piece might suggest that the British Funk followers (T-Shirt Funk Unites the Country's Kids) are waving for your attention. They're not. They've got their fun(k) down to a fine art without any help this far from any media. It doesn't scratch and survive like rock, it thrives healthy and hot. A completely different world. I love how it's working.

Hey, Philadelphia. London's calling, London the funk capital of the world that is. Hey, rock'n'roll, the young people ain't interested anymore, start worrying. The kids have mastered the music. Fantastic music.

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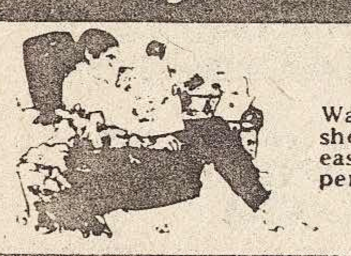

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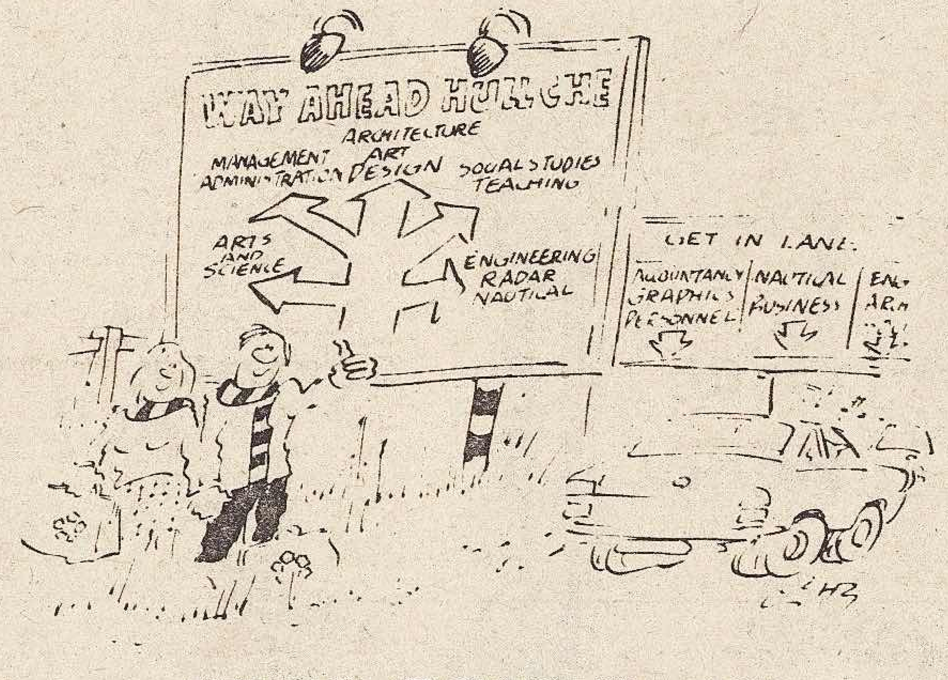

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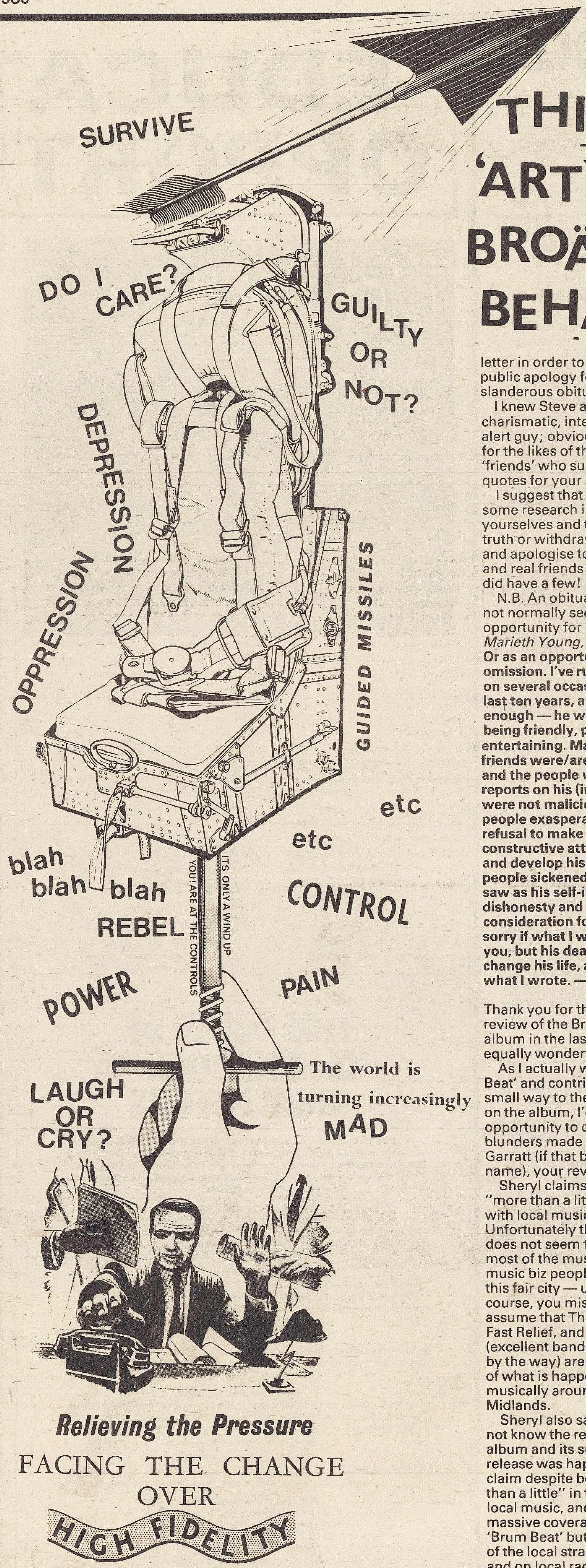


Surely Olivia Newton-Bog is mistaken. The first step in the disposal of lactate is a reversal of the last glycolytic reaction catalysed by lactic dehydrogenase, and has nothing to do with *Xanadu.*
Rav, now a medic, Sheffield.
You're winding me up, John, I'M WARNING YOU! — John.

Over the past couple of years the *NME's* editorial policy (if there is such an animal) has been to try to cover not just music but also to feature films, television, politics and on occasion, even sport. Personally I applaud this trend, which has given us many interesting, informative and stimulating articles.

However, I feel that the *NME's* editorial staff should not forget that the main reason people are attracted to buy musical papers is for the coverage of music. For me, and I am quite sure the majority of your readers, the most important part of *NME* is the album review section. New music is the *raison d'etre* of the *NME*. With album prices rising and money becoming such a scarce commodity the album reviews take on even greater importance. Albums being £5 plus, people are loathe to experiment in their record buying, because you can make expensive mistakes. People are becoming very choosy indeed and very dependent on other people's recommendations, particularly those of critics who are privileged with exposure to a wide range of new music.

It was on one such critic's recommendation that I bought Springsteen's 'Darkness On The Edge Of Town', the recommendation of Tony Parsons in fact, and I extend my thanks to Tony because that record has given me many hours of great music I might otherwise have missed. I could cite many such examples, from The Specials to Joy Division. If you want the truth of the matter I pay 25p for the *NME* to find out if there have been any records released worth buying.

Bearing all this in mind, and as Mr P Dunstan pointed out last week, 'Zenyatta Mondatta' and 'The River' being two of the year's most important releases, don't you think it is a pity that these two albums were not reviewed in the *NME?* Instead they were used by Julie Burchill as springboards for a couple of her typically sour, sarcastic and, above all, joyless little forays. I would not wish to deny Ms Burchill the right to express her empty opinions but please not in the album reviews. I want to hear about the albums.

If there is a demand for her scribbles then let her contribute an article like Farren's 'Death, Rattle And Roll'. It would be interesting to see if she can express any type of cogent or constructive ideas rather than just slag, slag, slag.

Again speaking personally, she has never turned me on to any album, never encouraged me to listen to a different music, never made me stop and think. She has never displayed any real perceptiveness, just a relentlessly bitter personality. In this respect she cannot be bracketted with Parsons, Penman or Morley as Charles Murray tried to do last week. These people may well aggravate some readers when they attack one type of music or another but at least they do champion alternatives, unlike Burchill who is entirely negative.

What does J Burchill think her function as a writer is? What does Neil Spencer think her function is? Julie Burchill is not interesting, she is not stimulating, she is not informative. She is very quickly becoming a bore.
Coleen Cillie, Derry, N Ireland.
Julie Burchill's function is to make you reassess cultural choices that you have already made, to make Springsteen fans question the *idea* of Springsteen, Police fans question the *idea* of The Police, etc. This is useful. — CSM.
She windin' you up, John — John.
John's name is Coleen, actually, John — CSM.
S'what I mean, John. You winding me up? — John.

It makes my guts curdle to read letters in the *NME* from the fans of such artists as Bruce Springsteen, complaining about the treatment meted out by the critics.

For example, I enjoy the Monochrome Set's music and have everything they've produced (bully for me, Chris Shaw). But unlike many so-called 'fans' I agreed totally with Andy Gill's recent review of 'Love Zombies'. I'm not saying I'm perfect (bad breath and bad taste) but can't some of you look at your favourite artists' work objectively instead of reacting in the same way : eg "It must be good, it's Bruce Springsteen".
Sir Roger M Hadley-Cornish, Cavendish Hall, Leeds.

Please allow me to quote Ms J Burchill: "If a record isn't by The Sex Pistols or Tamla Motown, it's just pointless. If you want to — you mustn't feel forced — you can quote KS (the author of this appallingly bitchy correspondence): "If a review by Julie Burchill is not of The Sex Pistols or Tamla Motown, then it is entirely irrelevant."

Am I being unfair? I hope not.
Kenny Shirtcough, Oxford.
Your hope is justified. Julie Burchill is doing what she's always done — adopting an extreme position from which to question other people's attitudes. If you were as confident about the correctness of your views as Julie is about hers, then you wouldn't get so wound up. S'matter — can't you handle the idea of someone disagreeing with you about aspects of contemporary music and culture? — CSM.

Thank you for resurrecting Julie Burchill and giving us some reviews that actually stir up some feelings again. As for the dissenters, all I can say is that not only are they totally humourless but also rather dim.

'Zenyatta Mondatta' does not deserve any defence, Mr Dunstan, particularly in view of Sting's comments in his Indian interview with Paul Morley. Here we were treated to a marvellous theory that argued that, as The Police were guaranteed chart hits, they could use this privileged position to infiltrate the chart with the more revolutionary sounds that Sting claimed to admire. This they have manifestly failed to do.

Chris Shaw is right about Springsteen making 'feel music', but how far can young British fans identify with music that is so rooted in American ideals and traditions? While he is emotionally sincere and his band makes a good noise, there are far better, and more relevant noises to listen to. And one last point; I wish Mr Dunstan wouldn't dignify pop-stars with the word artist; it only feeds their egos and creates the revered atmosphere that crippled the early '70s. Long live healthy cynicism!
Graeme Plunkett, Cambridge.
It lives! It lives! — CSM.

People think Julie Burchill is a pain in the neck, but I've got a much lower opinion of her.
Cliff Hanger.
Nothing like a good joke, is there? — CSM.

Mr Penman, keep taking the 'Pils' and you'll be looking for another *Job son!*
Sarcastic Bar-Steward, Gastard, Wiltshire.
And that's nothing like a good joke either. — CSM

Ian Penman's piece about The Skids (we hate them too!) was a revelation. Now we know where all his watered-down structuralism and prose that vainly aspires to pith come from: the silly little piss-pot's a lager drinker! Can we have some real theory and all please — for a change.
Wolf Beerman and Julie Kristeva, A pub in South London.
Watered down? Shurely shome mishtake here — The Landlord of the Signifier And Archetype, Peckham.

The discrepancy between the description of Steve Took in your article and the real Steve whom I met recently through a very close friend of mine, is so great that I am writing this letter in order to demand a public apology for your slanderous obituary.

I knew Steve as a charismatic, intelligent, warm, alert guy; obviously too good for the likes of the so-called 'friends' who supplied the quotes for your article.

I suggest that you either do some research into his life yourselves and then write the truth or withdraw the article and apologise to his relatives and real friends — because he did have a few!

N.B. An obituary notice is not normally seen as an opportunity for an attack.
Marieth Young, Wimbledon.
Or as an opportunity to lie by omission. I've run into Took on several occasions over the last ten years, and — true enough — he was capable of being friendly, pleasant and entertaining. Many of his friends were/are my friends, and the people who gave me reports on his (in)activities were not malicious liars, but people exasperated with his refusal to make any constructive attempts to use and develop his talent, and people sickened by what they saw as his self-indulgence, dishonesty and lack of consideration for others. I'm sorry if what I wrote offended you, but his death didn't change his life, and I stand by what I wrote. — CSM.

Thank you for the wonderful review of the Brum Beat album in the last issue of your equally wonderful newspaper.

As I actually write for 'Brum Beat' and contributed in a small way to the sleeve notes on the album, I'd like the opportunity to clear up a few blunders made by one Sheryl Garratt (if that be her real name), your reviewer.

Sheryl claims to have had "more than a little contact with local music". Unfortunately this contact does not seem to extend to most of the musicians and music biz people working in this fair city — unless, of course, you mistakenly assume that The Au Pairs, Fast Relief, and Dance (excellent bands one and all, by the way) are the sum total of what is happening musically around the Midlands.

Sheryl also says that she did not know the recording of the album and its subsequent release was happening. This claim despite being "more than a little" in touch with local music, and despite massive coverage in not only 'Brum Beat' but also in most of the local straight papers and on local radio and TV.

Next she makes the astonishing assertion that the Barrel Organ "has taken no part in the present revival of local music". In a word, bullshit. John Dempsey, the Barrel Organ's manager, has worked incredibly hard to promote both the venue and the bands who play there. Some local bands who played there in the past were actually quite good — names such as The Beat, and Dexy's Midnight Runners spring to mind — but then Sheryl probably wasn't quite as in touch a few months ago as she is now.

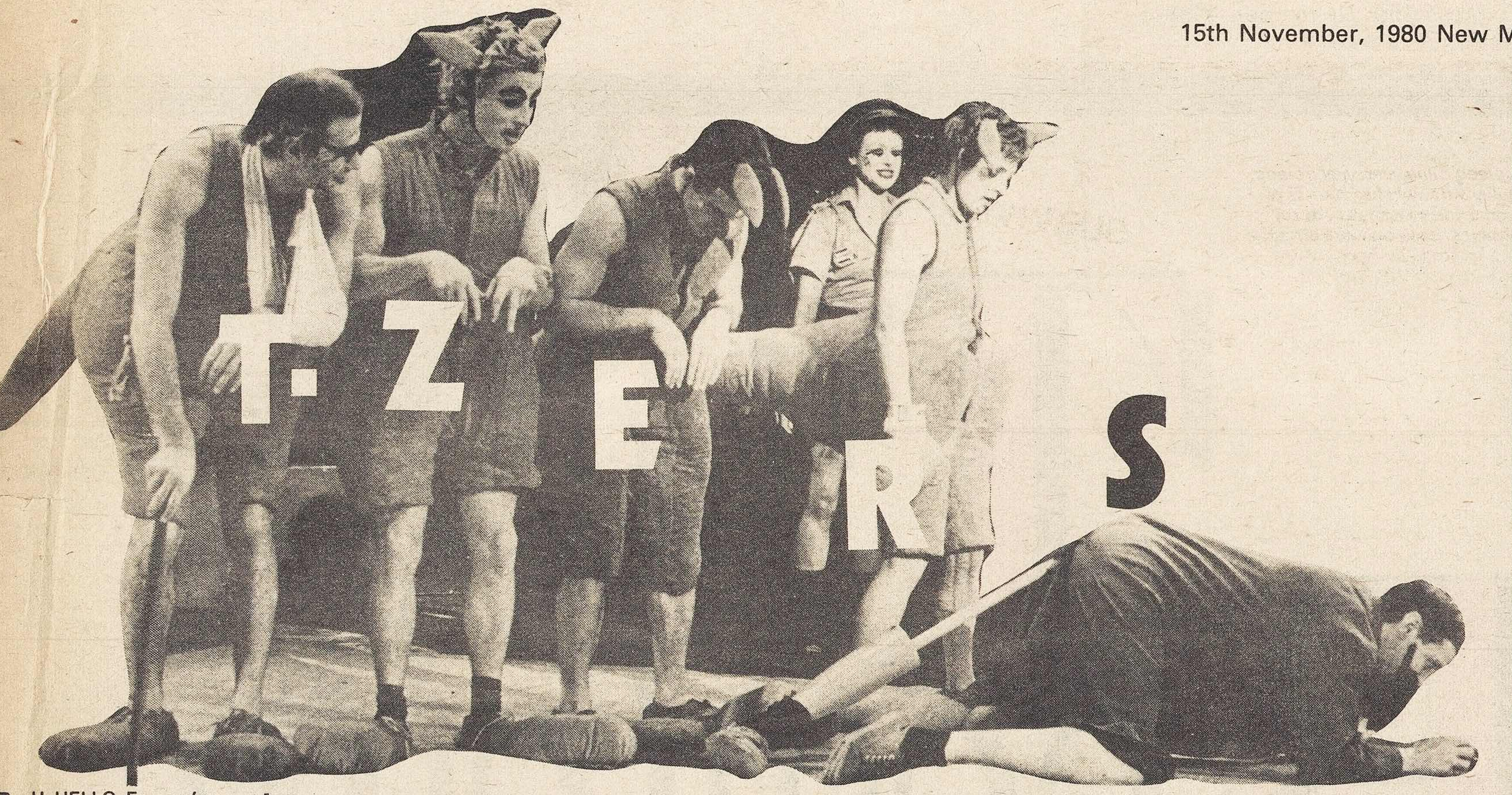
As for Big Bear Records, in launching 'Brum Beat' they took a positive step towards letting everyone in the Midlands know what is happening on their own doorstep; putting bands in touch with venues, studios, PA hire, and all the back-up services so necessary for a truly thriving music scene. If Sheryl doesn't like 'Brum Beat' — tough. 40,000 people around the Midlands who pick up the paper *free* every month will probably disagree with her.
Steve Coxon
Yes, yes, yes . . . but don't be so reticent, Steve. Was there anything you didn't like about Shez' review? — CSM

I've just read Sheryl Garratt's review of Brum-Beat's super dooper 'Live At The Barrel Organ' album and sadly, it brought a tear to my eye — every word was so tragically true. Y'see, Brum Beat/Big Bear are basically just a bunch of ageing egoists intent on promoting the album and the paper for their own ends. In fact, they simply haven't a clue what's going on. I should know, being a member of one of many unrecognised, honest Brum bands who represent the true face of Birmingham. We're well aware that since 'Brum Beat' fails to give us the ideal coverage they originally set out to provide, the movement has gone 'underground' so to speak. In fact, the paper acknowledges little outside the Big Bear spectrum and furthermore, many of the 30-plus 'hippy' bands that appear on the album are not from the Birmingham area.
Mr Pro-found, Perry Barr, Birmingham.
Letter of the week — Shez Guevara

I wish the ridiculous Sheena Easton would make her mind up about what she is: "I don't build my world round no single man" to "I'm a One Man Woman".
A 'Big Time' Hater and Kate Bush admirer, Sutton Coldfield.
Simple, Big. She's a one-man woman (whatever that means) but he's married. — CSM

Can I be the first to start the Mini Metro backlash?
Andy Kent, Bracknell, Berks.
Give it a rest pal, you're winding me up. — Sir Michael Edwardes.
That's the idea, John. — John.

After watching Jonathan Dimbleby's programme *The Bomb* I have decided that you lot at *NME* aren't such a bunch of paranoid scare-mongers as I thought.
M. Thatcher, Westminster.
Paranoid? Us? Ha ha hahahaha! — CSM



AH, HELLO. Er, you're here already! Now there's no cause for alarm or anything like that. It's just that *(gulp)* our *T-Zers* have not, um, actually arrived as yet, heh heh. *(Help!)* Nothing to worry about, you understand. *(For God's sake somebody get me out of this.)* Just one of those minor hiccups which occur from time to time in even the most ruthlessly methodical, efficient and together organisations such as this one, as it were, in fact actually *(I can't keep this up much longer, y'know)* is. But rest assured that everything's completely under control, and that our lead item will be with you in just a very few minutes time from now — possibly. So, well, how are you keeping, anyway? Weather's not too clever, is it? And what about this **Michael Foot** business then, eh? Mind you, I saw it coming all along, you know. It's not often we get the chance to have a little chat like this is it? We really ought to do it more often. I was only thinking the other day about — Oh! Hang on. News is coming through on my miniature ear-piece that the *T-Zers* have concluded their impromptu union meeting and — subject to guarantees that their legitimate aspirations will be recognised *(Anything! Anything!)* — are prepared to resume normal working. And away we go. . .

With fearsome news that cosmic warriors **Hawkwind** are under siege in Rockfield studios — and who are the benighted barbarian savages who surround our heroes' rustic haven? No, not the Welsh, you callous xenophobes *(good guess, though).* Why, 'tis none other than real punk supremos, **The Cockney Rejects,** currently recording at the same location and taking time off from opus-composing to indulge in reprehensible bouts of terrorise-the-hippie. To arms, lads! Our cosmic liege lords summon us to their sides in this hour of darkness. Let us ride hard o'er hill and dale, let us bodly go and — oh, forget it, never liked Hawkwind anyway. . .

Much more interesting is the news that director **Franco** *Babylon* **Rosso** is planning a new film with **Ian Dury** acting the lead role. According to Rosso, the plot concerns a strictly small time London bad boy who suddenly gets the chance of promotion into villainy on the grand scale. . .

And brace yourself for news of an **Only Ones** split in the near future, says our man in the know. *(Never knew we had one of those)*. . .

Also reported as in a doing-the-splits situation are 2-Tone jokers **The Swinging Cats.** The **Mantovani** revival'll just have to wait another year. . .

WE HAVE an item just in which reads "**Frank Sinatra** has spent a total of £250 to get his dog's teeth straightened and capped". Obscene, you say? Well look at it this way, if you had dog's teeth *you'd* want something done about them, wouldn't you?. . .

Anyhow, the old crooner needs to look presentable, cos his social life is in for a big upswing when his old buddy **Donald Ray-gun** becomes Prez. Sinatra was a big campaign fund contributor, natch, and a Republican spokesman says that "the door of the White House will be open even before Frank knocks". . .

Crunch. **Little Rooster** drummer **Steve Bruce** has broken his arm, and all gigs are thereby knocked on the head until Christmas Eve. . .

Drop everything and run. **Cat Stevens** is on his way back. . . Which may not be the biggest news you've heard all week, but it does prompt us to entitle our very next snippet *'T-Zer* and the Fire **Cats'** — for rockabilly **Strays** of that persuasion were recently forced to flee their pad, daddy-o, on discovery of flames occasioned by an electrical-fault. . .

Back in the USA, a new record from **Steely Dan**. . . and it will sell at an extremely steepish nine dollars and ninety eight cents — that's a new record, too. . .

Good to see *Oui* magazine so on the ball: **The Specials** are revealed to be "direct from the slums of London". Their lead singer, apparently, is called **Jerry Dammers.** You learn something new every day. . .

And we know you think we make things up *(only when we're a bit pushed, actually, which doesn't happen more than 52 times a year)* but this one is straight up. **The Fall** — you with us so far? — were refused a spot on Radio *(we repeat, Radio)* One's *In Concert* prog by producer **Alan Black,** on the grounds that they were "not sufficiently visual". Sounds fair enough to us. . .

More inside thrills from the world of show business. **Joyce** 'Sex In Chains' **McKinney** backstage at **The Who's** South Carolina concert to offer **Roger Daltrey** a part in her projected autobio-pic. Daltey's interest waned considerably, however, upon learning that he was not up for the role of the unfortunate Mormon. Joyce, it appears, had a less spectacular part in mind for him, that of a lowly burglar. . .

Hooray, hooray. A double live **Eagles** album scheduled for American release on 'Thanksgiving Day'. Pretty inappropriate, you might think. Not really, the Yanks call it 'turkey time'. . .

We learn today that **Thin Lizzy,** whatever that is, met up with **Patrick Mower** and **Dick Emery,** whoever they are, in New Zealand, wherever that is, and that together they played pool. Oh. . .

Phew. Exciting this week, innit? **The Specials** *(you remember, the London slum-dwellers)* are reported to have lined up 'King Of The Road' for a new single. By the way, the lucky unclaimed ticket numbers from their Hope & Anchor raffle are: 44, 14 and 33. . .

YOU PROBABLY know this already. In his diary for 9 October 1886, **Tchaikovsky** wrote: "Today I played over the music of that scoundrel **Brahms.** What a giftless bastard." Hey, like the style! Whoever this guy is he sounds like our kind of critic. . .

O Woe. **The Tourists** stranded in Bangkok airport, en route to Australia. Contributions to the fuel-loaders' strike fund now pouring in from Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane. . .

Seen raving it up at the **Joe Cocker** gig last week — (full names to follow next week unless £500 in used fivers received at this office Monday latest. You know who you are) . . .

Great nearly-wases of our time . . . **Debbie Harry, Nicolette Larson** and **Pat Benatar** among those who failed screen test for the Lisa Eichorn role in Gene Hackman movie *All Night Long.* **Bruce Springsteen** tested for the lead part in the awful *King Of The Gypies* flick, while he and **Mick Jagger** were also among those who failed to secure parts in *Ragtime.* And, it's said, disappointed contenders for a role in the Jack Kerouac bio-pic *Heartbeat* included **Carlene Carter** and **Stevie Nicks** . . .

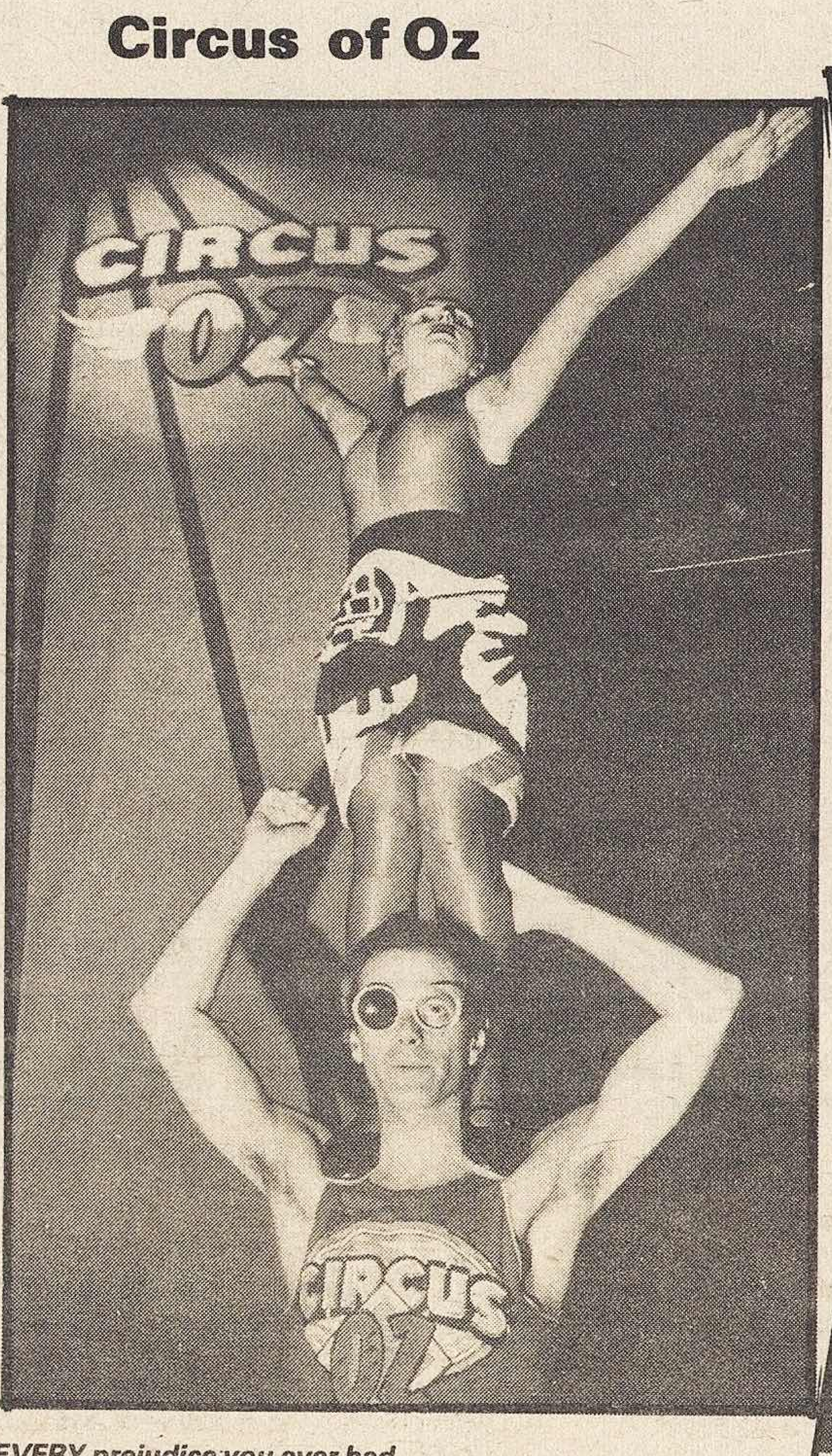
Now for the good new: *Sir Henry At Rawlinson End* has broken box office records in its first week at London's Paris Pullman. Season tickets area are available (really) . . .

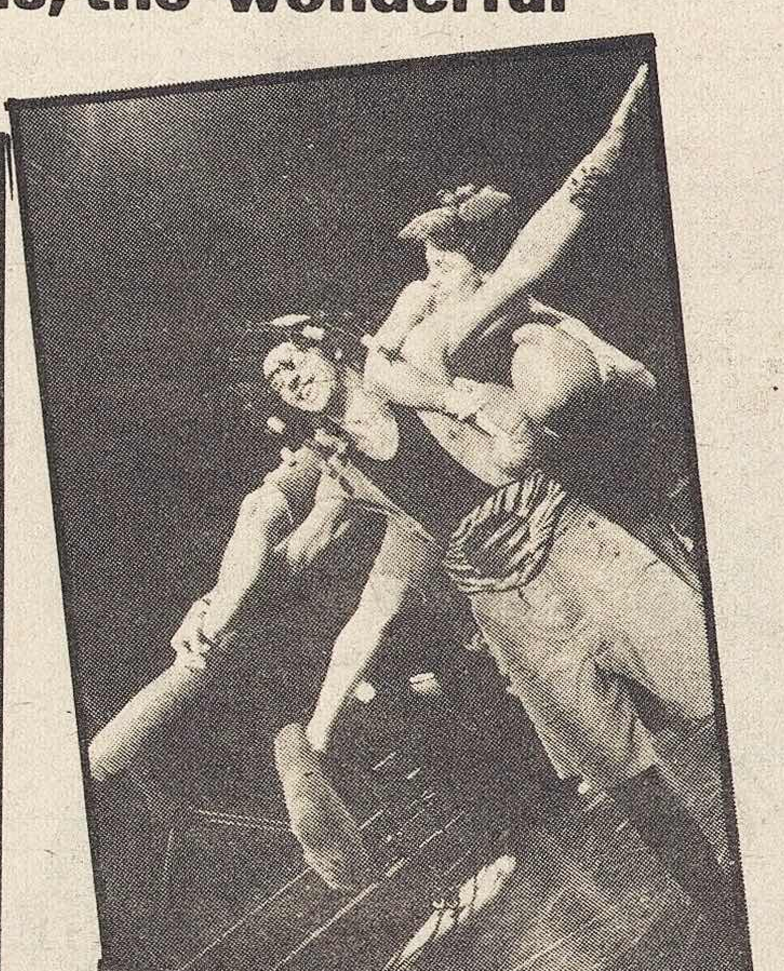
Meanwhile in San Jose (and if you *do* know the way there then you'll want to forget it after hearing this) a radio station invited female listeners to nominate their rock'n'roll male "10." Winner, would you believe, was **Van Halen's** own Nabob of Gob, **David Lee Roth.** His prize — a tatty plaque and a fairly unnecessary ego-boost. Consolation prizes went to such renowned uglies as **Ted Nugent, Mick Jagger, Roger Daltrey,** and Robert Plant, Upstart Mensi, surprisingly, was unplaced . . .

What else! What else! **The Nolans** are suing British Leyland! **Paul McCartney** is writing songs about Rupert The Bear . . . **Paul Simon** brought a drink for the entire audience of the Hammersmith Odeon! ("Oh, and a half of lager with 3,000 straws, please?") . . . **Bianca Jagger** to settle for one million smackers from Mick! And **Jerry Hall** says he's left her for the daughter of Lady Antonia Fraser, the something-or-other of Lord Longford . . .

We're scraping the barrel here, aren't we? The pubs have been open for an hour! Sod this for a lark! I'm off . . .

We're off to see the circus, the wonderful Circus of Oz





EVERY prejudice you ever had about Australians confirmed before your very eyes. Yes, ladeez and gentlemen: THRILL to the glamorous Blister Sisters and their death-defying fire-eating routine. CHUNDER to the gravity-defying performance of the daring acrobats. BELCH to the antics of Pepi the musical clown. GUFFAW LOUDLY AND UNPLEASANTLY at the mention of the famous "three ball juggler". All yours at the Circus Oz, an antipodean extravaganza (featuring randy kangaroos and tightrope walkers) now showing at the Round House, Chalk Farm, London.

All pix Peter Anderson.

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BETTER BADGES

This	Last Week		
1	(2)	Dead Kennedy's	20p
2	(3)	Joy Division — Closer	20p
3	(1)	Dead Kennedy's – Cambodia	20p
4	(8)	C.N.D.	20p
5	(6)	Killing Joke – Requiem	20p
6	(–)	Crass – Anti War	20p
7	(7)	Crass – Man Made	20p
8	(–)	Joy Division – Unknown Pleasures	20p
9	(9)	Ant Music	20p
10	(4)	Jam – Start	20p

NEW RELEASES
20p Meteors, Black Slate, Royal Rasses, Beat - Stand Down Margaret, Mo-Dettes - Story So Far, This Heat - Health & Efficiency, Studio One, Girls At Our Best, Brian Brain, The Demons, The Meteors, The Petticoats, This Heat, New Cabaret Voltaire, New Essential Logic, Scientist, Plasmatics, New Ubu, Spectres, New Fad Gadget, Gregory Isaacs - Poor & Clean, Jam Start, C30, C60, C90 Go; Tea Set; Martian Dance; Fad Gadget; Pere Ubu; Plasmatics; The Spectres; Digital Dance; Rev-Up; Delta 5 Mind Your Own Business; Lemon Kittens; The Beat Just Can't Stop It; MagazineCorrect Use Of Soap; Androids of Mu. Sector 27. Weapon Of Peace. Martian Dance, Zounds, Delta 5, Chords, Futurana, Martha & The Muffins, Crass - Anti War, New Killing Joke, Liliput, Spiz - Central Park Piranhas, James Blood-Ulmer - Blood
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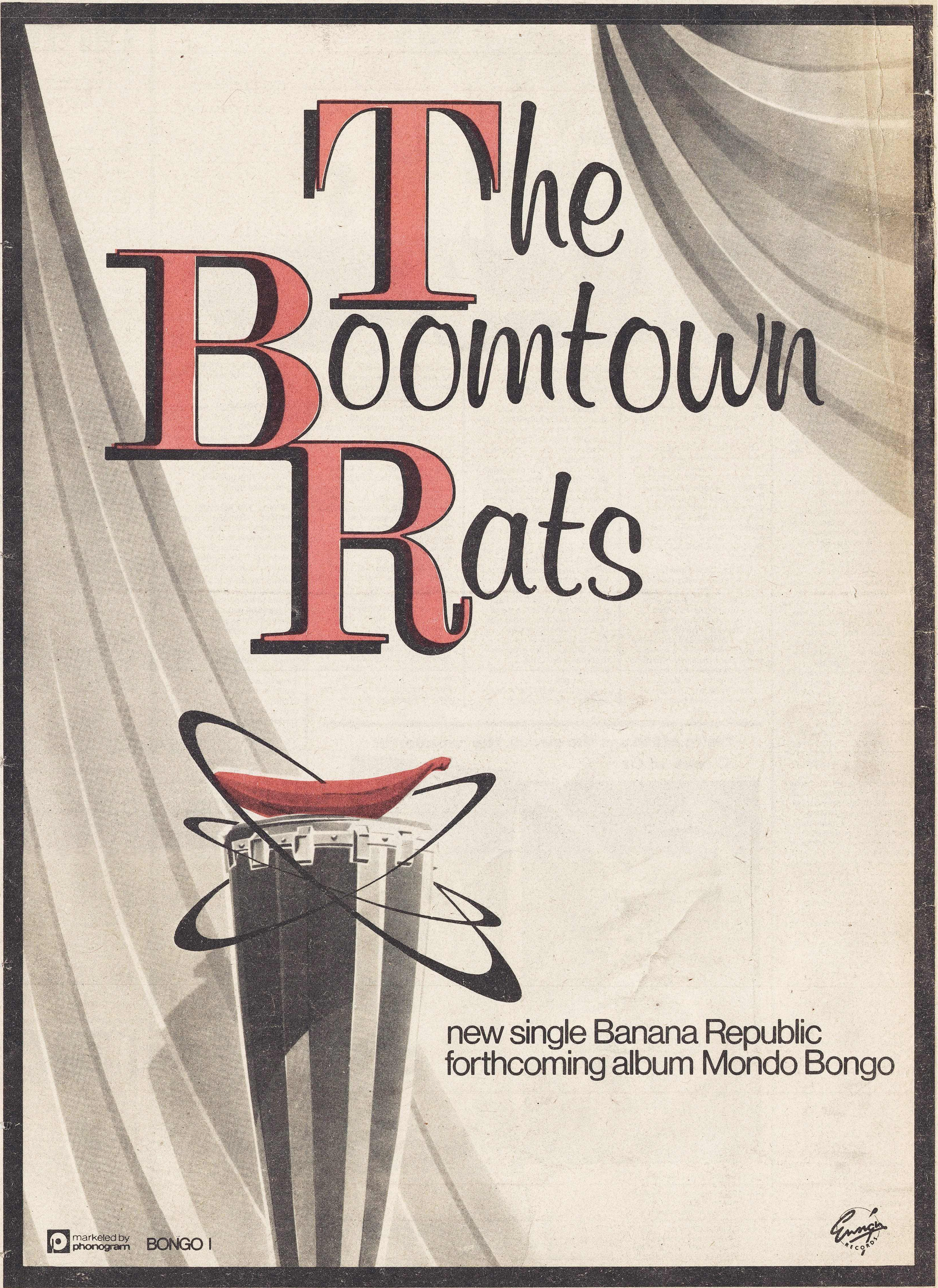
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